ECIAL
ISSUE

NOVEMBER 5, 1990 49145 $2.95

Is the Market Moral?

NATIONAL REVIEW

35th
ANNIVERSARY
1955 – 1990

GRATITUDE

Reflections on What We Owe to Our Country
A Preview of Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s New Book

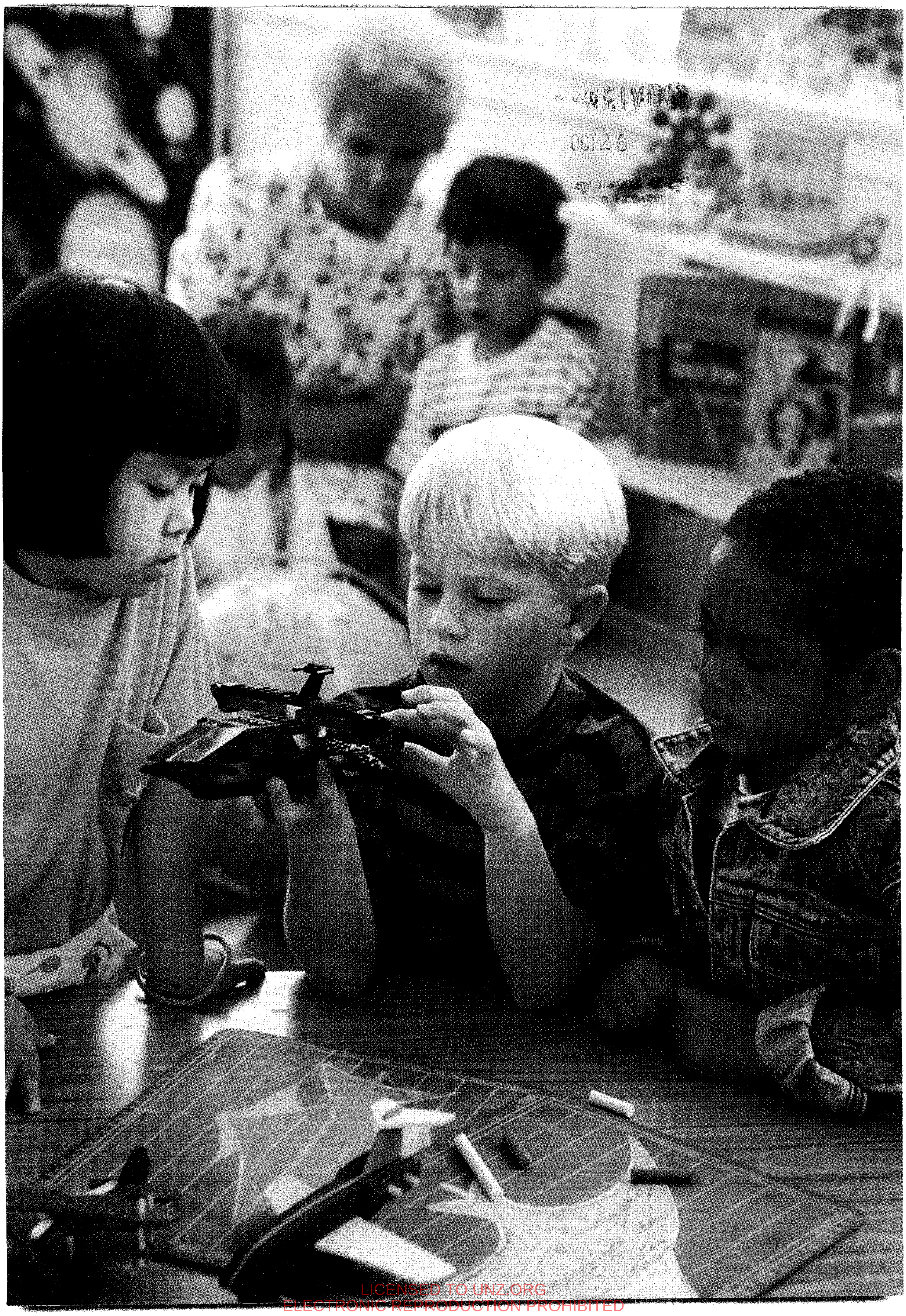
◆

PRESENT BEFORE THE CREATION

James Burnham and the New World Order
By John O'Sullivan

◆

Wick Allison, Tom Bethell, Linda Bridges, Richard Brookhiser,
[illegible] Buckley, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Eugene V. Clark, Brian Crozier, Anthony Daniels,
[illegible], Milton Friedman, Michael Fumento,
[illegible] Hart, [illegible] Hazelton, Paul Hebert, Henry J. Hyde, Harry V. Jaffa,
[illegible] Lejeune, Jan Lukas, D. Keith Mano,
[illegible] Neuhaus, John O'Sullivan, William A. Rusher,
[illegible] William E. Simon, Joseph Sobran,
Ralph de Toledano, Ernest van den Haag, W. H. von Dreele, Timothy J. Wheeler,
George F. Will, Tom Wolfe



OCT 2 6

We're counting on Josh to save the environment, design a crash-proof car or simply pilot a spacecraft to Mars.

We're counting on Josh, Tam and Erik to help improve our quality of life. They're counting on the American school system to help them realize their potential.

Unfortunately, too many kids graduate from high school unable to read the newspaper, write a letter or count their change at the store.

America's ability to compete in business, science and technology is at risk. Our future depends upon resourceful, innovative, well-educated people.

The responsibility does not rest solely with the schools. The revitalization of our education system requires a partnership among businesses, community leaders, educators and parents.

What Rockwell is doing.

Years ago, we realized that simply throwing money at the schools wouldn't make them a whole lot better. In the past decade, we have backed up more than $50 million in employee and corporate donations with equipment and the personal involvement of our people.

Today, Rockwell employees are voluntarily participating in more than 200 programs nationwide to inspire students from preschool through graduate studies to believe in themselves and strive for higher levels of achievement.

We also encourage our own employees to continue to pursue a dedicated program of lifelong learning.

What you can do.

There are hundreds of ways you and your company can encourage American innovation and leadership through quality education. For more information, simply write Rockwell, P.O. Box 905, Dept. NRA, El Segundo, CA 90245-0905 for printed information created in cooperation with the National Association of Partners in Education (NAPE).

Emphasize Education. It's our future.

Rockwell International

ELECTRONICS AEROSPACE AUTOMOTIVE GRAPHICS

Rockwell is a $12 billion company with more than 100,000 employees worldwide. Our people have a common goal: Understanding our customers and satisfying them with the innovative application of science and technology. We never stop reaching higher.

35

NATIONAL REVIEW

NOVEMBER 5, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 21

Gratitude

88 Does duty have a place in the modern world? In an excerpt from his forthcoming book, **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** considers one root of our discontent, and suggests that we need the opportunity to honor and appreciate our patrimony: national service, properly conceived.

35th Anniversary

34 ***James Burnham and the New World Order***
The philosopher and strategist told us in 1947 how to defeat Communism quickly by exploiting its inherent contradictions; when President Reagan finally implemented his advice, it worked in less than a decade. But Burnham foresaw, beyond history's detour through totalitarianism, two possible world orders: *1984* and the *pax Americana*. **John O'Sullivan** takes up his Burnhamite pen to find the path to the latter.

52 ***Is the Market Moral?***
The practical and moral superiority of free markets can no longer be honestly doubted, but **Henry J. Hyde**, **William E. Simon**, and **Milton Friedman** find much left to debate.

58 ***Some NR Regulars***
William A. Rusher pares the pundits' Iraq debate to its essentials (with a dissent from **Neal B. Freeman**). . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley** remembers the near derailing of the postwar Western alliance. . . . **Richard Brookhiser** asks whether we might gain more civil peace by tolerating a bit less diversity. . . . The best training for a Washington bureau chief, explains **William McGurn**, is reporting from the Third World. . . . The media's problem isn't bias, says **Joseph Sobran**, but the poverty of journalists' lives and language. . . . **Tom Bethell** reckons that Einstein is about to be proven wrong. . . . Old Communists will never fade away, argues **Brian Crozier**—you have to drive them out. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** shows how we are still reaping the whirlwind of Wilsonian democracy, from Bucharest to Baghdad. . . . From Ukraine, **Radek Sikorski** explains that neither captive nation nor Russian master will be free until the Soviet empire dies. . . . **Richard John Neuhaus** ponders what we might learn from the victims of Communism. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** calls for the recovery of our own liberty. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** observes that class isn't quite what you—or Mrs. Thatcher—think. . . . Plus: **Ernest van den Haag** *v.* **Harry V. Jaffa** on smoking.

112 ***The Party***
Jan Lukas's photos, plus remarks by **Wick Allison**, **Tom Selleck**, **Jack Kemp**, **Tom Wolfe**, **John O'Sullivan**, **George F. Will**, and **WFB**.

NR Reader

120 A sampler of classic reviews by **Whittaker Chambers**, **John Chamberlain**, **Willmoore Kendall**, **Evelyn Waugh**, **Henry Hazlitt**, **L. Brent Bozell**, **W. H. Auden**, **Richard M. Weaver**, and **Hugh Kenner**.

Arts & Manners

137 Why, **John Simon** asks, is most film so bad? Because it drains the artist's reservoirs in a way no other medium does. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** explains why it's worth listening to music after Beethoven. . . . **Nika Hazelton** considers the circumstances surrounding the best meals, indoors and out.

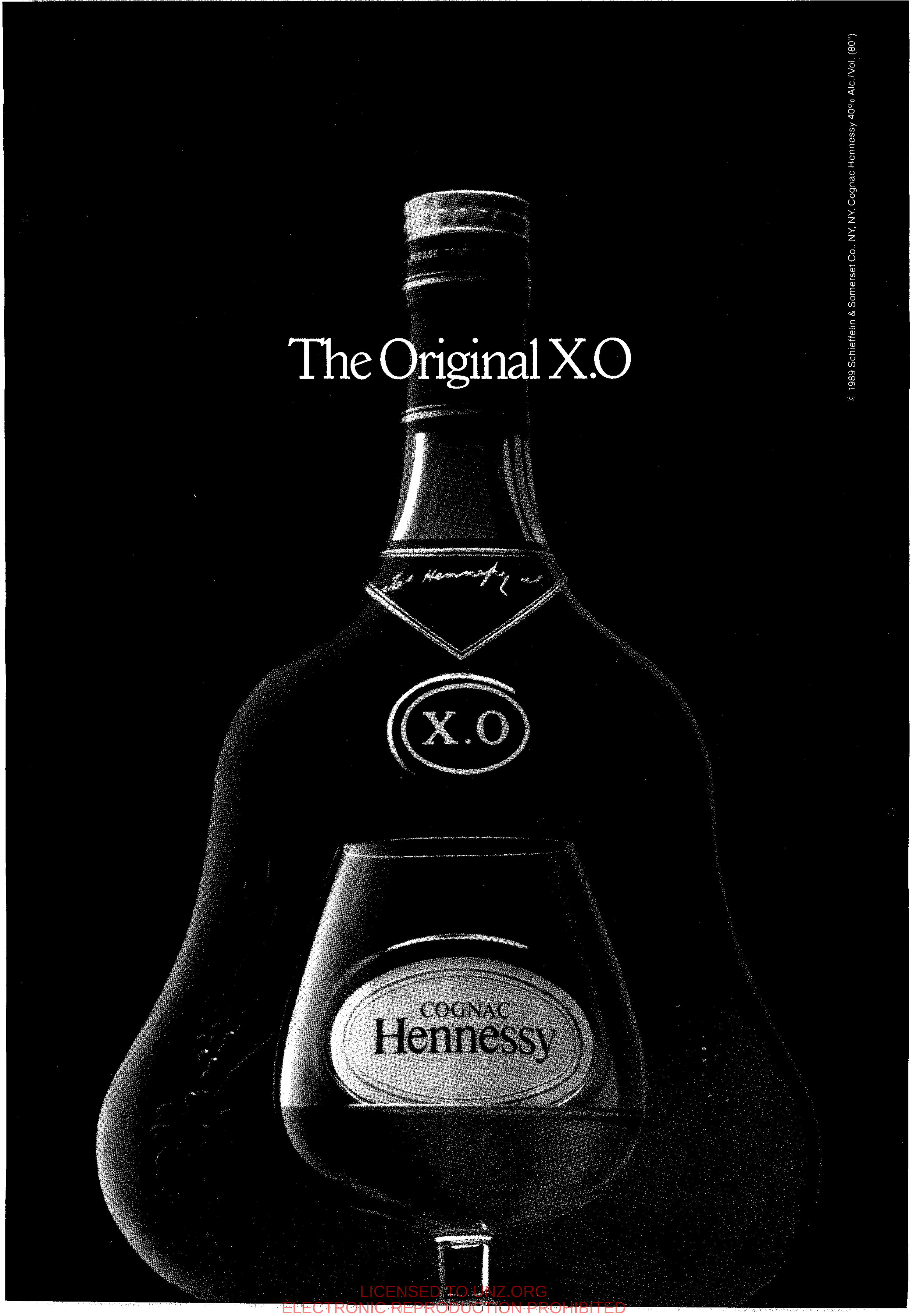
Sections

4 ***Letters***
11 ***From the Publisher***
13 ***On the Record***
14 ***The Week***
27 ***On the Scene***
86 help
104 ***Among Ourselves***
144 ***Off the Record***

The Audit Bureau

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1990. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20077-7471; phone, 800-222-6806, Monday–Friday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display and classified advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

RATES: $74.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.


The Original X.O
X.O
COGNAC
Hennessy

© 1989 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY. Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)

LETTERS

Conservative Controversy

Saddam Hussein, a bloody, aggressive tyrant, *does* resemble Adolf Hitler, right down to his mustache and hatred of Jews. Yes, as *NR* suggests ["Drizzle on the Right," "The Week," Sept. 17], failure to stop Saddam would probably result in his controlling the bulk of the Gulf's immense oil supplies, in his accumulating, with the profits, a far more massive and deadly military arsenal than he already possesses, and in the sparking of a fanatic Muslim uprising across the Mideast, likely to sweep away moderate regimes in Saudi Arabia, the Gulf sheikhdoms, Jordan, and possibly Egypt. Israel would be in dire peril.

Had we taken no action, the chances of our being able, down the road, to avoid a more dreadful war than the one we now face would be problematical. So, President Bush's dispatching of U.S. troops to Saudi soil, coupled with the boycott, may have been the best possible response to the invasion of Kuwait, and overwhelming U.S. military force may be the only possible solution.

But whereas *NR* seems to relish the role of confronting Saddam in his own backyard, where Arab nationalism and religious fundamentalism threaten to ignite the desert landscape, many of us have a more cautious attitude. The "neo-isolationists" or "new nationalists" are right to fear that a Mideast conflict may cost the U.S. dearly in blood and treasure, and that, even if we defeat Saddam, some new demonic figure may well fill the vacuum—just as Saddam, whom we befriended in the Iran–Iraq war, now appears far more menacing than Khomeini ever did.

And does *NR* really feel comfortable in launching a "new world order" with such new-found allies as Syria, Iran, and the Soviet Union? Bush's policy may turn out to be successful, and was probably necessary, but it has clearly been laden with enormous risks that can't be so easily dismissed.

The "new nationalists" are probably premature with their ideas, but they are certainly on the right track in trying to develop a foreign policy that will have our allies placing *their* sons and daughters in harm's way first, especially when *their* vital interests—as in the Mideast—are more at stake than ours. *NR*, one fears, is scornful of the effort.

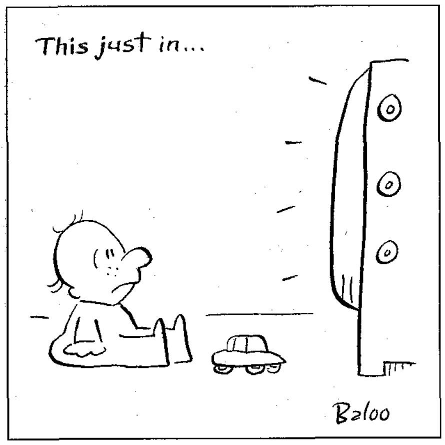
Allan H. Ryskind
Capitol Hill Editor
Human Events
Washington, D.C.

The split among conservatives in the Iraq crisis is both puzzling and disappointing, for it is many of those who now oppose the U.S. position who have so recently stated the case for U.S. intervention eloquently and properly during similar encounters elsewhere in the world.

Discontented conservatives argue that we are in Saudi Arabia only for oil, which they apparently feel is not a vital American interest, and that American blood should not be shed for a mere commodity, but rather for lofty ideals and principles, namely democratic institutions. Sadly, they are terribly wrong. Our cause *is* noble. Oil is the fuel on which the free world's engine runs, and without which our political freedoms would be reduced to an academic exercise. The freedom and prosperity shared and enjoyed by mutually dependent people around the world would be severely threatened should the free flow of oil at market prices be disrupted and under the control of Saddam Hussein.

We conservatives proudly proclaim our love for freedom as much as for democracy. The U.S., as the indisputable leader of the free world, has a responsibility to safeguard freedom at all costs, for it is the quintessence of the human spirit, a natural yearning universal to all of humanity. It is to miss the point to argue who shall contribute how much to support this effort, or who might be the primary beneficiary. It is likewise shortsighted to fail to recognize an enemy and his capabilities just because he is not a Communist. The simple fact is this: no other nation on the face of the earth can do what must be done. For this reason alone we must act. It is called leadership.

Rush H. Limbaugh III
Excellence in Broadcasting Network
New York, N.Y.



"Anti-American rioting broke out today in Algiers, Caracas, Bombay, and, surprisingly, Des Moines."

I very much admired the ideas expressed in "Drizzle on the Right." As I shall make clear, I hope, in *The Conservative Crack-Up* (Simon & Schuster), conservatives have had an ardor for disagreements among themselves from the beginning, so much so at times that their squabbles put one in mind of the latter days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. That many of the early members of our conservative movement actually were émigrés from the late Austro-Hungarian Empire is perhaps relevant to its fractious condition. But most of the disagreements within the movement have been about political positions so far from the center of American political life that they have never been elements in American political campaigns. Whether the United States Government should hand over the American military to private contractors might inspire lively debate between traditional conservatives and libertarians, but the question will never be debated at either Republican or Democratic national conventions.

It is hard to believe that the present debate over proper treatment of Iraqi aggression is any more serious than any other conservative disagreement. Sure, Pat Buchanan and Tom Bethell are apprehensive about our projection of force into the Middle East. The day, however, that Pat's car runs out of gas and, owing to the truculence of Saddam Hussein, Pat has to fill the tank for fifty bucks is the day Pat will be back with us. In fact, he will be back a lot sooner, because I believe George Bush is going to protect the source of Pat's fuel.

R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.
Editor-in-Chief
The American Spectator
Washington, D.C.

Crazy or Different?

I am glad that William Tucker got at least one thing right about my critique of

OTHER AIRLINES CAN TAKE YOU TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC. BUT ONLY ONE CAN BRING YOU HOME.

Australia is home to Qantas. And we'll bring you to Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Fiji and New Guinea with the most flights to the South Pacific from North America.

Rated one of the world's three best airlines by a *Condé Nast Traveler* magazine survey, Qantas has one of the youngest, most comfortable fleet of planes flying to the South Pacific. Our new ergonomically designed seats provide you with increased legroom, built-in lumbar support and orthopedically correct back positioning.

And you don't have to pass up frequent flyer miles, because Qantas is a member of the American Airlines AAdvantage® program.*

Next time you're traveling to the South Pacific, for business or pleasure, fly on Qantas. For more information, call your travel agent or Qantas directly.

QANTAS
The Spirit of Australia

In the U.S. call reservations at 1-800-227-4500. In Vancouver: (604) 684-8231.
In British Columbia and Alberta: 1-800-663-3411. The remainder of Canada: 1-800-663-3423.

*American Airlines reserves the right to change the AAdvantage program without notice.

ROSALYN TU

William F. Buckley, Jr. tells us about those uniquely memorable evenings:

Did you ever see a dream walking?

Well I did, It was on November 24, 1979. The dream was Rosalyn Tureck, playing Bach, at my house, as a surprise birthday present.

My wife had invited two dozen guests, pledged to secrecy, so that I was the last person to learn about it, though the task was mine to introduce the world's foremost Bach pianist. I did so by recalling a story I first heard at school. Tonight (I recounted) I feel like the college boy who, bored with the junior prom, turned to his date and said, "Do you want to come to my car and listen to Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians?' She replied, "I didn't know you had a radio in your car." He replied, "I don't. I have Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians!"

Record Number One

The Goldberg Variations

There I was, in a large sitting room with a beautiful piano and guests hungry to hear what Tureck does to the piano playing my favorite composer. She began with the *Adagio in G Major*, went on to the *Capriccio for the Departure of a Beloved Brother*, the *Italiam Concerto*, and other works. There was exhilaration all around, and we learned, or re-learned, the magic of what was so common in the 18th century, the House Concert: most music being played right there in your home, with a few guests comfortably seated.

The enthusiasm was so great I found myself quite carried away, suggesting to the Great Tureck that a hideous mistake had been made by the recording secretary at the hospital: this wasn't my birthday at all! My real birthday would come down the road, three months later. She laughed coquettishly and changed the subject.

But—but, my wife had taken rudimentary precautions, retaining an engineer to make a tape of the concert. Ten days later I was listening to that hour of music, again transported by a performance the world should not be deprived of, enchanted by the sound I heard.

She is a perfectionist—for the third concert she gave us at the house (yes, I had a total of four birthday concerts—a couple actually on non-birthday dates) I actually saw her working five hours per day for six days. I couldn't tell the difference between the quality of her playing on the first day and on the seventh day: she was, simply, perfect both times. I told her that, and she gave me that wide, engaging, just-a-little condescending smile, which said, "Dear Bill: There are finer ears in town than your own, and I am abiding by their standards and mine."

No doubt that is true. My comment is merely that to hear these recordings and experience anything less than the bliss they bring is to engage in the heresy of scrupulosity for which, in the Middle AGes, the acts of contrition prescribed were very heavy. Anyone who listens to these four programs of Bach via Tureck without synaesthetic rapture I would sentence to six months without Bach.

Just before she did the *Goldberg*, I said to one of our guests that night (Beekman Cannon, venerable professor of music at Yale, who introduced me to the *Goldberg* when I was 21 years old), I said, "Beek, ten to one when this is over [I had heard her rehearse] you won't remember when you've heard it done better." When it was over, all he could do was nod his head, and close his eyes.

Record Number Two

Partitas, 1, 2 and 6

Welcome to my house, ladies and gentlemen. You have, for once, very good reason to be glad that I was born. Otherwise there would have been no birthday to celebrate. And No Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians to play Bach on my piano.

William F. Buckley, Jr.

"seethes with intensity, heart and unalloyed love"

"... as always with this veteran artist, her playing seethes with intensity, heart and unalloyed love for Bach's contrapuntal mastery ... listeners will hear a profound, spontaneous response to the score at hand, an antidote to a whole generation of faceless, correct virtuosos."

Allan Ulrich
San Francisco Examiner, March 16, 1990

RECK'S BACH

Record Number 3

Preludes and Fugues
C Major
C Minor (Book I)

Preludes and Fugues
C# Major
G Major (Book II)

English Suite #3

Sonata in D Minor

Italian Concerto

"Transcendent Playing . . ."

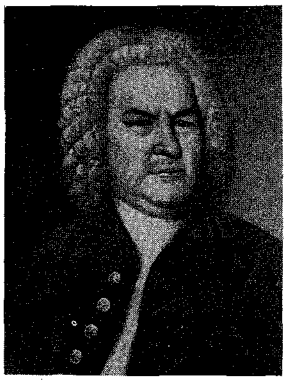
"Put simply, this is as fine a set of piano performances o these three partitas as you are likely to hear . . . transcer dent playing, perfectly conceived, rendered with consum mate artistry . . . A record reviewer runs out of ways t praise exalted interpretations, so I will not try." *Kold*

American Record Guide, May/June 19

"commands admiration"

". . . A more overtly pianistic approach, harkening back Fischer, can be found in Rosalyn Tureck's performanc . . . gentle, contemplative and lyrical . . . a singing quali that commands admiration . . ." *John Rockw*

New York TImes, June 25, 19



Johann Sebastian Bach

Rosalyn Tureck

Record Number 4

Prelude and Fugue
in B Flat Major (Book I)

Italian Concerto

Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue
Cappricio (beloved brother)

Fantasia in C Minor

Adagio in G Major
Toccata, Adagio
and Fugue (D Major)

Order now from:
Classic Music, Inc., Box 355, Albany, NY 12201
Telephone: (518) 449-5286 Facsimile: (518) 453-2205

Name: ____________________

Address: ____________________

City: ____________________

State: __________ Zip Code: __________

Please send me:

Qty	Decription	Total
____	Individual Compact Disc @ $14.95 ea. Compact Disc No. ________	____
____	Set of Four Compact Disc @ $49.95 ea.	____
____	Individual Cassette @ $9.95 ea. Cassette No. ________	____
____	Set of Four Cassettes @ $29.95 each	____
	Total	____

psychiatry, namely, that I oppose the insanity defense ["Books, Arts & Manners," Sept. 17]. Everything else he attributes to me is false.

Ideas do indeed have consequences. My idea that mental illness is a myth implies that "craziness" is not an illness; that so-called crazy people are moral agents who should not be deprived of liberty if they are innocent and should be punished if guilty; that, as there is no mental illness, there can be no treatment for "it" and insurance companies and the government should not pay people for being disabled by "it"; that being detained and drugged by psychiatrists against one's will is not hospitalization and treatment but imprisonment and poisoning; and that the alliance between psychiatry and the state is, in effect, an alliance between a fake religion and the state, inconsistent with the principles of the American system of government.

Compare this with what, in fact, happened when mental patients were deinstitutionalized. Persons housed in insane asylums for years or decades were forcibly evicted from their "homes" under the pretext that, thanks to psychiatric miracle drugs, they were well enough to be "discharged." Then, they continued to be treated as mental patients: they were obliged to take drugs deemed necessary to treat their mental illnesses; were paid for being disabled by their mental illnesses; were excused from prosecution and punishment for the mayhem they committed because their crimes were caused by their mental illnesses; and were periodically reincarcerated and redecarcerated, whenever those measures suited the politicians' and their psychiatric lackeys' interests.

In short, deinstitutionalization—the pseudo-liberation of psychiatric slaves—was the consequence of believing in the reality of mental illness, the miracle of psychiatric drugs, and the enlightenment of psychiatric slaveholders. It was not the result of taking seriously the idea that mental illness is a myth.

Thomas Szasz
Professor of Psychiatry Emeritus
SUNY Health Science Center
Syracuse, N.Y.

I am not completely familiar with Dr. Szasz's writings, having only taken the ideas mentioned in the review from the interpretation presented by Rael Jean Isaac and Virginia Armat's book. However, just from his letter, I sense some inherent inconsistencies.

Dr. Szasz's argument is essentially a non-verifiable proposition. His original argument was that mental illness was only a myth and people in mental institutions were "prisoners of psychiatry." Under this proposition, opening the doors and letting these people out should have turned them into normal people.

But that didn't happen. Instead, most ex-patients proved to be just as deranged and helpless on the streets as they were in the hospitals. That would seem to disprove Szasz's argument.

But now he adds a new wrinkle. The tragic fate of released mental patients, he says, is actually "the consequence of believing in the reality of mental illness, the miracle of psychiatric drugs, and the enlightenment of psychiatric slaveholders." In other words, because people believed in the myth, *the consequences were the same as if it had actully been true.*

That is just doubletalk. It is also easily disproved. People who have never been in mental institutions and have been completely rejected by the new mental-health system function just as poorly as those who were "contaminated" by long experience with it before deinstitutionalization. If mental illness is only a myth, the world functions exactly as it would if mental illness were a real phenomenon.

That means that Dr. Szasz's proposition is untrue, or meaningless. —WT

The Kurdish Plight

I was astonished to read an article by J. B. Kelly ["Let's Talk Turkey," Sept. 17] arguing that "the terrible wrongs" done to the Kurds of Iraq since World War I can be redressed by carving up the country so as to return the northern Mosul province, with its predominantly Kurdish population—and its oil—to Turkey.

What Mr. Kelly neglects to mention is that since 1925 successive Turkish governments have legally prohibited any manifestation of the ethnic identity of indigenous Kurds, who account for one-quarter of Turkey's population. As recently as July 31 of this year, Turkey's President Yildirim Akbulut was quoted in the Turkish daily *Cumhuriyet* as saying: "Those living on these lands watered by the blood of our martyrs are Turks and they will remain Turks. There are no Kurds. There are Turks." Kurds in Turkey are regularly detained and even imprisoned for such crimes as possessing Kurdish-music tapes or singing Kurdish songs in public. So profound and so chronic has been this repression that Ankara is currently engaged in combatting a major Kurdish guerrilla insurrection demanding independence, and is engaging in limited debate about whether or not to even recognize Kurdish existence in the country.

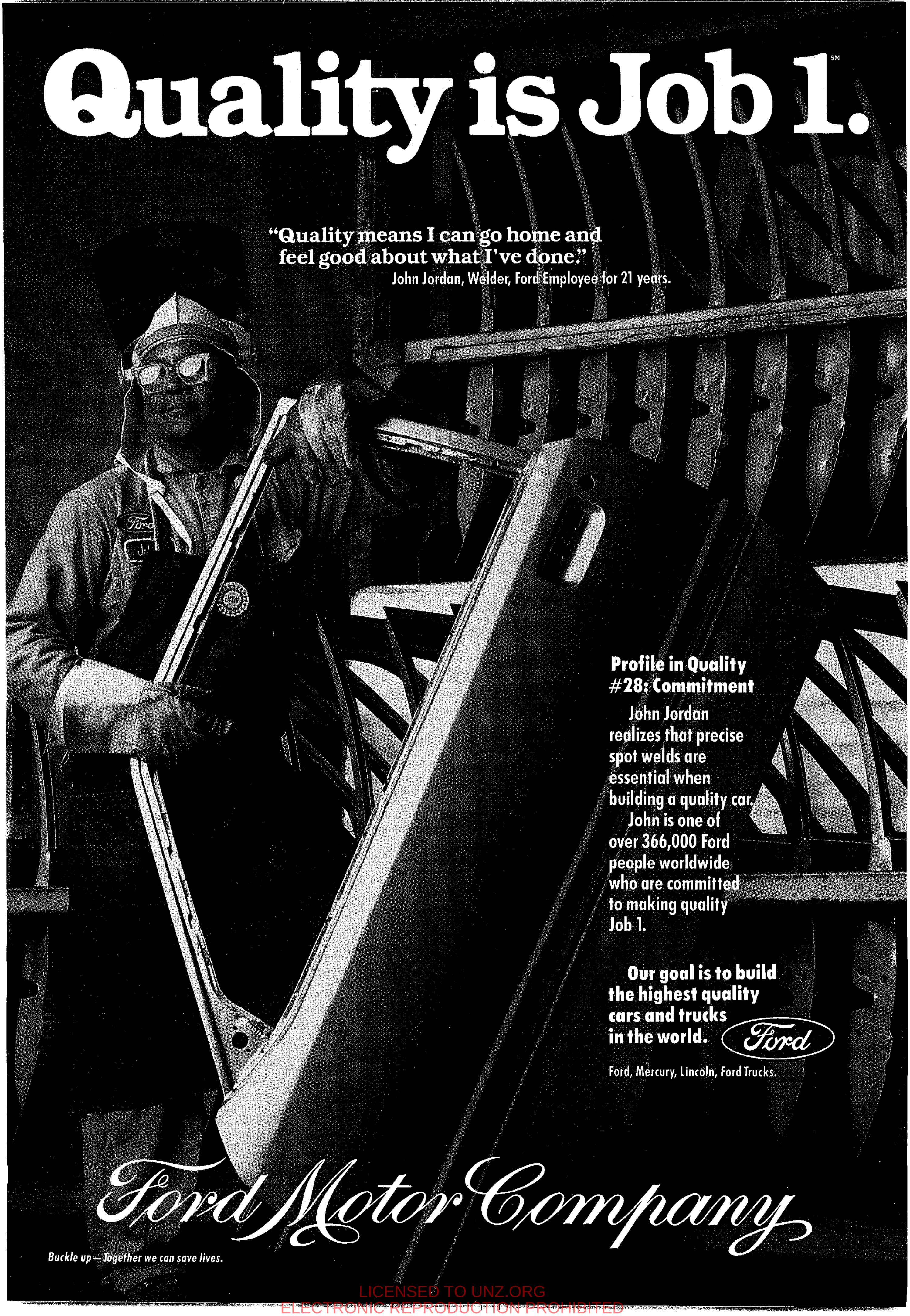
Mr. Kelly is correct when he writes that the Ottoman Empire controlled the Mosul *vilayet* prior to its incorporation into the new state of Iraq. What he fails to include is the fact that the Ottoman Empire gained hegemony over Mosul, as over much of the Middle East, by conquest, not by consent. If one accepts prior conquest as a legitimate basis for historical claims, one would be hard pressed to argue against returning the Middle East, including Jerusalem, to the Turks.

Even today, Turkey has designs on the Kirkuk oil fields in the Mosul province, designs which surfaced during the Iran–Iraq war with not-so-subtle statements appearing in the Turkish press. Former diplomat Nuri Eren was quoted in *Cumhuriyet* as saying, "The nation would thus no longer be in need of U.S. or other foreign aid and would be well off economically, thanks to the oil in northern Iraq." And Kamran Inan, a prominent parliamentarian, voiced the rationale that "Turkey has historical and economic rights and interests in that region." Mr. Kelly's singular concentration on Iraq's failure to live up to its agreements vis-à-vis the Kurds, while deliberately ignoring Turkey's repressive policies, casts considerable doubt on the motive behind his suggestion. To follow his lead would be to deliver the Iraqi Kurds from the lion to the fox.

Vera Beaudin Saeedpour
Director
The Kurdish Program
Cambridge, Mass.

I agree entirely with Mrs. Saeedpour that Ankara's treatment of the Turkish Kurds leaves a great deal to be desired, though, as I think she in her turn would agree, it has not extended to wholesale slaughter or the use of poison gas. It was with the Kurdish predicament in mind that I suggested that the reversion of the Mosul vilayet *to Turkey be made conditional upon the grant of a considerable degree of autonomy to the Kurds.*

What I find difficult to accept is Mrs. Saeedpour's apparent rejection of the right of conquest as a legitimate basis for territorial sovereignty, along with her further contention that if the principle is conceded, then much of the Middle East, including Jerusalem, should be returned to the Turks. Is there any part of the contemporary Middle East which is not under the rule of some former conqueror, ancient or modern? What is more, if anyone has the right to assert territorial claims on the grounds of prior conquest, it is surely the British, who by force of arms seventy years ago defeated and dismembered the Ottoman Empire. —JBK



"Quality means I can go home and feel good about what I've done."

John Jordan, Welder, Ford Employee for 21 years.

Profile in Quality #28: Commitment

John Jordan realizes that precise spot welds are essential when building a quality car.

John is one of over 366,000 Ford people worldwide who are committed to making quality Job 1.

Our goal is to build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world.

Ford, Mercury, Lincoln, Ford Trucks.

Buckle up—Together we can save lives.

SITE: L'HÔTEL MEURICE, PARIS
REMY MARTIN est l'eau de vie
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC REMY MARTIN XO SPECIAL
COGNAC XO SPECIAL
EXCLUSIVEMENT FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
DEPUIS 1724
REMY MARTIN® COGNAC. SOLE USA DISTRIBUTOR: PREMIERE WINE MERCHANTS, INC., NY, NY
40% ALC/VOL 80 PROOF. CENTAUR DESIGN®. ©1990.

NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor-in-Chief*
Wick Allison *Publisher*
John O'Sullivan *Editor*
Senior Editors
Richard Brookhiser / Priscilla L. Buckley
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Linda Bridges *Managing Editor*
Brad Miner *Literary Editor*
William McGurn *Washington Bureau Chief*
Paul Hebert *Art Director*
Mark Cunningham *Assistant Articles Editor*
Geoffrey Morris *Assistant Managing Editor*
Matthew Scully *Assistant Literary Editor*
Radek Sikorski *Roving Correspondent*
Jack Fowler *Congressional Reporter*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Tony Savage *Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief*
Editorial Associates
Jane Buckley Smith / G. Allen Randolph
Editorial Services
Michael Ashton / Mary Edson
Michael A. Watkins
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Ed Rubenstein *Economics Analyst*
Research Assistants
Micheal Flaherty / Russell Jenkins
Josie Salcedo
Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / Nika Hazelton
D. Keith Mano / Richard John Neuhaus
John Simon / Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Timothy J. Wheeler

Edward A. Capano *Associate Publisher*
Robert F. Sennott Jr. *Advertising Director*
James X. Kilbridge *Chief Financial Officer*
Daniel T. Merritt *Marketing Director*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*
Arthur F. Stetzner *Fund Director*
Sylvia Wolinsky *Circulation Director*
Jason Ng *Circulation Manager*
Patricia B. Bozell *Special Projects Editor*
Lisa Nelson *Special Projects Director*
Dorian Robbins *Assistant to the Publisher*
Business Services
Charles Hernandez / Kevin Longstreet
Jerry Pellecchia / Alison Schmertz

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
Christopher Buckley / John Chamberlain
Mona Charen / John R. Coyne Jr.
Dinesh D'Souza / M. Stanton Evans
Frank J. Gaffney Jr. / James Gardner
George Gilder / Victor Gold
Malcolm Hancock / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / James Jackson Kilpatrick
Nicholas King / Jan Lukas
Forrest McDonald / Charles Burton Marshall
Thomas Molnar / Joe Mysak
Gerhart Niemeyer / Michael Novak
Grover Joseph Rees / Alan Reynolds
William F. Rickenbacker / Selden Rodman
William A. Rusher / J. O. Tate
Terry Teachout / S. L. Varnado
Richard Vigilante / Charles Wallen Jr.
Chilton Williamson Jr.
Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*
Richard C. Carpenter *Athens*

FROM THE PUBLISHER

Little Magazine, Grown Up

■ NATIONAL REVIEW's first issue, dated November 19, 1955, had a print order of 7,500, and was sent to a total of two thousand subscribers. How the members of this little band were signed up prior to the appearance of the magazine is lost to history. Bill Buckley claims he visited with *at least* two or three thousand people in order to raise the money for his new publishing venture, so most of them must have written checks for subscriptions as the less expensive of the two alternatives. To this day we receive mail from charter subscribers, people who have been with us since Volume I, Number 1; they were a hardy as well as a perspicacious lot.

I've just finished re-reading Chairman Bill's speech at the fifth-anniversary dinner in 1960 (printed in *Rumbles Left and Right*, 1963). By then circulation had leaped to 44,000; the little magazine had hit a nerve. Bill told his audience it was because NATIONAL REVIEW is "organically American, rooted in the nation's deepest traditions, and beyond that even, in the deepest roots of our civilization . . . those certitudes and intuitions that most of us here in this room aim to serve—such certitudes as that there is a religious base in life, and therefore a transhistorical meaning to the human experience."

How exhilarating it must have been that night to know that a little magazine devoted to such a standard had not only survived (miracle enough!) but was beginning to galvanize the public debate. In attendance at the dinner was an assistant professor at Yale named Robert Crunden. Ten years later he would be a full professor at the University of Texas, looking skeptically across his desk at a particularly argumentative student. He would assign that student a full year of reading in classic conservative works and contemporary polemics (including *Rumbles Left and Right*) and later oversee his senior thesis on American conservatism. These are the connections that can only be seen in hindsight, from a fifth anniversary to a 35th, which we celebrate with this issue and which Professor Crunden's student superintends as NATIONAL REVIEW's publisher.

■ It was my bad fortune to become publisher of the country's major conservative magazine just as the pundits were pronouncing last rites over the conservative movement. The news analyses and op-ed pieces predicted (first) that conservatism would crack into a thousand shards without the charismatic glue of Ronald Reagan to hold it together, (next) that conservatism would dissolve into thin air without anti-Communism to give it body and form, and (next, panting now from the effort) that conservatism would be permanently severed into traditionalist and neo-con camps by the effort to define America's place in the post-cold-war world. All this in the space of 18 months.

While the commentators continued to revise their obituaries, our circulation continued to grow: to 150,000 by late summer. Not one of the reporters or pundits stopped to throw in a sentence along the lines of, "In complete contradiction to my thesis that the conservative movement is dead as a doornail, NATIONAL REVIEW, the nation's leading conservative magazine, has reached in the last 12 months the highest circulation in its history."

■ The negative stories are wishful thinking, of course. Never have conservative principles animated so many people around the world. The "certitudes and intuitions" that inspired the founding of this magazine are being rediscovered in places we could not have imagined only a scant year ago. For our part, at NATIONAL REVIEW we intend to keep this little light burning, this candle that once shone in the dark, which has become a beacon to free peoples and to those who are still groping their way. —WICK ALLISON

Is YOUR America crumbling before your eyes?

Are you afraid to send your child to the local school? Are you horrified by the sexual revolution . . . New Age paganism . . . the godless media?

These books help. Take 3 — FREE. Worth up to $92.40!

They'll show you how to preserve your values . . . fortify your children . . . and, maybe, take back your country.

3246 TRIAL AND ERROR: The American Civil Liberties Union and Its Impact on Your Family — *George Grant.* **$15.95**

3174 THE SEDUCTIVE IMAGE: A Christian Critique of the World of Film — *K. L. Billingsley.* **$16.95**

3233 THE NEW FREEDOM — *Wm. A. Donohue.* How liberals are unraveling our social fabric via loose morals, the "rights industry," big government. **$29.95**

3093 FAITH AND FREEDOM: The Christian Roots of American Liberty — *Benjamin Hart.* **$18.95**

2599 CLASSICS TO READ ALOUD TO YOUR CHILDREN. W. F. Russell picks 33. **$16.95**

3239 PARENTING ISN'T FOR COWARDS — *Dr. James C. Dobson.* Christian counsellor who has helped thousands. **$15.99**

3222 THE ATHEIST SYNDROME — *J. P. Koster Jr.* How to answer Darwin, Freud, Marx, Nietzsche. "Brilliant."—Patrick Buchanan. **$14.95**

3221 ENEMIES OF EROS: How the Sexual Revolution Is Killing Family, Marriage and Sex, and What We Can Do About It — *Maggie Gallagher.* "Lucid, witty, profound, and devastating."—Judge Robert H. Bork. **$18.95**

3207 STRAIGHT SHOOTING — *John Silber.* The President of Boston University has a program for reforming our schools — and America. **$22.50**

3028 THE NEXT BOOK OF HOME LEARNING — *Mary Pride.* Products, activities for children — all *wholesome.* **$15**

3218 THE CASE AGAINST DIVORCE — *Diane Medved.* Psychologist bases her case on experience, not religion. **$18.95**

3184 AGAINST THE NIGHT: Living in the New Dark Ages — *Charles Colson.* Includes *Study Guide*. **$17.90**

3116 FEMINISM AND FREEDOM — *Michael Levin*. One book on feminism that conservative women admire. **$39.95**

3123 A CRASH COURSE ON THE NEW AGE MOVEMENT — *Elliot Miller.* **$14.95**

3259 DON WILDMON: The Man the Networks Love to Hate — *D. E. Wildmon & R. Nulton.* How he fights media porn — and how you can too. **$18.95**

3258 SHADOW IN THE LAND: Homosexuality in America — *Congressman Wm. Dannemeyer.* **$19.95**

3288 WHEN DOES LIFE BEGIN? And 39 Other Tough Questions About Abortion — *J. Ankerberg & J. Weldon.* **$15.95**

How to get 3 of these helpful books FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
15 OAKLAND AVENUE • HARRISON, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send, free and postpaid, the 3 books whose numbers I have written in the boxes below:

☐ ☐ ☐

I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-176

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________State____Zip______

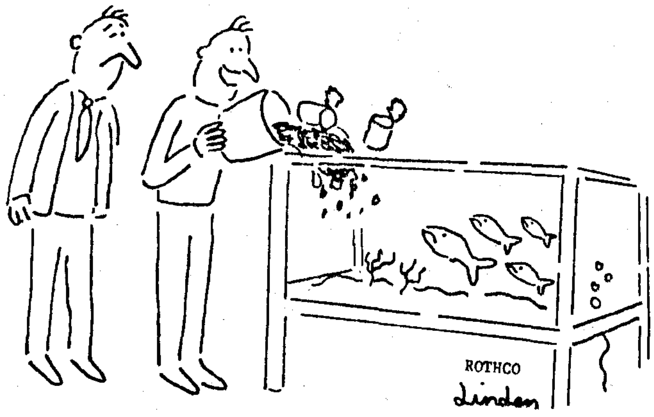
ON THE RECORD

■ What's Sen. **Bill Bradley** up to? Recently he was found in same corner as **Kennedy**, **Kerry**, **Cranston**, **Mikulski**—the hard Left of the Senate—voting against Justice **David Souter**'s confirmation. . . . Even more recently he voted against amendment by Sen. **William Armstrong** (R., Colo.) that would have permitted Big Brothers organization in Washington, D.C., to turn down gays and lesbians as Big Brothers and Sisters. Could Bradley be buttering up feminists and gay activists for a 1992 presidential bid? . . . Sen. **Sam Nunn** of Georgia is also moving left. Recently he confided to colleagues that he will no longer support development of SDI. Earlier in the month he renounced his pro-life position: "I just think we've got to distinguish between our moral beliefs and what we're going to write in law on the subject." Says Democratic analyst **William Schneider**: "These days, if you're not pro-choice you're going to have a lot of problems in the national party." . . . Not afraid of national party is Virginia's Gov. **Doug Wilder**, more often mentioned these days than **Jesse Jackson** for spot on '92 ticket. Wilder recently wrote **Ron Brown**, Democratic National Chairman, that Democratic leaders are so out of touch with the majority of Americans that they risk getting "an early start" on writing their memoirs. . . . According to **Larry Sabato**, University of Virginia political analyst: "What I see is a black governor [Wilder] running the most conservative administration the great commonwealth of Virginia has seen since the heyday of **Harry Byrd**, forty-odd years ago." . . . *The National Journal*'s most recent survey of Democratic state chairmen shows **Mario Cuomo** their favorite (36 per cent) for '92, over Bradley (15), Bentsen (10), Gore (8), Nunn (4).

■ Major blow: **Dave Foreman**, founder of Earth First!, has pulled out, accusing Earth First!ers of moving away from environmental concerns and toward leftist political causes. Environmental leaders, he charges, are "more concerned with the wildness within rather than the wildness out in the forest." . . . He echoes complaint of **Jacques Cousteau**, who warns that "the ecology movement is being poisoned by becoming part of politics." Ecologists, he says, should remain out of direct politics and strive to "inspire them from the outside." . . . The entertainment world's big guns are being trotted out to push California's thirty-thousand-word "Big Green" environmental cornucopia (Proposition 128), now fading in the polls. Among its supporters: **Meryl Streep**, **Cher**, **Goldie Hawn**, **Bette Midler**, **Robin Williams**, **Sylvester Stallone**, **Gregory Peck**. . . . National Council of Churches well represented in anti-Gulf rally organized by **Jim Wallis** of radical evangelical magazine *Sojourners*. Wallis says "the alleged national consensus of support for U.S. policy [in the Gulf] must be disrupted." . . . At work in the vineyard already, former Attorney General **Ramsey Clark**: "[The Gulf operation] is a classical form of colonialism as defined in the dictionary." . . . In Minneapolis, the Gulf crisis has spawned Women Against Military Madness. . . . A twenty-campus tour to blast the U.S. position in the Gulf scheduled for October–November by CIA defector **Phil Agee** is sidetracked by Agee's lack of a valid passport. Agee lost his Grenadan passport when **Maurice Bishop** was overthrown, his Nicaraguan passport when **Daniel Ortega** was defeated by **Violeta Chamorro**.

■ Cheery Tidings: Longtime *NR* contributor **David Brudnoy**, Boston's leading talk-show host, bounced last summer for reasons of economy by station WBZ, is back. WBZ's management couldn't stand the flak from outraged listeners, who, to a man, called for Brudnoy's return. . . . **Gertrude Himmelfarb** (Mrs. **Irving Kristol**), the distinguished historian, will deliver next year's **Jefferson** lecture (May 1, 1991, in Washington, D.C.). . . . Historian **Forrest McDonald** is this year's recipient of prestigious **Richard Weaver** award from Ingersoll Foundation. . . . **Alan Keyes**—former aide to **Jeane Kirkpatrick** at UN; former GOP senatorial candidate in Maryland—is masterminding series of rallies on October 27, Taxpayers' Action Day, to protest higher taxes, waste in government. Rallies are in works in 150 districts. Organizer **Grover Norquist** urges anyone interested to call 1-800-BE-ANGRY for info. . . . Deadline for application to six-week winter session of National Journalism Center in Washington, D.C., is December 1. Students, who receive a stipend of $100 a week, get editorial and research training plus on-site experience with conservative journalists in Washington area. Contact: **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline** at

800 Maryland Ave., N.E.,
Washington, D.C. 20002.



"I like to re-create their natural environment."

© Linden, *Punch* / Rothco

■ AFL-CIO President **Lane Kirkland**, whose organization played major role in supporting Solidarity in the bleak years, is all shook up. A recent talk in Poland on the virtues of social democracy was interrupted from the floor. Poles aren't interested in hearing about socialism, he was told; their debate is between the followers of **Friedman** and the followers of **Hayek**.

THE WEEK

■ Conceivably it could be a coincidence, but at the very moment we were celebrating NATIONAL REVIEW's 35th anniversary (and quite a party it was), the Federal Government went out of business.

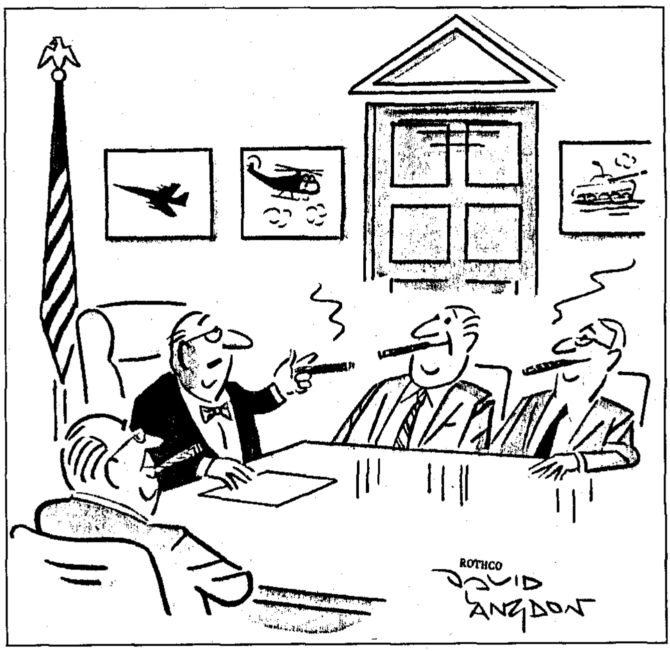
■ Waaaaaaaaaaaay down at the bottom of a long story whose headline is "Roosevelt Aide Called Unwitting Spy," *New York Times* writer Craig Whitney tells us of another disclosure by KGB defector Oleg Gordievsky: that at KGB headquarters in Moscow, one Iskhak A. Akhmerov was the guy who served as KGB controller for—Alger Hiss! The lead in Mr. Whitney's story is that Gordievsky's new book says the KGB considered Harry Hopkins, FDR's *éminence grise*, their most important asset in America. But Hopkins, the book says, was not a willing servant of the Soviet Union—he was just a reliable dupe. *KGB: The Inside Story* contains (we have established) the sentence, "By early 1937 [Hiss] was delivering packets of documents to Chambers at intervals of about a week or ten days." The throat you just heard slit is *The Nation*'s. (Human blood allegedly issued.) Alger Hiss was unavailable for comment.

■ Of course we'll be in the same fix ourselves if next week's revelation is that Robert Welch was right about Dwight Eisenhower.

■ The Gloom & Doomsters of the evening news notwithstanding, the poor are not only not getting poorer, they are getting fewer. According to the Census Bureau, 13.4 per cent of Americans were living below the poverty line in 1987, 13 per cent in 1988, and 12.8 per cent in 1989 (latest available figure). In 1980 the median income of working women was 60 per cent of the median income of working men; by 1989 it was 68 per cent. The median household income rose 1.3 per cent in 1989; the increase was 5.1 per cent for black households. Everybody *knew* that Reaganomics would never work.

■ So David Duke lost the non-partisan primary for the U.S. Senate from Louisiana by 10 percentage points—the standard definition of a landslide—and everyone's talking about the resurgence of racism in America. You might just as well say that Michael Dukakis's loss to George Bush, by a similar margin, indicated strong support for furloughing Willie Horton. Some of Duke's support, no doubt, was plain old Klan. (Such people exist in America, as do Communists.) Some of it was throw-the-rascals-out weariness with incumbents. Much of it was based on sincere but uninstructed anger over affirmative action, welfare excesses, and furlough programs—sincere, because these are real problems which mainstream politics has not yet successfully dealt with; uninstructed, because the angry were willing to register their disapproval by voting for an (at-best) recent racist. The practical effect of Duke's campaign was to throw responsible conservatives on the defensive, throughout the South and nationally, and to ensure the re-election of J. Bennett Johnston, a down-the-line liberal and enemy of Robert Bork, who ought to have been one of the GOP's easy knock-offs. A bad day's work, all around.

■ Willie Horton flies again. A National Republican Committee poll in Massachusetts showed the Democratic state party chairman, Representative Chet Atkins (ADA 100; ACU 0), leading his conservative opponent, John MacGovern, by just one point, 39 to 38 per cent. No incumbent Democratic congressman had been retired by a GOP opponent in Massachusetts since 1920, on Warren G. Harding's coattails. Something had to be done. And so, as we go to press, the radio waves of Massachusetts are awash with Atkins political commercials using the Hitler quote that was inserted into the *Dartmouth Review* by someone other than the editors a fortnight back, and demanding that MacGovern, who is on the Board of Trustees of the *Review*, resign. Nothing doing, says MacGovern. Atkins is now planning to go ballistic and run the same message on TV.



© Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Okay. The buzz is hold the plowshares and back to the swords."

HOW IMPORTANT IS THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR?

Individual investors are a very important part of the New York Stock Exchange.

They are important because they provide capital for the growth of business and the economy. That means new jobs and a better quality of life in the communities in which we live.

They are important because they bring a diversity of investment goals and preferences. Their active participation adds significantly to the liquidity of the market—the ability to buy and sell shares at stable prices.

The NYSE demonstrates its commitment to the individual investor in many ways.

At the NYSE—and only at the NYSE—individual investors always get preferential treatment. Through an exclusive **NYSE Individual Investor Express Delivery Service,** individual investor orders get priority status over all other orders at all times. Even in periods of unusual activity, those orders go to the head of the line, in front of all others, including institutional and program trading orders.

America has a long history of individual investor involvement in business. In fact, one in five Americans directly owns stocks or shares of stock mutual funds. And the market they most often choose, and their funds most often choose, is the New York Stock Exchange.

The NYSE is dedicated to continuing that tradition and to making this market work for all investors.

When investors hold stock in NYSE-listed companies, they are sharing in a history of growth that outshines most other major investment vehicles. In the decade of the '80s, the compound rate of return on the Standard & Poor's 500 was 17.4%, compared with 10.6% for commercial real estate and 9.6% for money market funds.

When investors purchase NYSE-listed stock, they choose from 1,800 of the best U.S. and foreign businesses, companies with proven track records. They benefit from NYSE rules that ensure shareholder participation in corporate governance and full disclosure of corporate developments.

By placing orders on the NYSE, investors are assured of the best available price in a market that sets the standard for the world in terms of fairness, openness and liquidity. They are participating in a market that combines the most sophisticated technology and communications systems with the best professional judgment.

The NYSE provides the most meaningful market regulation in the world. Surveillance and enforcement activities include a close watch on industry sales practices. And NYSE arbitration procedures offer investors an efficient and inexpensive way to resolve any disputes with brokerage firms.

The NYSE's board of directors has approved a series of measures to address the problem of excess volatility in the market on both a short-term and a long-term basis.

Short-term measures include slowing the market down during hectic periods so that all investors can obtain information and participate equally in trading.

For the long term, the board created a blue-ribbon Panel on Market Volatility and Investor Confidence. Headed by General Motors Chairman Roger B. Smith, the panel has recommended added initiatives to maintain a strong market for all participants.

These are compelling reasons for individuals to invest in NYSE-listed stocks. And it is why they should be looking to invest for the long term, for their future and the future of their families.

The best way to begin is by sitting down and discussing investment goals with a broker who is registered and part of an NYSE-member organization. That means the investor is assured of dealing with a trained individual, qualified to provide advice and to serve the investor's needs with all the resources of a reputable firm.

At the New York Stock Exchange, concern for the individual investor will always be a priority.

NYSE

© 1990 New York Stock Exchange, Inc.

FOR THE BEST POSSIBLE PRICE, ASK YOUR BROKER TO TRADE NYSE-LISTED STOCKS ONLY ON THE NYSE.

■ The Cincinnati jury acquitted the museum that displayed the Mapplethorpe photos, and the jurors' subsequent explanations are arresting. "It's not my cup of tea," said one. "I don't understand it. But if people say it's art, then I have to go along with it." Said another: "If the prosecution could have come up with just one credible witness—a sociologist, a psychologist, somebody, anybody—maybe we would have voted differently." Jonathan Yardley of the *Washington Post* translated these remarks thus: "The jury was prepared to convict, perhaps even wanted to convict, but the prosecution failed to give it the 'expert' testimony it needed to support its inclinations." He calls this "testimony to the touchingly naïve faith in 'expertise' that permeates American life." Amen. The non-sequitur lurking here is that if X is certified as Art, X can't be obscene. It would follow that if Leni Riefenstahl's films are Art, they can't be Nazi propaganda. A little less piety is in order.

■ The forces were arrayed against each other for what seemed like an eternity. Backing and filling, incessantly probing, watching the enemy's every move. The defensive position of the one seemed impregnable. After all, he had fought battles on this turf for years. The other was relatively untested, and appeared more than a little crazy to start offensive operations as early as he did. The early attack, so costly in terms of men lost, seemed to founder, leaving the defender with enough men to prevail. Surrender seemed only a matter of time. But then the attacker brought out his secret weapon. The international community of spectators was aghast: pawn to f3. Game Kasparov.

■ With the momentum acquired by its successful conference on "The Ambiguous Legacy of the Enlightenment" (see "Faith and/or Reason," August 20), California's Claremont Institute is preparing for the second conference in the series of three. Having paid its disrespect to mankind's first disastrous attempt to dispense with God, the Institute will next probe the more general topic: "The Permanent Limitations of Science." Discussing these from the perspective of physics will be Dr. Edward Teller; of cosmology, Sir Fred Hoyle; four other speakers round out the array. The site will again be the Claremont College campus, east of Los Angeles. The dates: February 14 to 16, 1991. Those interested in attending are invited to write to: William A. Rusher, Senior Fellow, The Claremont Institute, 4650 Arrow Highway, Suite D-6, Montclair, California 91763.

The Temple Mount Affair

While in disguise, and with burnoose
Tied tight lest Arab types deduce
That Israel's an ardent fan
Of Mr. Bush's caravan,
They played it like a costume ball,
Then blew it at the Wailing Wall.

W. H. VON DREELE

Two of my fellow editors inform me that they, and some readers, have taken a recent syndicated column of mine, titled "The Burden of Proof," to imply that *NR*'s advocacy of military action in the Gulf is an act of subservience to Israeli, rather than American, interests. With all gravity, I say: Perish the thought. I intended no such implication. I'd be a liar if I said it, unless I were fool enough to believe it.

I've already recorded here most of my reasons for thinking *NR*'s position is gravely mistaken. I don't wish to take this occasion to multiply them. But my general argument with conservative advocates of the Gulf action (as I spelled it out in yet another column) has to do with *which* American interest we should be pursuing: a major war, even if it achieved its specific purpose, would seriously set back the hope of reducing the Federal Government to its proper republican dimensions. This, as I understand it, is the crux of the disagreement between my colleagues and me. But to question their patriotic motives was the farthest thing from my mind, and I regret that they or anyone else got any other impression.

—JOSEPH SOBRAN

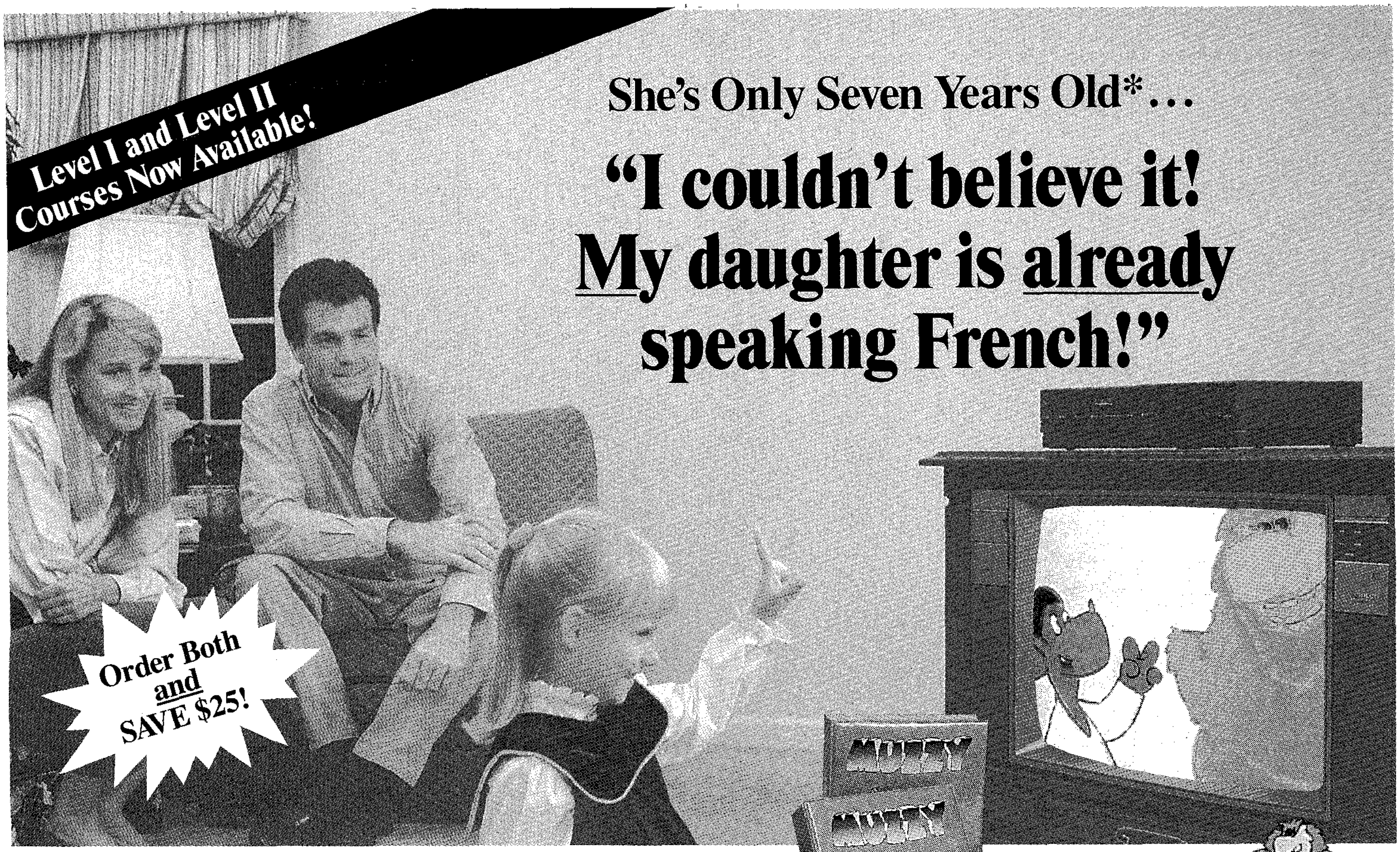
■ The Supreme Court will decide this term whether a psychotic death-row inmate may be required to take medication that will make him sane enough to be executed. Inasmuch as he claims to be Jesus Christ, his execution would presumably also violate the wall of separation.

■ If you were planning to visit the Kuwait zoo, don't bother. Iraqi soldiers ate it.

■ Iraq, the budget, and even the new Crayolas are as nothing compared to the uproar over professional ladies mingling with buck nekid gentlemen in the locker rooms of the NFL.

■ Coffee is OKAY TO DRINK this week.

■ "Gorbachev orders an end to decline in production"—news head. Okay. *We* order the repeal of tax withholding, an across-the-board spending cut of 25 per cent, and elimination of the capital-gains tax.



Level I and Level II Courses Now Available!

She's Only Seven Years Old*…

"I couldn't believe it! My daughter is already speaking French!"

Order Both and SAVE $25!

Guaranteed Shipment for Christmas Delivery on Orders Received by December 12th.

Available in French, Spanish, Italian or German.

By exclusive arrangement with the British Broadcasting Corp. A program proven with thousands of European youngsters. And the whole family can learn the language, too!

***Proven results for pre-school through age 12.** © 1990 MBI

New BBC VIDEO Language Course for Children Turns TV into a Language Teacher Kids Love!

It's a scientific fact…and one of Nature's marvels. During the early years of childhood, the human mind is best programmed for learning a language — any language. That's why children learn so much more easily than adults, even *before* being able to read. They learn the same way they learned English — naturally — by listening, seeing, and imitating. In the international world our children will compete in — where so many Europeans and Asians start a foreign language early — a second language will be essential. Vital for competing with polished and accomplished peers.

Sample ages for beginning a second language**

Japan	Age 8	France	Pre-School
Sweden	Age 7	Spain	Pre-School
Austria	Age 8	Canada	Pre-School

**Ages represent top schools and programs; compulsory language education usually begins several years later.

Give Your Child That Critical Early Advantage!

And now, for the first time ever in the USA, your child can learn French, Spanish, Italian or German using the most successful Language Course for Children ever created!

Muzzy and *Muzzy Level II*, breakthrough VIDEO learning programs, are produced by the BBC — the world's foremost teacher of languages. Specifically designed for children (pre-school through age 12), *Muzzy* and *Muzzy Level II* enchant them with colorful animation, delightful songs, and charming, involving characters. *Muzzy* starts your child on a new language and *Muzzy Level II* complements and builds upon *Muzzy*, adding hundreds of new words and phrases to your child's vocabulary.

Proven Results With Thousands of Kids Like Yours!

Through *listen-and-learn* and *see-and-learn*, your child will begin speaking a foreign language from the very first day! Just like the children of the hundreds and hundreds of proud and grateful parents who have written us. Kids at every age level. Kids who now have a vital head start on tomorrow!

Everything needed for a child to master beginning French, Spanish, Italian or German is included. Four video cassettes. Two audio cassettes. Two activity books with answer key. And an excellent parent's guide. All in attractive, durable storage cases.

No Risk Guarantee! And Save $25!

Here is perhaps the greatest gift you will ever give your child…a second language. And at an astonishingly affordable price of just $145† per course, payable in four installments of $36.25† each. Order *Muzzy* or *Muzzy Level II* today. Or, order both and save $25! There's no risk. If you and your child are not absolutely delighted, you may return the course(s) within 30 days for a full refund. Order today from Early Advantage, 47 Richards Avenue, Norwalk, Conn. 06857.

†Plus $4.75 shipping/handling per course.

Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534

The BBC Language Course for Children

Early Advantage
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534

Yes! Please send me *The BBC Language Course(s) for Children* I have indicated. I understand only VHS format is available.

(Please check appropriate items.)

Course:
☐ Muzzy ☐ Muzzy Level II ☐ Muzzy **and** Muzzy Level II

Language:
☐ French ☐ Spanish ☐ Italian ☐ German

Name ______________________

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address ______________________

City/State/Zip ______________________

Signature ______________________

(All orders subject to acceptance.)

Charge each of four monthly installments to my credit card: $37.44* per installment for each Muzzy or Muzzy Level II course; $68.63* per installment for both courses:

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Discover

Credit Card No. ______________ Exp. Date ________

☐ I prefer not to use my credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my deposit — $50* for each Muzzy or Muzzy Level II course; $100* for both courses. I will pay the balance — $99.75* for each; $174.50* for both — as billed in three monthly installments.

*Includes $4.75 one-time shipping/handling per course. Applicable sales tax, if any, will be billed with shipment. Allow 2 to 4 weeks for shipment.

372–8535

- A university study claims that people with better love lives get more involved in politics, which can be taken to explain why so few people vote, if you believe the theory, which we most certainly do not, but if we did, we'd just suspect that those who go in for that sort of thing don't mind doing it to their friends and neighbors and communities, and grow up to be IRS agents.

- With his maneuvering on the budget, George Bush has severed the primordial connection between cynicism and cunning.

Ein + Ein = Ein

SO FAST have we all moved in the last year that the reunification of Germany, easily the most momentous geopolitical event in the last 45 years, passed almost unnoticed. All the anxieties imagined by an anxious world after the fall of the Wall—would the Soviets let a new Germany stay in NATO? should the Two Plus Four talks include Poland, or Europe, or everybody?—slipped away. The event itself took third place to the Gulf and the budget on the evening news.

The crowd at the Brandenburg Gate was a million strong, and joyously rowdy; it was nearly impossible to hear the choir on the reviewing stand as it struggled through Haydn's sweet, sad tune. The celebrants who had gathered in German embassies and information offices in the United States were, by contrast, a sober lot, allowing themselves at most cries of "Cheers!" as they demurely touched flutes of *Sekt*. Considering recent German history, they have a lot to be sober about, although there is no reason why the decent orderliness which is also surely a part of the German character should not come out uppermost in the twenty-first century. We wish them, and ourselves, better luck this time.

Read My Hips?

THE *Washington Post* headline said it all: "Bush Wavers on Taxing Rich as Senators Protest." In eight words it conveyed all the worst qualities in a President: indecisiveness, lack of leadership, hostility toward the middle class. The only thing worse would have been "Bush Wavers on Taxing Rich as Senators Protest / Agrees to Yield on Iraq." With his approval rating plummeting, he risks becoming the Republican Jimmy Carter.

The President's top players did not help matters. John Sununu tried to get tough with Congress and was given a boost in the backside. Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady has become a disheveled joke. And OMB Director Richard Darman, architect of this whole fiasco, demonstrated the Achilles' Heel of "pragmatists": because they have surrendered the grammar of their argument, they can never recover its logic. A good measure of whether the President intends to get this nation back on track will be whether Mr. Darman retains his position.

But the issue is much larger than Mr. Sununu or Mr. Darman. The issue is whether the decade of Reaganism meant anything, or whether Mr. Bush merely thought his promises were a vehicle to the Oval Office, to be discarded at his convenience. His flip-flops on his willingness to raise the top rates of income tax in exchange for a cut in the capital-gains tax suggest the latter. What are Americans to think, for example, of his glib "Read my hips" rejoinder to reporters? What are they to think when their President pokes fun at his most solemn promise to them? Is his constituency now invited to study body language?

The polls that have sustained the President are now turning on him. A tracking survey of sixty districts conducted by the National Republican Congressional Committee found 54 per cent of respondents either strongly agreed or somewhat agreed that their congressman's support of any tax increase passed by Congress would alone be reason enough to vote against him—with no significant difference according to party affiliation. Ronald Reagan was often denounced for being divisive, but it was precisely because he was divisive that the American public saw that, in the contest between Us and Them, the Gipper was one of Us. In the last six months, the signal President Bush has sent is that he is a Them. It's no coincidence that we have simultaneously found ourselves moving from the largest peacetime expansion since World War II to the brink of recession. The President's only consolation is that the voting public finds him slightly more *simpático* than Congress.

As NATIONAL REVIEW goes to press Democrats and Republicans in Congress are each working on their own budget, the likely result being that the White House will soon be faced with a Democratic package of significant tax increases and nothing in the way of spending cuts. The Republicans, by contrast, are hardening around a package of their own that is faithful to their no-new-taxes stand, giving the President a genuine alternative. If the Democratic proposal turns out to be as distasteful as now seems probable, it will put the President in a good position to use his veto—ending up with a continuing resolution and a $40-billion sequester. It's all up to George Bush: whether he sides with the Democrats or with his own party.

That's the short term. The longer term is more troubling because the President has not yet demonstrated that he has heard the rumblings from the countryside. From Massachusetts and New Jersey, where tax revolts are in full swing, to Oklahoma, where voters endorsed term limitations for Congress, to Wisconsin and Oregon, where vouchers for education are catching on, Americans are agreeing on one thing: less government, more choice. What does it say about the leadership of the Republican Party that at a time when the mood of the country is more anti-Washington than it has ever been, it's the Republican Party that stands to lose big in November?

The Economics of It

NIL DESPERANDUM—never despair. There may be a silver lining in the black cloud spread by the President's budget waffling. Mr. Bush's decision to take early retirement in domestic leadership makes a bipartisan budget agreement look, as we go to press, next to impossible. But the alternatives are infinitely preferable to signing off on a deal similar to the first one, which was rejected early this month.

Another continuing resolution, freezing spending at last year's level, would be just fine, even if it lasts only a few weeks. Prolonged chaos will make sequestration look better and better. As matters stand now, sequestration would leave Social Security, Medicaid, food stamps, and the Women, Infants, and Children (WIC) program untouched. Defense would be pummeled: the law requires that 50 per cent of the sequester come from the Pentagon's budget, although it represents barely one-fourth of all federal spending. But Congress can lessen the impact on any one area by expanding the number of programs that are affected. A 4 per cent cap on non-defense spending, coupled with a defense freeze at the level approved by the budget summiteers, would balance the budget by 1994 without any new taxes.

Even without new taxes, federal revenues are projected to increase by $400 billion, or 37 per cent, between 1990 and 1995. Summit Reject I would have tacked on an additional $134 billion, with $50 billion coming from a 12-cent-per-gallon rise in the gas tax, and the rest from higher taxes on airline tickets, tobacco, alcohol, and "luxuries." To this add $30 billion in higher Medicare co-insurance payments and assorted user fees, all of which are labeled "spending cuts" in OMB's less-than-honest terminology. What's worse, Summit Reject I contained a provision which would have required that any future tax cut be offset by a countervailing tax increase. Luckily for America, no one thought of this idea in 1981.

Some Republicans seem willing to swallow a bitter tax pill to get at the "good" parts of any future deal: a cut in entitlement spending, a smaller government share of the economy, and—the reason for the entire exercise—a smaller deficit. Look again, fellows. The entitlements are "cut" from a baseline figure which increases mightily each year. What was billed in the first deal as a $60-billion cut in Medicaid outlays, 1990 to 1995, turned out to be a $15-billion spending rise over that same period. Civil-service pension "reform" meant disallowing lump-sum payments, with no reduction in total federal liabilities. The wording on farm subsidies defied analysis; we were asked to accept the $13-billion savings figure on faith.

The only area of real spending reduction in Summit Reject I—in the man-in-the-street sense of next year's spending being lower than this year's—was defense. Entitlement spending would continue to rise by a rate of 6.5 per cent per annum, and total spending would rocket up by $220 billion—even without the S&L bailout—between 1990 and 1995.

Any plan to lower the Federal Government's share of GNP from 22 per cent to 18.5 per cent deserves serious consideration. Unfortunately, the economic assumptions underlying this scenario lack credibility. How could the largest tax increase in American history possibly trigger a doubling of economic growth between 1990 and 1991, followed by a tripling, to 3.8 per cent, in 1992? Alan Greenspan would surely be pressured to soften the impact of higher taxes. But easy money in an economy whose growth potential is hamstrung by higher taxes can only lead to higher inflation. And higher inflation means you can throw out the spending forecasts for entitlement programs, the federal payroll, and interest. (The summiteers blithely assumed that inflation would decline steadily to 2.8 per cent by 1995.)

If by some miracle these assumptions all fell into line, success would still elude us. Gramm–Rudman made a profound tactical error by specifying deficit targets instead of spending targets. As things stand now, any new taxes—whether real or simply the result of overestimation—give rise to higher spending. With revenues free to roam, deficit ceilings metamorphose into spending floors. This is why budget summits never work.

Overarching everything is the matter of economic growth. Raising the top income-tax rate to 33

Danger to Starboard

John Silber, like the pirate whose
Rude ways alarmed commercial crews,
Is causing qualms
By getting off some warning shots
As Mr. Gingrich drops black spots
In sweaty palms.

W. H. VON DREELE

per cent would push interest rates up, and push an already sinking stock market down further by reducing the demand for taxable securities. A collapsing stock and bond market would unravel the budget via higher interest costs, lower capital-gains tax receipts, and reduced taxable sales and corporate profits. The rosy economic scenario on which all hopes of a declining deficit ultimately rest would die a particularly ugly death.

The top income-tax rate has been cut steadily since hitting the absurd 91 per cent level in the Fifties and early Sixties. The share of income taxes paid by the wealthy has risen correspondingly. Republicans should not put themselves in the position of reversing these trends.

The Banana Republic State

NEW YORK isn't quite Massachusetts. But with every passing day, its official moniker, "the Empire State," sounds more and more grotesque. Fifteen years after its last fiscal crisis, New York City seems headed for another, forcing David Dinkins to talk about massive lay-offs of municipal workers: a saving that would be counterbalanced by a second Dinkins proposal—to hire thousands of new cops—which he was forced to make because too many New Yorkers have been getting killed recently. But New York City, which at least has fiscal watchdogs to whom it must answer, may be better off than New York State, whose budget deficit is intractably in the billions, and whose bond rating has fallen accordingly. This is the strongest reason for thinking that Mario Cuomo will run for President in 1992: if he stays in Albany for six more years, he will be fried in the state's fiscal meltdown.

Politically, it's a situation made for feisty outsiders. Don't look for them in the New York GOP. The best the party could come up with last year to run against Dinkins was Rudolph Giuliani, show-boating prosecutor and ideological liberal. Yet he was Ronald Reagan next to this year's Republican candidate for governor, Pierre Rinfret. If Rinfret had a red nose, he could headline for Ringling Brothers. Jack Kemp, recognizing the reality, endorsed Conservative Party candidate Herb London at, ahem, *NR*'s 35th anniversary dinner [see page 113].

But New York's problems are only proximately political. Conservative candidates can get nominated (James Buckley, Lewis Lehrman, Kemp), and when they do, they do well. They fail to get nominated more regularly, and their ideas fail to tug the entire political spectrum rightward, because New York's fundamental problem is intellectual. New York City is one of the two national capitals—the St. Petersburg—of liberalism, and its pride in its liberalism increased even as the hinterlands went for Reagan. The limitations which its liberalism sets on discussions of policy—reflexive concern for the disadvantaged, however defined; expenditure of tax money as the answer to all ills—control debate in the state as a whole. There are signs of intellectual revolt (e.g., *NY: The City Journal*, the new quarterly of the Manhattan Institute, the conservative/libertarian bastion in the heart of darkness). Desperation may swell the ranks of the enlightened. Conservative New Yorkers have to hope it will.

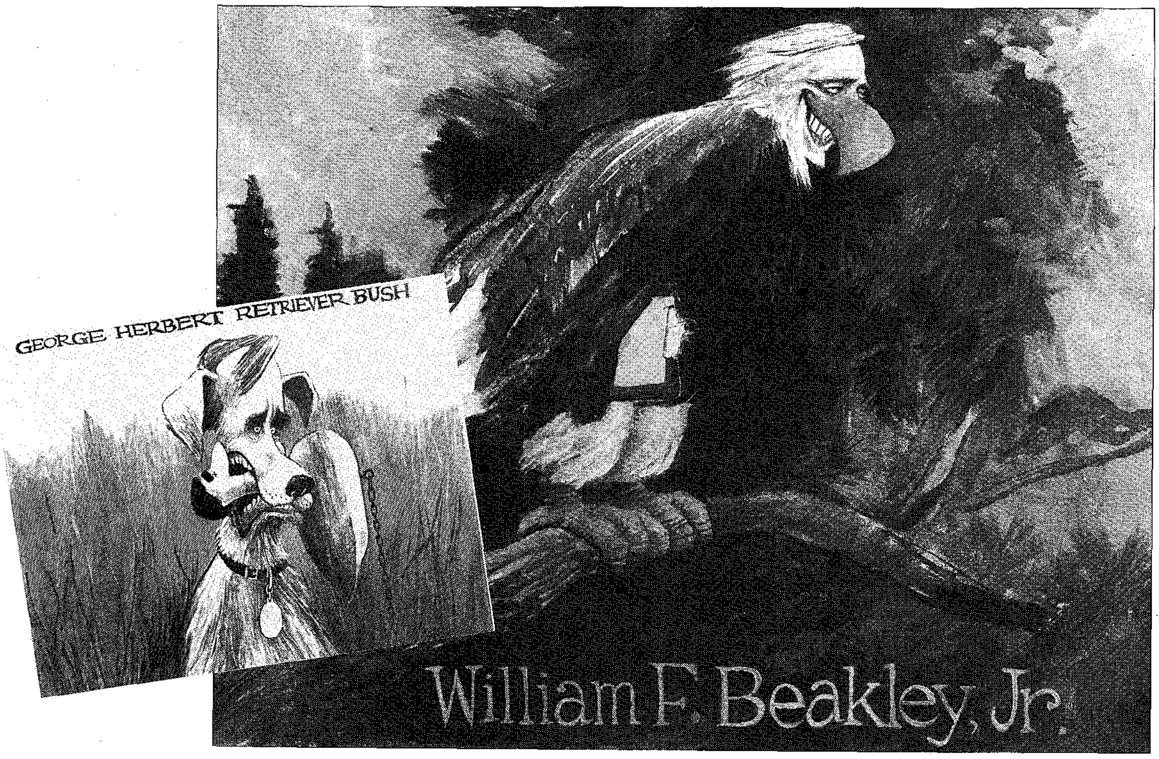
Temple Mount, Haram Sharif, and the UN

GIVEN the United Nations' history of anti-Israeli and anti-Jewish rhetoric, it is not surprising that the Israeli government declined to cooperate with the UN team assigned to investigate the killing of 19 Arabs by Israeli police on the Temple Mount (the Israeli name) or Haram Sharif (the Arab name). Given the competence of the Shamir government generally, it is also not surprising that panicky police shot live ammunition at Palestinian rioters—quite unnecessarily, according to independent accounts of the incident. The Shamirites have grown so accustomed to thinking of the Palestinian problem as one that can be bluffed away or denied that their capacity to deal with the problem's actual manifestations, whether in the occupied territories or in Israel itself, has virtually eroded.

One beneficiary of the Israeli killings is the Palestinian leadership, which, by raising the temperature of its struggle with Israel, seeks to link that grudge with the situation in Kuwait. Another is Saddam Hussein, who, by the same means, desires to divide the United States from its anti-Iraqi Arab allies. When push comes to shove in the Gulf, it will make police riots look pretty puny by comparison, and such considerations will be put on hold. All the more reason for the United States to bring its will to bear on Iraq as soon as possible, without reference to the Middle East's other problems.

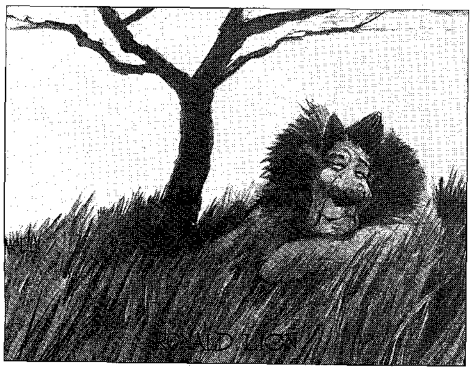
Mr. Freedman's Moral Suicide

On October 12, the New York Times *published an op-ed piece by Dartmouth president James O. Freedman. Mr. Freedman accused some of his undergraduates of all sorts of trendy sins, and several critics of sinful activity responded by joining in the attack on the* Dartmouth Review. *Mr. Freedman's accusa-*



Enjoy the Lighter Side of Politics All Year Long.

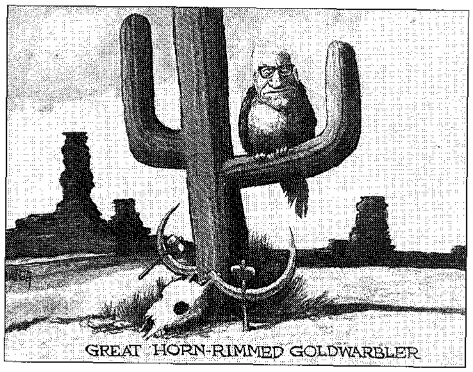
The *1991 National Review Calendar* featuring 13 original full-color cartoons by renowned political cartoonist Jeff MacNelly.



For years you've enjoyed the scathing humor of Jeff MacNelly in the pages of ***National Review***. Now the most prominent figures in global politics cannot escape his pointed brush.

Conservative favorites like Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher, Barry Goldwater and our own William F, Buckley Jr.

And we didn't forget those politicians you love to hate — Fidel Castro, Jesse Jackson and Mario Cuomo. Plus, a few surprises!



For this special offer to our readers, ***National Review*** commissioned Jeff to do thirteen completely original full-color cartoons.

Each cartoon is carefully reproduced in color and all are suitable for framing. The calender is full size (10"x12") with enough space to jot down your appointments and special events. Plus, the wit and humor make it fun to display and appreciate all year long.

Order your 1991 National Review Calendar today…

The special edition of the ***1991 National Review Calender*** is yours for only $13.95 (plus $1.50 postage and handling).

Don't delay…the supplies are limited. These cartoons are the exclusive property of ***National Review*** and can't be found anywhere else.

Order right now and get ready for the New Year the *right* way…with a hearty smile.

☐ **Yes**, please send me ______ ***1991 National Review Calender(s)*** featuring 13 original Jeff MacNelly cartoons for only $13.95 each (plus $1.50 postage and handling).

☐ Payment enclosed (check or m.o.)

☐ Charge my: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

card # ____________________

exp. date ____________________

signature ____________________

send calender to (please print):

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City/State/Zip ____________________

Mail with your payment to:
National Review 1991 Calender
150 East 35th Street
New York, NY 10016

tions were false. Dartmouth professor of English and NR *senior editor Jeffrey Hart replies below.*

DARTMOUTH's President James O. Freedman has abused his office and ignored his moral responsibilities as an educator. He has mixed half-truths with falsehoods to produce an ugly brew. He has leveled at his students and mine, falsely, perhaps the most damaging of all charges in today's climate of opinion: bigotry and racism.

After a bizarre event occurred at the office of the independent undergraduate newspaper, the *Dartmouth Review*, Mr. Freedman went into high gear. What happened, in the real world, seems to be the following. A disgruntled or perverted junior staffer on the newspaper invaded the word-processor circuit. In the newspaper's standard quotation from Theodore Roosevelt on its masthead, he inserted a sentence from *Mein Kampf*. That this was computer invasion is indicated in two ways. First, the culprit

RIGHT DATA

Bursting Bubbles

EXTRACTING MONEY from wealthy Americans is again a cause for the Democrats. The latest tactic would pop the so-called "bubble," the anomaly that subjects some upper-middle-income taxpayers to a 33 per cent marginal rate, while taxpayers in yet higher brackets pay 28 per cent.

The point often missed is that while the surcharge terminates at taxable incomes of $104,610 for singles and $185,760 for marrieds, *all* high-income taxpayers are deprived of both the 15 per cent marginal tax rate and the $2,050 (1990) personal exemption. While the richest households have lower *marginal* rates, their effective tax rates—tax as a percentage of income—are higher:

DISTRIBUTION OF FEDERAL INCOME TAX PAYMENTS, 1988

Gross Income Bracket	Number of Taxpayers	Gross Income	Taxable Income	Income Taxes Paid	Effective Tax Rate on: Taxable Income	Effective Tax Rate on: Gross Income
		In Billions				
$0–$25,000	68.1 million	608.0	$329.6	$47.3	14.4%	7.8%
$25,001–$50,000	27.7 million	988.1	659.2	107.0	16.1	10.8
$50,001–$100,000	11.4 million	747.1	543.6	110.1	20.3	14.7
$100,001–$500,000	2.4 million	401.2	322.4	87.8	27.2	21.9
$500,001–$1 million	119,231	80.7	70.7	20.0	28.3	24.8
$1 million +	65,303	172.5	155.6	43.9	28.2	25.4
All Taxpayers	109.8 Million	$2,997.6	$2,081.1	$416.1	13.9%	20.0%

The 68 million taxpayers with incomes below $25,000 paid $47.3 billion of income taxes in 1988, equal to 14.4 per cent of their taxable income. At the other end, the nation's 65,303 millionaires paid $43.9 billion in income taxes, equivalent to 28.2 per cent of their taxable income. Effective tax rates rise throughout the income spectrum.

Because lower-income individuals can deduct proportionally more from their gross income in arriving at taxable income, the progressivity of the tax system is more pronounced when measured against gross income. On this basis, effective tax rates range from 25.4 per cent on the wealthiest to 7.8 on the poorest—a 3 to 1 differential.

A radical soak-the-rich policy—say, doubling the effective tax rate on millionaires—would net an additional $44 billion, or enough to run the government only 13 days. This, of course, assumes that this group continues earning as much as before, oblivious to the doubling of its tax rate.

However, the evidence indicates that the wealthy have enormous discretion over how and when to realize income. Even the more modest proposal—popping the bubble with a 33 per cent marginal tax rate—would provoke a 5 to 10 per cent reduction in the income-tax base, according to Harvard economist Larry Lindsey. Although federal revenues would increase by $13 billion over the next two years, this money would be very expensive to collect: a recent study estimates that every additional tax dollar generated by the higher tax rate would reduce GNP by nearly eight dollars.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

made mistakes in his choice of typeface; and, second, no one north of Paraguay, with the possible exception of David Duke, is a fan of *Mein Kampf.*

President Freedman chose to go bananas. Before inquiring into this incident or talking with any of the students involved, he issued a public statement: "The *Dartmouth Review* . . . has consistently attacked blacks because they are black, women because they are women, homosexuals because they are homosexuals, and Jews because they are Jews."

When he made that statement, President Freedman knew that the editor-in-chief of the *Review*, Kevin Pritchett, is black. He knew that the *Review* had often praised black, female, and Jewish professors. If he had bothered to inquire he would have found that the *Review* has had three female editors-in-chief and many female staffers; that it has had a Jewish president; that it has had two editors-in-chief from the Indian subcontinent.

The *Dartmouth Review* has from time to time committed breaches of taste, a generic fault of undergraduate journalism. It has never attacked anyone on the basis of race, only on performance. It has criticized white professors, and praised people of all colors.

Mr. Freedman is simply wrong about the financial backing of the *Review*, probably intentionally wrong. The *Review*'s operating expenses are covered by its $25 subscribers. The large sums he mentions ($800,000 over the past three years) are contributions to a legal defense fund for students unjustly suspended by Dartmouth. After an extensive hearing, a judge ordered the students reinstated at Dartmouth. Mr. Freedman ignores this inconvenient fact.

The *Dartmouth Review* for ten years has strongly supported Israel. It has argued, in its central thrust, for a curriculum of serious quality. It has opposed Dartmouth's "condom races," the invitation to Angela Davis to celebrate co-education, the hard-core porn movies shown in connection with a Film Studies course. And much more. It has argued the merit principle as regards admission to the college.

A day or so after offering his "racism" calumny, President Freedman held a Rally Against Hate on the Dartmouth campus. Speaking from a hastily erected wooden platform, he pursued his theme of bigotry, adding "native Americans" to his standard litany of *Review* targets. Whipping up the crowd, he produced more hatred in one spot than has been seen since the Maoist Cultural Revolution.

President Freedman has chosen to fling the charge of bigotry against these student journalists. Yelling "racism" is in this situation, in Samuel Johnson's phrase, "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

Mixed Signals

Sununu works the helium
  While Darman ties the lip;
Then Mr. Bush's trial balloons
  Ascend for one more trip
As White House staffers on the roof
  Flap coats to make a breeze,
Recalling signals sent among
  The aborigines.

W. H. VON DREELE

Dance of the Budgeteers

IF THE budget were a game of musical chairs, the final round of music would still be playing. But here is the scorecard as we go to press:

OMB Director **Richard Darman**: *Loser.* Outsmarted and outflanked by congressional Democrats, he compounded his blunders by outraging Republicans. Send him back to Harvard.

Senate Majority Leader **George Mitchell** (D., Me.): *Winner.* He took on a President at the height of his popularity, the Commander-in-Chief of an American army preparing for war, and wrestled him to the mat. Unless Bush recovers, Mitchell will be our new co-President, and the Left will dominate on domestic matters.

Representative **Newt Gingrich** (R., Ga.): *Winner.* He took the heat, and forged his ragtag House Republicans into a real power. By sticking to his principles and demonstrating real political ability, he is now the undisputed leader of the conservative wing in Congress.

White House Chief of Staff **John Sununu** and Treasury Secretary **Nicholas Brady**: *Losers.* They, along with Darman, are referred to as the "Three Stooges" on Capitol Hill. Sununu may take a Cabinet post; Brady will resign.

Senator **Phil Gramm** (R., Tex.): *Loser.* Gramm ten years ago would have seized on the country's frustration and led the charge for sequestration. Gramm today is more ambitious than principled, and it shows.

Vice President **Dan Quayle**: *Winner.* A surprise, but his years on Capitol Hill paid off. The delicate way he handled the task of selling the summit package (with a wink and a nod) made him friends and shored up his standing among conservatives.

Senate Minority Leader **Bob Dole** (R., Kan.): *Draw.* Loses in terms of his standing with Senate Republicans. Wins in contrast to Bush, who beat him in New Hampshire with his anti-tax pledge. Dole is now considered that rarest of political creatures, an honest man.

Representatives **Dick Armey** (R., Tex.), **Tom**

DeLay (R., Tex.), **Mickey Edwards** (R., Okla.), **Duncan Hunter** (R., Calif.), **Bill McCollum** (R., Fla.), **Bob Walker** (R., Pa.), and **Vin Weber** (R., Minn.): *Winners*. For the first time in thirty years House Republicans have clout, and they have it because these seven rallied a majority of their colleagues to defy a hamfisted White House. The resulting bitterness will fade; the respect is here to stay.

Governors **Doug Wilder** (Va.) and **Robert Casey** (Pa.): *Winners*. While a Republican President retracts his promises, muffs his lines, and fumbles his lead, two Democrats quietly show how to make hard decisions to cut government spending. Is there a partisan shift on the horizon?

Anatole Broyard, R I P

ANATOLE BROYARD, longtime book-reviewer for the *New York Times*, who died on October 11, attended Brooklyn College but did not graduate. He was self-educated. And what an education it was! Literature was alive and ever present in his mind, an integral part of his personality. I cannot think of any book worth reading that he had not read and made his own. In writing, he commanded language and it obeyed him. Anatole was enormously gifted as a writer, critic, and, above all, in understanding and enhancing life. I must use a by now tiresome word: he had charisma. When Anatole entered, the room would light up. He was warm as well as brilliant. For those left behind it will be hard to reconcile themselves to a world without him, a world now desolated. —Ernest van den Haag

Le Duc Tho, R I P

ON OCTOBER 13, Le Duc Tho, chief negotiator for North Vietnam during the Vietnam War, died. His counterpart in those negotiations, Henry Kissinger, wrote of him in *White House Years*: "His large luminous eyes only rarely revealed the fanaticism that had induced him as a boy of 16 to join the anti-French Communist guerrillas. . . . He always knew what he was about and served his cause with dedication and skill. [But] it was our misfortune that his cause should be to break the will of the United States and to establish Hanoi's rule over a country that we sought to defend. . . ." He was sustained "by a passionate belief in Leninist discipline and faith in the Vietnamese nation. This transformed supreme personal self-assurance into a conviction that it was Vietnam's destiny to dominate not only Indochina but all of Southeast Asia. His sense of national superiority made personal hatred of the United States irrelevant. [His] profession was revolution, his vocation guerrilla warfare. He could speak eloquently of peace but it was an abstraction alien to any personal experience. Le Duc Tho undoubtedly was of the stuff of which heroes are made. What we grasped only with reluctance—and many at home never understood—is that heroes are such because of monomaniacal determination. They are rarely pleasant men; . . . they do not specialize in the qualities required for a negotiated peace."

May he rest in peace, which is more than his victims, during their lifetimes, can do.

NOTES & ASIDES

Excerpts from a Washington Post *article (October 6), by E. J. Dionne Jr.*

Thirty-five years ago Wm. F. Buckley Jr. founded NATIONAL REVIEW, a conservative magazine that set itself a preposterously ambitious goal. "It stands athwart history yelling, Stop," the magazine said of itself in its first editorial.

Yesterday, 2,750 issues later, Buckley quietly said Stop himself and announced that he was stepping down as NATIONAL REVIEW's editor-in-chief.

In financial terms, the announcement was without significance. Buckley will continue to hold all of the NATIONAL REVIEW stock, which, he noted, "commercially is about as valuable as Confederate bonds." And he pledged to look over the shoulders of his editors to keep the magazine on track, lest he risk "being designated at some point in the future as another King Lear."

In the world of magazine publishing, the announcement was somewhat more significant: Since William Shawn's retirement as editor of *The New Yorker*, Buckley noted, he has been the nation's most senior magazine editor.

But it is in political and intellectual terms that the announcement must be judged, and seen that way the event is, as Buckley might put it, of hippopotamic proportions. The retirement of the editor who gave us the phrase, "Don't immanentize the eschaton"—and the politics and theology behind it—is a phenomenon of consequentiality.

Buckley, who will retire the title editor-in-chief, leaves the magazine at a point when history finally seems to be heeding NATIONAL REVIEW's original admonition. Buckley is quite content, thank you, with Communism's collapse. But the 64-year-old controversialist and writer of anti-Communist thrillers admits that the world will not be the same without Communism to kick around. "Taking the cold war away from me," he said in an interview, "is like taking horses away from Dick Francis."

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

Plus a 4th at $4.99.

NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.

EMPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

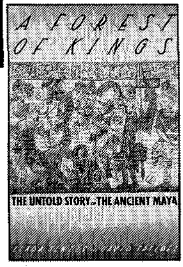
The Devil's Horsemen *by James Chambers.* The 13th-century Golden Horde—one of the most devastating armies ever. **8094.** $16.95/**$10.95**

The Indian Frontier of the American West, 1846–1890 *by Robert M. Utley* **8490.** $19.95/**$13.95**

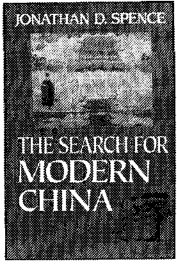
In Search of the Indo-Europeans: Language, Archaeology and Myth *by P.J. Mallory* **6015.** $29.95/**$22.50**

The Celts
Gerhard Herm

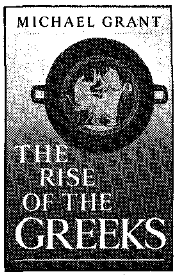
1859. $15/**$10.50**


A Forest of Kings
The Untold Story of the Ancient Maya

6056. $29.95/**$22.95**


Jonathan D. Spence
The Search for Modern China

4887. $29.95/**$22.50**


Michael Grant
The Rise of the Greeks

5884. $27.50/**$18.50**

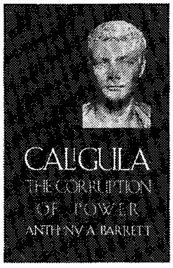
STATESMEN, GENERALS and THE RULING CLASS

Catherine the Great *by John T. Alexander* **1073.** $24.95/**$18.95**

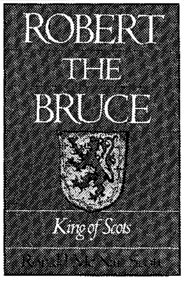
Napoleon and Hitler: A Comparative Biography *by Desmond Seward* **1891.** $19.95/**$14.95**

Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings *by Amy Kelly* **7187.** $20/**$14.50**

Hitler: The Path to Power *by Charles Bracelen Flood* **1701.** $24.95/**$18.95**


Caligula
The Corruption of Power
Anthony A. Barrett

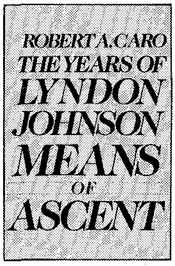
4564. $27.50/**$21.50**


Robert the Bruce
King of Scots

3467. $19.95/**$15.95**

Lawrence of Arabia
The Authorized Biography of T.E. Lawrence
Jeremy Wilson

5520. $35/**$26.50**


Robert A. Caro
The Years of Lyndon Johnson
Means of Ascent

5058. $24.95/**$21.95**

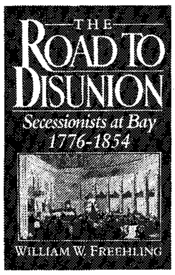
TIMELESS ISSUES, ENDURING IDEAS

The Bible as History, 2nd Revised Edition *by Werner Keller.* Archaeology and science document biblical history. **3012.** $14.95/**$10.95**

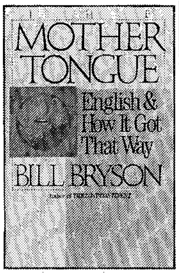
Ernie's America: The Best of Ernie Pyle's 1930s Travel Dispatches *Edited by David Nichols* **2428.** $21.95/**$16.50**

The Price of Admiralty *by John Keegan* **1297.** $21.95/**$17.95**

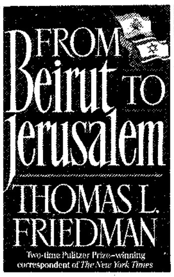
Food in History: Revised Edition *by Reay Tannahill.* A sweeping overview of human eating habits. **2410.** $19.95/**$16.95**


The Road to Disunion
Secessionists at Bay 1776-1854
William W. Freehling

5967. $35/**$22.95**


Mother Tongue
English & How It Got That Way
Bill Bryson

5900. $18.95/**$15.95**


From Beirut to Jerusalem
Thomas L. Friedman
Two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning correspondent of The New York Times

1925. $22.95/**$17.50**

Lucy's Child
The Discovery of a Human Ancestor
Donald Johanson & James Shreeve

1875. $22.95/**$18.50**

THE WARRING WORLD

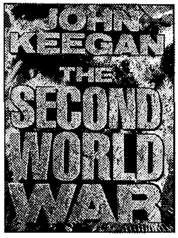
Thunder Gods: The Kamikaze Pilots Tell Their Story *by Hatsuho Naito* **2220.** $18.95/**$16.50**

The Battle of Britain: The Greatest Air Battle of World War II *by Richard Hough and Denis Richards.* Britains's "finest hour." **2386.** $27.50/**$21.50**

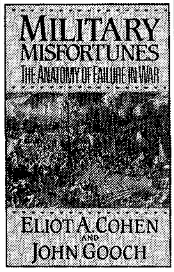
Civil War Battlefield Guide *by The Conservation Fund with Frances H. Kennedy, Editor.* 64 superb maps detail the battles of the Civil War. **4994.** $29.95/**$22.95**

Battle Cry of Freedom
The Civil War Era
James M. McPherson

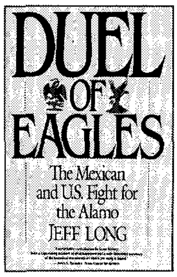
3988. $35/**$22.50**


John Keegan
The Second World War

3434. $29.95/**$23.50**


Military Misfortunes
The Anatomy of Failure in War
Eliot A. Cohen and John Gooch

3004. $22.95/**$17.95**


Duel of Eagles
The Mexican and U.S. Fight for the Alamo
Jeff Long

5892. $22.95/**$17.95**

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** is Members' Price.)

Save on the best recent history titles.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings–as much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you take a fourth book at $4.99, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, you're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

How the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 books featured each month. History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 14 times a year (about every 3½ weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing–the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for the 3 choices on the left, and the fourth at $4.99, plus shipping and handling.

H123-11-1

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

0-14

Name________________________________

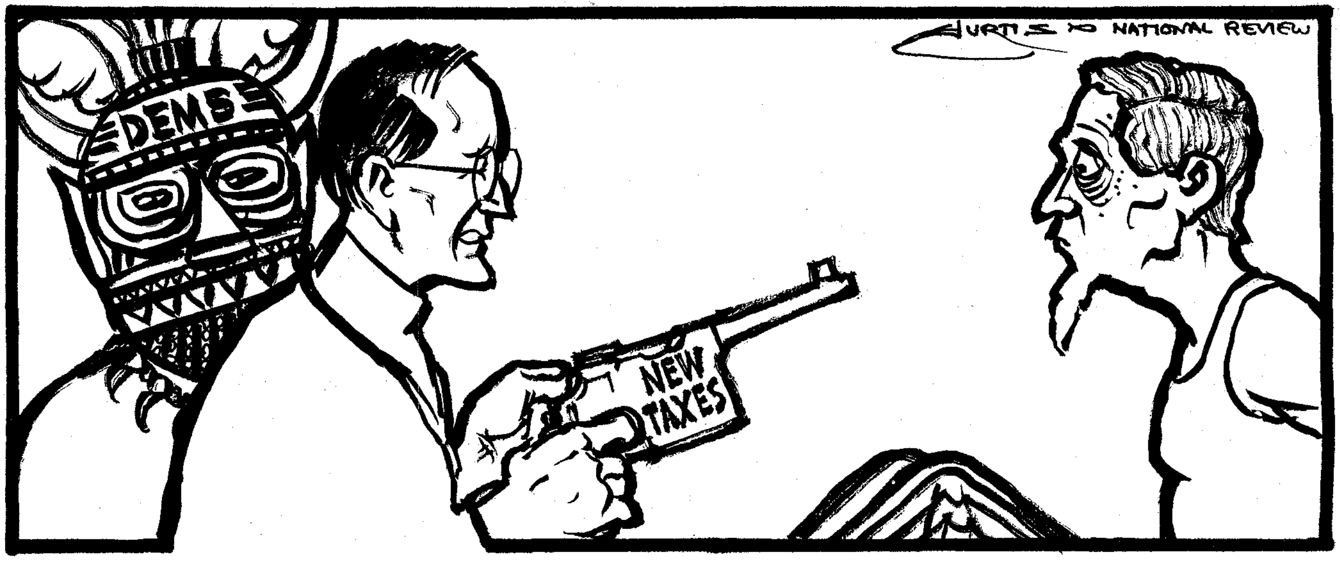
(Please print clearly.)

Address____________________Apt. #______

City____________State________Zip______

All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.

© 1990 History Book Club, Inc.



"After lengthy consultation, we've decided you need a good shot in the arm."

Still, liberalism will keep him busy. "I think of liberalism," he said, "as a kind of virus, against which there is not a dispositive remedy." Speaking as an exorcist would of Satan himself, Buckley pledged to continue the struggle against "our enemy, wherever our enemy appears, in whatever form he appears."

It is, quite simply, impossible to overestimate the importance of Buckley's magazine in the history of postwar American politics. John Judis, Buckley's biographer and a liberal who cannot be accused of sympathy for NATIONAL REVIEW's cause, put matters definitively.

"The role of NATIONAL REVIEW was to create, almost out of nothing, the conservative movement," Judis said. "Before NATIONAL REVIEW, there were conservatives, but there was not a body of ideas that created the basis for the conservative movement."

Indeed, 1955, the first year of NATIONAL REVIEW's life, was a bad time for conservatives of Buckley's bent. Joe McCarthy had just been brought down and Dwight Eisenhower stood astride the Republican Party pledged, as Buckley once put it, to "govern in such a fashion as to more or less please more or less everybody." Buckley and his magazine pledged to fight this sort of blandness. In their opposition to "the liberal establishment," the Buckleyites curiously prefigured the New Left, which later waged war against "establishment liberalism."

"Middle-of-the-road *qua* middle-of-the-road is politically, intellectually, and morally repugnant," Buckley said at the time. "I want some positively unsettling vigor," he said, "a sense of abandon, and joy and cocksureness that may, indeed, be interpreted by some as indiscretion."

Although we think of conservatism now as a reasonably coherent creed, it was NATIONAL REVIEW that did the philosophical footwork to make it so.

NATIONAL REVIEW combined, in varying doses, free-market economics, traditionalist philosophy (with a heavy Roman Catholic lilt), and an anti-Communist foreign policy.

This was quite new, since many of the free-marketeers had little patience with traditionalism. Traditionalists often had little use for capitalism. And until the 1950s, conservatives were isolationists who had little use for the global war against Communism that NATIONAL REVIEW preached.

This new philosophical brew was dubbed "fusionism" by Frank Meyer, one of Buckley's associate editors whose appropriately titled column, "Principles and Heresies," captured NATIONAL REVIEW's sense of itself as the arbiter of conservative orthodoxy.

The rest, as they say, is history, history that culminated with the election of NATIONAL REVIEW's great friend Ronald Reagan in 1980.

In looking back, Buckley believes that the magazine's most important accomplishment was "the absolute exclusion of anything anti-Semitic or kooky" from the conservative movement. One of NATIONAL REVIEW's most notable battles was waged against the John Birch Society.

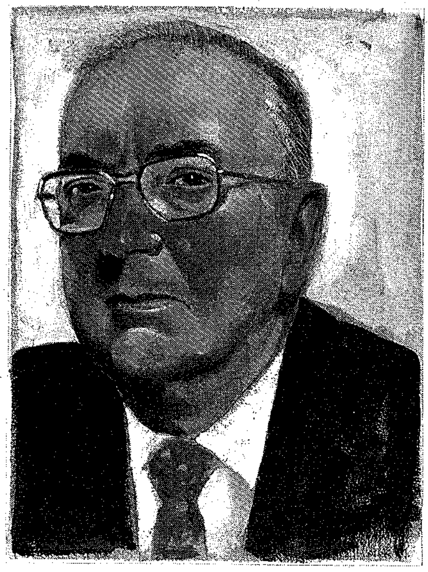
In his interview this week, Buckley also said he was proud of his magazine's "near-absolute respect for the cultural aspects of conservatism. . . . The idea that conservatives should just be interested in the profit motive, I find humiliating."

Under the new configuration of power at NATIONAL REVIEW, Buckley will carry the thoroughly appropriate title of "editor-at-large." John O'Sullivan, a former reporter for the London *Daily Telegraph* who has carried the title of editor at NATIONAL REVIEW for two years, will now be the editor in complete fact. Wick Allison will continue as publisher. **—WFB**

ON THE SCENE

Helms Walking Tall

JACK FOWLER


Tim Bower

ROCKY MOUNT, N.C.

AT GARDNERS Barbecue 'n' Chicken on Route 301, the plates are filled with collards and pork and the air with religion. Even Jesse Helms finds that coming here to Rocky Mount, a worn, gritty Bible Belt city of 43,000 amidst the tobacco farms of eastern North Carolina, is like "going backward in time."

Facing re-election against Democrat Harvey Gantt, the liberal, black former mayor of Charlotte, Helms is here on this muggy autumn evening to rally his followers. They need it. With polls showing him barely ahead, the three-term incumbent is in the thick of the tightest race of his career.

Not that he hasn't had some close calls. He won re-election in 1984 by a slim 52 to 48 per cent margin in the most expensive Senate race in U.S. history. North Carolina is not normally Republican territory. Despite the landslide margins North Carolinians gave Reagan and Bush in 1984 and 1988, some two-thirds of the state's voters are registered Democrats, many of the "yellow dog" variety (they'd vote for a yellow dog before they'd vote for a Republican). But this time there are some new obstacles, such as massive campaign spending by out-of-state anti-Helms groups. The National Abortion Rights Action League, for example, has dropped $300,000 on media attacks. This should come as no surprise. Helms is an ogre to liberals, gay activists, and feminists. He is particularly hated and feared because of his parliamentary mastery, which enables him, even when outnumbered, to force critical votes on matters such as abortion, arts funding, and gay rights.

A bigger problem is the massive decline in off-year Tar Heel turnout. In 1984 and '88, 2.1 million North Carolinians voted, but only 1.5 million turned out in 1986. That helped provide the critical margin in Democrat Terry Sanford's victory over newly appointed GOP Senator James Broyhill; Sanford won by 52 to 48 per cent. However, the strong following Jesse Helms has developed over the years could offset these handicaps. He and Gantt each started out with 45 per cent of the vote; the battle is for the remaining 10 per cent, and for the half-million people who sat out the 1986 election.

Over three hundred turn out for a $5-a-plate (yes, $5!) dinner at the Rocky Mount National Guard Armory. "I'm a lifelong Democrat who loves Jesse," says Ruth Morgan, an 82-year-old widow. "He's for the people; one among the few decent ones we got in Washington. He's a fine, fine man and they don't come down the highway like that every day."

A middle-aged man agrees. "We need more Jesse Helmses in Washington. He speaks his opinion before all the votes are in. Jesse don't get on the bandwagon with the other boys." No one here thinks Helms needs to explain his stands. "Everybody knows where Jesse stands on everything," says Faye Eagles, the confident GOP chairman of the 2nd District.

Gantt is always on Helms's radar screen. Helms attacks the Democrat for distorting his environmental record: "Somewhere along the line Harvey has got to learn to tell the truth," he says, adding—to great cheers—"Come on, Harvey, you're slicing your baloney pretty thick these days." He follows with the call to arms. "Candidates aren't supposed to admit they can lose a campaign," he says, "but I can't go along with that."

He can't resist a reference to the senior senator from Massachusetts: "Ted Kennedy will welcome [Gantt] with open arms." "When old Teddy boy proposes a bill," he adds, to loud laughter, "you better put your hand on your wallet."

But the bulk of his speech casts the race as Media versus Helms. The Fourth Estate is "infested with a determination not to report the news but to wreck havoc on conservatives," and "liberal newspapers are flagrant in their biased support for Mr. Gantt."

These are not cheap shots; Helms has some pretty specific grievances. The longstanding unflattering coverage of him has intensified during this campaign. A September 9 *Charlotte Observer* editorial attacked Helms—who has the National Taxpayers Union's top rating for cutting wasteful spending—for being a hypocrite responsible for the deficit: "Senator Helms is . . . the worst kind of big spender—the kind who isn't willing to pay the bills."

Or take the *Raleigh News and Observer*'s September 20 article on the senator's "hard-line approach" to foreign policy. It doesn't mention that he got the Senate to cut $800 million in loan guarantees to Iraq in 1988 (the House restored the provision). Given the Middle East crisis, it's hard to believe the *News and Observer's* omission was an oversight.

But the most egregious distortion appeared on September 25 on WRAL-TV in Raleigh, where Helms was once a commentator. Reporter Chris Fitzsimon's story dealt with a letter written in July by Helms aide James Mer-

---

Mr. Fowler is a reporter in NR's *Washington bureau.*

edith (the civil-rights pioneer), without Helms's knowledge or approval, to the Capitol Hill paper *Roll Call*. Meredith wrote that the Book of Hosea "described exactly what is wrong" with the District of Columbia: there's "no faithfulness, no love," only "cursing, lying and murder, stealing and adultery"; this setting explains why Rayful Edmund (D.C.'s recently convicted drug lord) and his gang "were simply a group of youngsters who fell through the cracks of a debased system."

When WRAL got wind of the letter in September, the station played it big: "Helms talks a lot [about] . . . his support for the death penalty for drug kingpins. But in July James Meredith wrote a letter to a Washington newspaper on behalf of . . . Rayful Edmund. . . . Helms's office had no response to questions about the letter . . . a spokesman for Helms's opponent, Harvey Gantt, blasted Helms for the Meredith letter . . . Again, Helms's office had no response to our requests for reply." (The station called the senator's office just one hour before broadcasting the report, which had taken several days to prepare.)

Helms repeats this to the crowd, and it sets their blood boiling. By the time his speech is over, however, he has them upbeat and confident. With luck, that will translate into victory on November 6. ☐

Rocky Flats Horror Picture Show

MICHAEL FUMENTO

ROCKY FLATS, COLO.

WHEN THE Rocky Flats plutonium-processing and -repacking facility began serving the U.S. nuclear arsenal in 1953, the American public was learning about radiation through such films as *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, *Godzilla*, and *Attack of the Crab Monsters*, in which exposure to atomic radiation caused otherwise benign organisms to grow to tremendous size and feed on humans and large cities. The problems of nuclear production and waste are still treated with the same finesse and rationality today.

Sixteen miles northwest of Denver and eight miles south of Boulder, Rocky Flats is the target of dozens of anti-nuclear groups who regularly picket the plant. Nukewatch coordinator and former *Progressive* editor Sam Day Jr. compares the plant to Nazi death camps. The Committee against Radiotoxic Pollution prints horrifying notices with official government logos at the top (neither ethical nor legal, by the way). The story is big news to the local press. While working at the *Rocky Mountain News*, I discovered that the paper had 32 envelopes of clips on Rocky Flats; it had only 21 on abortion.

Joe Rocco

While extreme anti-nukers would object to Rocky Flats if it were as clean as Felix Unger's kitchen, you wouldn't expect them to pick up much support from the local population. Rocky Flats is the ninth largest employer in a state that's just coming out of a five-year recession. It is also the only plant in the country that makes triggering devices for our nuclear arsenal. So to "stop war," activists resort to fear-mongering. It's easy to scare people with radiation: like a child's monster in the closet, you can never prove it isn't there, lurking and ready to kill.

And the media, local and national, know they have a good story as long as they play along. For example, *Time* declared in 1987 that "plutonium, even in tiny quantities, is searingly radioactive and ranks with botulin toxin as one of the world's most poisonous substances." In fact, botulin toxin is more than 1,300 times as deadly as an equivalent plutonium solution. Moreover, plutonium is primarily an alpha emitter, meaning that its radiation is absorbed within one or two inches of air, and is therefore essentially harmless unless the plutonium itself gets into the body. Plutonium emits no gamma rays, which require several feet of earth to block, or lots of distance. The main danger in working with plutonium is inhaling it in the form of dust, which can cause lung cancer some 15 to 45 years later. And a study by the Inhalation Toxicology Research Institute of Albuquerque found that radioactive emissions from Boulder's Valmont coal-fired power plant are about as dangerous as radioactive emissions from Rocky Flats—yes, coal plants emit small amounts of radionucleides—and, when you add in non-radioactive emissions, Valmont is far more dangerous than Rocky Flats.

The most common fear is of an accidental explosion that would disseminate large amounts of plutonium into the atmosphere. But such explosions almost never occur naturally; it takes sophisticated engineering to make an atomic bomb go off. And a spontaneous plutonium explosion at Rocky Flats would be the equivalent of an explosion of only about one and a half sticks of dynamite.

A Department of Energy study (overseen by a state-appointed blue-ribbon citizens' committee) reported in 1983 that if current safety systems were maintained, an accident sufficient to kill one or more people living within fifty miles of the plant would be expected to occur less often than once every thousand years. The worst possible accident considered in the study—a jumbo jet crashing into the main processing facility—might kill about seventy people.

The most thorough analysis of the possibility of worker death due to radiation exposure was in a Los Alamos study released in the February 1987 *American Journal of Epidemiology*, which found that Rocky Flats workers had a higher-than-average risk of dying from brain tumors and from several other forms of cancer, and that the probability of becoming afflicted

---

Mr. Fumento regularly writes on issues of science and politics. His work on this article was supported by a grant from the Independence Institute, of Golden, Colorado.

Asia Series

You can do business in Japan without shelling out a fortune.

For many companies, the biggest barrier to new markets has been the cost of business trips. Restaurants can be expensive, and even the smallest accommodations may carry oversized bills. Yet those willing to be a little adventurous will find that traveling comfortably in Japan doesn't require packing a suitcase full of yen.

Hop on the bus.

A $20 bus ride from Narita Airport may not strike you as a bargain, but compared to a $150 taxi, it is. The buses marked "Airport Limousine" stop at all the major hotels in Tokyo.

Sleep cheap.

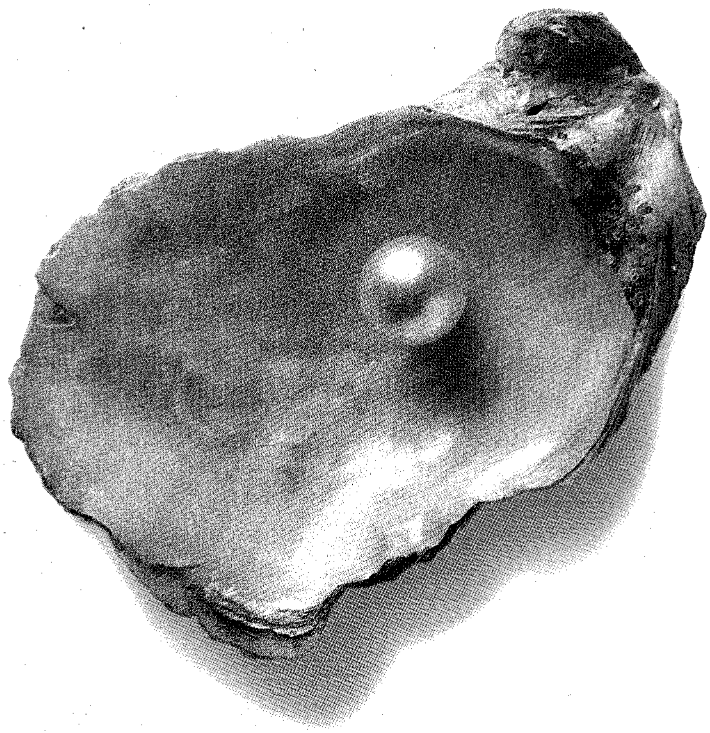
Business hotels are a fairly new phenomenon. Catering primarily to Japanese businessmen, they're clean, functional, and conveniently located. Although vending machines replace amenities like room service, at $40 to $50 a night these hotels are a sound investment. Two major chains are the Tokyu Inn (tel. 03/406-0109) and the Washington (tel. 03/434-5211).

Food for naught.

It should come as no surprise that you'll save money eating where the locals eat. Good and reasonably priced restaurants can be found in department stores and the basements of office buildings. At lunch, ask for *teishoku.* It means special of the day, and includes rice, miso soup, salad, meat or fish, and dessert—all for around five dollars. *Ramenya* and *sobaya* (noodle shops) are perfect places for a quick and tasty meal.

Northwest notes.

Since your time is money too, we make it as quick and easy as possible for you to get to Japan, by offering daily nonstops from the most U.S. cities. So you can count on arriving when you want, rested and ready to do business. And we give you something else no other U.S. airline can: the knowledge, understanding and insight that comes from over 40 years of helping people do business in Asia. For international reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest at 1-800-447-4747. To find out more about doing business in Asia, call 1-800-553-2215, ext. 183.



© 1990 Northwest Airlines, Inc.

NORTHWEST AIRLINES

seemed to increase with time of exposure. As it happens, among those forms of cancer found to occur less frequently at Rocky Flats was the one normally related to plutonium-radiation exposure: lung cancer. Bone and liver cancers were also found to be below expected levels. Further, only brain cancer was found to be statistically significantly more common than would be expected. Moreover, the *overall* cancer rate at Rocky Flats was significantly *lower* than would be expected in a randomly selected population. As to brain cancer, the whole Denver area proves to have a higher incidence than the national average; the Rocky Flats–worker rate was no higher than the Denver rate. What it comes down to is that the study does not rule out the possibility of worker harm from exposure to plutonium.

Last month, the National Cancer Institute released a study of the area around Rocky Flats and 61 other U.S. nuclear institutions, concluding, according to a spokesman, "There was no convincing evidence of any increased risk of death from any of the cancers we surveyed due to living near nuclear facilities." The *Rocky Mountain News* practically ignored the story, giving it a few paragraphs on one of the last pages of the paper. But when a judge ruled that month that a jury could conclude that a Rocky Flats worker died of cancer solely because of radiation exposure, the newspaper ran the story under a page-one banner headline.

The greatest threat to those who work at or live near the plant actually seems to be *non*-radioactive substances. A report released this past January found 12 Rocky Flats workers with chronic beryllium disease, a nuclear-plant version of black lung, caused by inhalation of the strong, lightweight metal used in the manufacture of nuclear weapons. No deaths have yet been reported, but the disease is incurable and proves fatal to about 30 per cent of victims.

The threat to non-workers is solvents that have leaked into the groundwater. A December 1988 DOE report found Rocky Flats' water to be potentially the worst environmental problem in the nation's nuclear-weapons complex, although DOE officials said it would take nearly forty years for the contamination to spread to local drinking-water supplies.

Yet last year, several communities began digging costly interception ditches to catch Rocky Flats runoff. Residents increased their buying of water filters costing up to $4,000 each from salesmen whose flyers were labeled "Neighborhood Alert" and warned: "Results from drinking this area's water: 1) Leukemia/Brain Tumors/Cancer, 2) Miscarriages/Birth Defects, 3) Hundreds of other severe health risks . . ." All this despite assurances from the Colorado Department of Health that the water supply was safe.

Nuclear warheads have to be reprocessed every ten or so years because of radioactive decay; an installation like Rocky Flats is necessary to maintain the nuclear strike force (or even to dismantle it safely). According to Energy Secretary James Watkins, it would be twenty years before the plant could be moved. The only real question is how to continue to ensure the safety of the Denver area during the plant's operation.

The first step is to realize that there will always be problems in a plant run by the same people who run the Postal Service. Because of the confidential nature of the operations, some government control is necessary, but steps can be taken to mitigate the problem. Energy Department safety standards should be replaced with the OSHA and EPA rules that apply to private industry. Further, contractors should be chosen through competitive bidding, then made liable for negligence and intentional torts, rather than protected from liability by the DOE.

Finally, the current system gives management *two* primary responsibilities: both for weapons production and for waste handling. But it is not humanly possible to fulfill two "primary" responsibilities at the same time. Hence, the DOE should contract separately for the waste handling. It could then be the arbiter of disputes between the operations contractor and the commercial-waste contractor. This way, at the very least, the DOE would hear about problems *before* they become outrageous.

None of which will provide an ideal solution, but as the large missile arsenals the United States and the Soviet Union still have pointed at each other—not to mention characters like Saddam Hussein—make clear, we still live in a far from perfect world. ☐

No Light, No Law

ANTHONY DANIELS

Jennifer Lawson

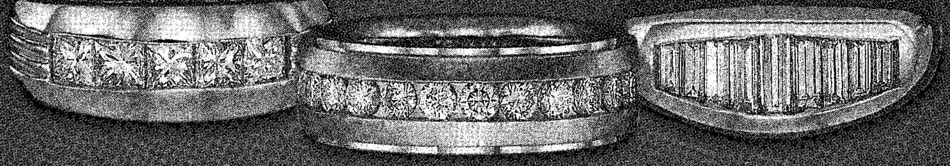
LIMA

AT THE TURN of the century, the Peruvian writer González Prada compared his country with an abscess. "Press it anywhere," he wrote, "and pus comes out." Three centuries earlier, Poma de Ayala had said, "To write [of Peru] is to weep." If these men were to return now to their country, they would have little cause to change their opinion.

The economic statistics are horrible, but the world is used to horrible statistics. In the five years of Alan

Dr. Daniels is a freelance writer whose books include Zanzibar to Timbuktu *and* Coups and Cocaine.

She'll never forget your fifth anniversary if you put a little reminder around her finger.



The Diamond Anniversary Band.
This year, tell her you'd marry her all over again.
A diamond is forever.

Suggested retail price for rings $3,200-$3,700. For more information, call 800 922-9877.

ARTCARVED®
SINCE 1850

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

García's demagogic government, inflation was 1,000,000 per cent. In the last year of his rule, wages (which only a third of the adult population earned) declined in real value by half. In the last month of his rule, inflation was nearly 70 per cent. When he left office, there were no foreign reserves at all.

LIMA—the City of Kings—must now be one of the world's ugliest cities. The stench of decomposition, physical and moral, is everywhere. Posters and graffiti cover the crumbling walls; the river Rimac, immediately behind the *Palacio del Gobierno*, runs with urine. The traffic is slowed by hordes of money-changers, desperate to exchange the despised *inti* for the revered dollar, in which all transactions of any size now take place. There are dealers who accept torn, stained, or burnt bills; the city is awash with counterfeit money. It is dangerous to walk in downtown Lima, at least with any possessions. There are tanks outside the ministries and the police wear bulletproof vests. Even in Miraflores, the wealthy section of the city, power cuts occur daily. To drive at night through a city of eight million without light is a disconcerting experience. Buildings are just a darker shade of darkness. Without light, there can be no law.

As it happens, there is precious little law in Peru anyway. There are plenty of *laws*—Hernando de Soto, author of *The Other Path*, counted over a million, and they increase at the rate of thirty thousand a year—but no one obeys them. Laws and regulations are simply the means by which officials extract bribes. People in Peru say, *No hay justicia* (there is no justice), in the same tone of voice as they say, *No hay luz* (there is no light)—they regret it but are not surprised.

There is no finer place to study Peruvian injustice than Lurigancho, the jail in one of the shantytowns which extend scores of miles from Lima proper into the arid grey-brown desert. In 1986, Lurigancho achieved Warhol's 15 minutes of fame when the Peruvian army massacred 124 of its prisoners, members of, or sympathizers with, *Sendero Luminoso* (Shining Path). There are no prisoners in Lurigancho now who could be called political.

There is a two-hour line for visitors to enter Lurigancho, and a two-hour line to leave: unless, that is, a bribe is paid. During the body search on the way in, one of the guards relieved me of some money—pleasantly enough, but he was not to be denied. On the way out, the guards, wielding long, flexible truncheons with cores of steel, amused the visitors by beating any prisoner who came within range, or by setting dogs upon them (sometimes, so I was told, they vary the amusement by beating the visitors instead). Meanwhile, prisoners with suppurating sores begged money from us to buy medicines in the prison hospital. As they kept one eye on the guards and the other on the main chance, their pleas did not lack urgency.

Lurigancho is divided into two sections by a covered passageway and a low wall: on one side is *el Jardín*, the Garden, so called because it has a stunted tree, and on the other *la Pampa*, the plain. The guards never enter *la Pampa* because it is too dangerous: street children, grown into psychopathic criminals with no emotional connection to anyone else in the world, live there in the Hobbesian state of warfare of each against all. A glimpse at the inmates of *la Pampa* made my knees turn to soufflé. The wall dividing the two parts of Lurigancho overlooks the open latrines for the Garden, serving hundreds of prisoners but sometimes lacking water for weeks at a time. I watched an inmate of *la Pampa* sitting on the wall; suddenly, he unleashed a huge quadripartite fishing hook on the end of a line, trying to hook the man below. Why did he do it? My companion, a prisoner, said it was *por gusto*, a whim—why not injure a man if the opportunity arose? There are wars in *la Pampa*, with many deaths; but no one intervenes.

The pavilions of the Garden, where the "better" prisoners live, seemed to me like the pavilions of hell. All senses are assaulted there at once; the pavilions are crowded, smoky, echoing, and perfumed by cooking, sweat, and excrement. Prisoners buy their cells; those who cannot afford them sleep on the stairs, in the corridors, or on the roof (from which prisoners are occasionally thrown). To have someone murdered in Lurigancho costs $4; you pay for knifings by the depth of wound you want inflicted. An escape with the cooperation of the guards and governor costs $10,000. There are prisoners whose cases have not been heard after five years of imprisonment; and court cases have nothing whatever to do with establishing guilt or innocence, but only with whether the lawyer of the accused has passed on a sufficient bribe to the judge. I met an innocent man who was in Lurigancho solely on the *denuncia* of an acquaintance. Whether he ever left depended on whether he or the person making the *denuncia* paid the judge more. There are prisoners in Lurigancho whose sentences expired six or seven years ago, but who are still detained because they cannot pay the bribes necessary for their release.

The prison is exactly as any Peruvian would expect it to be: it merely carries the ruling principles of Peruvian society over into the penal system. One begins to understand how an intellectual's thoughts might turn to violence.

Until, that is, one actually encounters the violence unleashed by intellectuals. I went to Ayacucho, where the Shining Path movement had its origin in the university, led by a Maoist professor of philosophy called Abimael Guzmán, who persuaded himself that Ayacucho was the center of the One True Revolution that was soon to engulf the world. He indoctrinated his students during the 1970s; in 1980, Shining Path announced its presence by hanging some dogs from lampposts in Lima, symbolically punishing revisionist traitors like Deng Xiaoping, who had overthrown the Gang of Four in China. Not surprisingly, the citizens of Peru were bemused by this bizarre action; but they soon heard more of *Sendero*, whose war of "liberation" has so far cost 25,000 lives, overwhelmingly of poor peasants, and has caused untold damage to Peru's already fragile economy. Ayacucho is still the eye of the storm.

I STAYED in the city's main hotel, now used by officers of the Peruvian army, which has several times been attacked by *Sendero*, once using a weapon of its own invention, the *niño-bomba*, or child bomb. A child is loaded with dynamite and exploded—for the good of the cause—near a target. I was informed by reliable people that *Sendero* is also teaching nine-year-olds to kill by stabbing and by crushing heads with rocks. I met a peasant woman, now destitute, who described the *Sendero* attack on her village at night, in which her husband's throat was cut and 41 other people were killed with knives, rocks, and poles.

Two days after the elections that brought Alberto Fujimori to power, three people were killed by *Sendero* in the district of the city called Carmen Alto, where telegraph poles have posters extolling *Sendero* and where officials or agents of the Peruvian state dare not go after dark. The three people murdered by *Sendero* were humble folk, dressed in the shabby clothes of the poor. They were killed for having participated in the recent elections, and one of them had had the flesh hacked away from his face, exposing the white bones of the skull and jaw. It was the most terrible thing I had ever seen; but a Peruvian journalist who accompanied me said it was nothing, an everyday occurrence.

The Peruvian army has reacted in the way that one might have expected, and upon which *Sendero* was almost certainly banking. It is a poor conscript army of low morale. I saw the troops being fed at the garrison of Huanta; they lacked even spoons with which to eat their mush, having instead to lick it directly from the tin trays on which it was doled out. Moreover, the troops ate as the famished do, with savage concentration.

The Peruvian army robs, rapes, pillages, murders, and "disappears" those people whom it suspects of sympathy for *Sendero*. Since a commander to whom I spoke suspected everyone in the department of Ayacucho of being a *Sendero* sympathizer, the army clearly has a wide scope for its depredations. The municipal stadium in Huanta is known locally as the Pinochet stadium, on account of the hundreds held and murdered there between 1983 and 1986 (the bullet holes in the walls have mostly, but not entirely, been covered over by concrete). Outside the garrisons of both Ayacucho and Huanta, I encountered groups of peasants who had come to ask the whereabouts of their neighbors who had been abducted by the army shortly before. Fifty people had been disappeared from one village alone.

The army is removing peasants into strategic hamlets built of straw, where they are expected to defend themselves against the psychopathic hordes of *Sendero* with homemade grenades (more dangerous to the thrower than to the thrown-at) and absurd pikes which are not even sharpened. I saw elderly peasants holding their pikes, and would have laughed had these unfortunate people not feared that any night now *Sendero* might descend from the hills, set fire to their huts, and cut their throats.

Alas, the United States has done its best to promote *Sendero*'s cause. By insisting on the defoliation of the valley of Alto Huallaga, the biggest source of coca leaf in the world, the DEA has allowed *Sendero* to pose as the peasant's friend. By running a protection racket there, *Sendero* gains sufficient income to import arms from Bolivia and Brazil. Alto Huallaga is the one region where *Sendero* is popular. Guzmán's Maoist utopia is to be built on foundations of terror and coca leaf.

The war started by Presidente Gonzalo, as Guzmán likes to call himself, continues. You can visit the beautiful house in Ayacucho, with terraced gardens, vineyards and a swimming pool, where the *Puka Inti* (Red Sun), the Fourth Sword of Marxism–Leninism, the Greatest Living Marxist–Leninist, then still a professor of philosophy, dreamed up his little war and founded *Pensamiento Gonzalo* (Gonzalo Thought). While I was there, I recalled Poma de Ayala's despairing words: There is no end to this evil. ☐

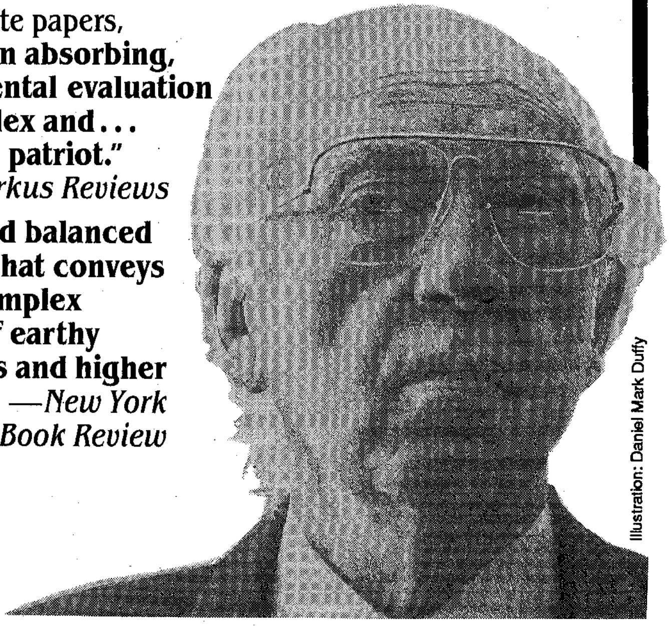


Illustration: Daniel Mark Duffy

"An evenhanded and revelatory biography of the buccaneering spymaster."*

CASEY

From the OSS to the CIA

JOSEPH E. PERSICO

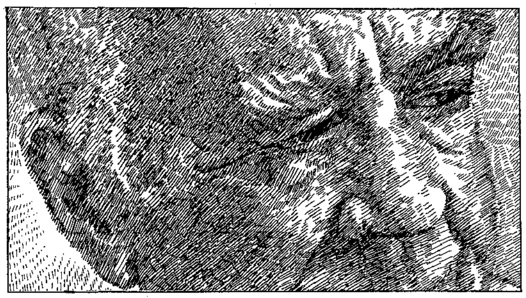
This authoritative book explores the astonishing life and many careers of William J. Casey, defining his place in history as the man who made—and unmade—Reagan's foreign policy. Written with full and exclusive access to his private papers, *Casey* is **"an absorbing, unsentimental evaluation of a complex and... pragmatic patriot."** —**Kirkus Reviews*

"A lively and balanced narrative that conveys Casey's complex mixture of earthy selfishness and higher loyalties." —*New York Times Book Review*

VIKING
Penguin USA

Present before the Creation

JAMES BURNHAM AND THE NEW WORLD ORDER



The cold war is dead, but whether the new era will be an improvement depends on crucial choices to be made in the next months. And no one provided a clearer picture of the alternatives than *NR* founding editor James Burnham.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

I. The End of a Struggle

THE THIRD World War ended in October 1989. Although the news that hostilities were over spread quickly and had momentous consequences, the actual capitulation was not witnessed by the world. This cold war finished as it had begun: without the fanfare of a formal declaration. The end came in a private telephone call between Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev and East German Communist leader Erich Honecker, in which the Russian told the German that further resistance was useless.

Honecker had sought Moscow's assistance in putting down riots in Leipzig and other East German cities, if necessary employing Soviet forces stationed in the country to do so. By the standard of the previous 45 years, no request could have been more reasonable.

Honecker was a local satrap in a worldwide movement which held as an article of faith that the principal duty of its leaders was to seize and keep power by any means necessary. Aspiring to replace all existing governments by its own form of political organization, the central authority of this movement in Moscow had imposed regimes modeled on itself on the countries of Eastern Europe from 1944 to 1948. Economically inefficient, rigidly attached to ideology, intolerant of all competing doctrines, and slavishly obedient to Moscow, these regimes survived only by virtue of the Red Army's presence. Had he analyzed these societies erected in his name, Karl Marx (who had a mordant sense of humor) might have observed that the sole surplus they produced was surplus repression.

Nonetheless, they also had to import repression at regular intervals. When popular discontent boiled over into rebellion—as it did in 1953, 1956, 1968, 1970, and 1980—Moscow center either sent in troops to crush it or compelled its local auxiliaries to do so. Mr. Honecker himself had fulfilled his fraternal duty when in 1968 he had dispatched East German troops to assist the Soviet Union in crushing the "Prague Spring." Now that he was in turn menaced by a popular uprising, he sought similar assistance.

His appeal was in full accord both with Soviet geopolitical interests, since East Germany was the keystone of the Warsaw Pact, and with Leninist doctrine, which emphasized the irreversibility of Communist gains. If these were still valid, there could be no good reason for denying Honecker's request. It would be like a Catholic priest denying absolution to a repentant sinner or a Keynesian economist refusing to expand credit in a slump: an admission that the central doctrine was false in theory and had been abandoned in practice. Such an admission would undermine every regime resting on Communist foundations and fortify every government challenged by Communism. If Marxism–Leninism was to remain the armed doctrine of world-challenging importance it had been since 1917, Mr. Honecker's appeal had to be granted.

It was, as we know, turned down.

If Honecker's telephone call was the surrender of Communism, the collapse of the Berlin Wall was its public celebration and November 9 its VC Day. There had been major defeats for Moscow in the months beforehand: Solidarity's sweeping victory in the Polish elections of June; and the agreement on September 19 between Hungarian Communists and opposition groups to hold multi-party elections the following year. But the collapse of the Berlin Wall signified the internal col-

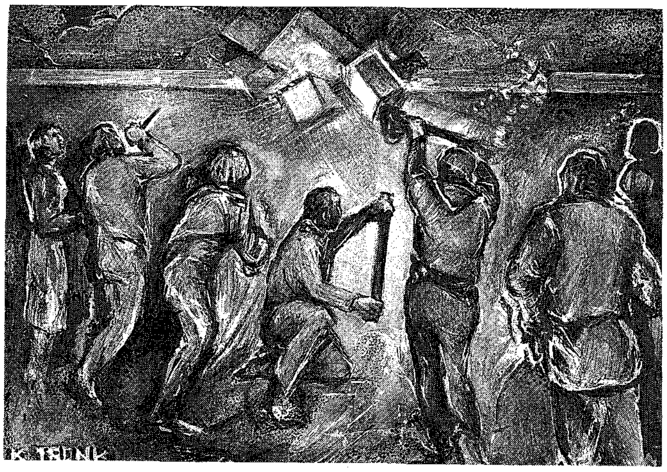
---

Mr. O'Sullivan has been NR*'s editor since 1988.*

lapse of Communist will and power as nothing else could have done.

It accordingly knocked down the rest of Eastern Europe's Communist dominoes in clattering succession. The Czech government, under pressure from street riots, abandoned the "leading role" of the Communist Party on November 29, and exactly one month later Vaclav Havel was elected president. Riots also compelled the Bulgarian Communists to renounce their leading role on December 14. Demi-semi-democratic elections, which followed in 1990, gave them a majority, but in a political atmosphere of suspicion that has made them compromise with a forceful opposition. And in Rumania, Nicolae Ceausescu, who actually attempted the Tiananmen solution that Honecker had sought permission to impose, had to flee from Bucharest on December 22 and was executed on Christmas Day. Former Communists, representing themselves as democrats in an old-fashioned popular front, took over and retained power in an election marked by violence and intimidation.

It is possible that the Rumanian outcome of "reform Communism," resting on state power and manipulation in democratic disguise, is what Moscow had intended for all the satellites. If so, the plan went badly wrong. By the middle of 1990, fiercely anti-Communist governments had been freely elected in the four advanced countries of Eastern Europe. Although quasi-Communist regimes remained in uncertain power in the more primitive and traditionally unstable Balkans, they were nonetheless a clear improvement on the unvarnished tyrannies they had replaced. The Warsaw Pact had ceased to exist in all but name.



Katherine Trunk

Even in its Soviet heartland, Mr. Gorbachev's "reform Communism" had failed to deliver the goods. Democratic demands, national secessions, and economic collapse were producing chaos at home and a policy of retreat and accommodation ("new thinking") abroad. Once a clear and present danger to freedom in Europe and the world, the Soviet Union was now forced to contemplate its own shortage of navels.

Nineteen eighty-nine thus brought to an end that cold war which began in the closing stages of World War II when the Soviet Union, glimpsing the coming defeat of Nazism, began to subvert its democratic allies. A longer view, however, would see 1989 as the end of a historical detour which began in 1917 with Lenin's seizure of power in Russia. The totalitarian epoch he launched reached its climax quickly in the period 1939–41 with the signing of the Nazi–Soviet Pact, the dismemberment of Poland by the two gangster powers, the fall of France to Hitler and Mussolini, and the domination of the vast Eurasian land-mass by governments which, despite superficial differences, were essentially similar in their organization, ideology, and ambition. But that dominance was extraordinarily short-lived.

Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union in 1941 opened a civil war within totalitarianism which gave the democracies breathing space first to resist, then to conquer. The conquest of Nazism in 1945 was, of course, merely a brief illusory ceasefire in the struggle for the world. By 1946, Churchill was warning at Fulton, Missouri, that Stalin's Iron Curtain was descending across Europe. In the years of peace through nuclear terror that followed, there raged a long, tense, ragged, undeclared, and often one-sided cold war. It ended not with a bang but a whimper when Erich Honecker picked up the phone and was told that the game was up.

II. The Machiavellian

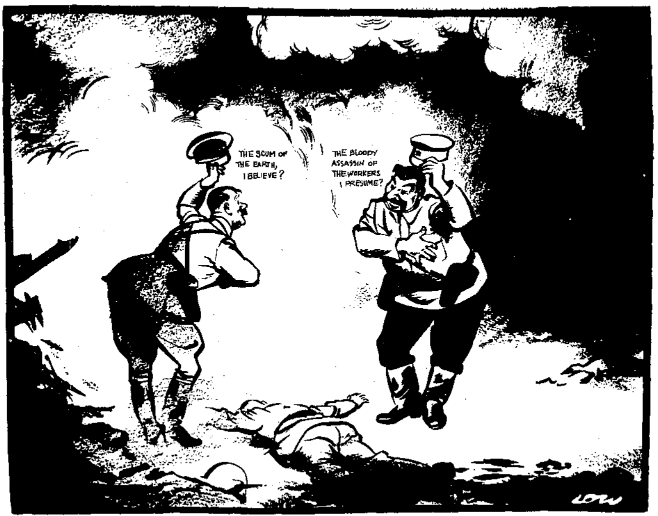
THE EVENTS that occurred between 1917 and 1989 are of such magnitude, they occurred with such rapidity by conventional historical standards, and they had such terrible and hopeful consequences for millions of human beings that they are difficult for the imagination to grasp, let alone for the intellect to interpret. James Burnham devoted his life to understanding them and to propounding a realistic strategy to defend the hard-won freedoms of the West.

Burnham, who had been a leading theoretician in the American Trotskyist movement of the 1930s but who had broken with Marxism of all varieties in 1940, had an unillusioned view of democracy. In the book that expounds his post-Communist philosophy, *The Machiavellians* (1941), he advances the view that popular government, taken literally, is an impossibility. Power is always wielded by an elite, and elites are in continual conflict to possess it. The slogans of popular government are little more than fraudulent devices by which one elite seeks mass support to overturn its predecessor.

Once this fact is faced, however, we can devise, or retain, social arrangements that are likely to increase popular welfare. Insofar as an open society with several parties and a free press forces opposing elites to compete for the support of the majority of voters *and to continue doing so in and out of government,* the interests of the people will be served in some fashion. The modest benefits this will bring are greatly to be preferred to the extravagant promises of totalitarianism that in reality cloak lying, slavery, and mass murder. But we cannot enjoy these benefits unless we accept their underlying premise: that only power can check power.

Burnham applied these insights to international affairs in four books that are the main focus of this essay: *The Managerial Revolution* (1941), *The Struggle for the World* (1947), *The Coming Defeat of Communism* (1949), and *Containment or Liberation?* (1952). All four books predict the future course of world politics; but they offer very different predictions.

The Managerial Revolution, which preceded *The Machiavellians*, bears the marks both of Burnham's recent Marxism and of the period when it was written, namely the brief apogee of the two totalitarianisms between 1939 and 1941. It argues that economic forces are giving birth to a new form of planned society that will be neither capitalist nor Communist but controlled by the "managers"—businessmen, bureaucrats, technicians, scientists, etc. This new society—glimpsed in embryo in Soviet Russia, Nazi Germany, and New Deal America—will be centralized, collectivist, and inegalitarian. There will be the euthanasia of the *rentier* class, but the workers will not take over. Private property will disappear, but public property will be administered for the benefit of the dominant managerial class. And although the ideologies providing this new society with legitimacy will vary according to the history and traditions of particular states, the managerial class will rely on economic planning and bureaucratic politics rather than on the free market and liberal institutions.


THE SCUM OF THE EARTH, I BELIEVE?
THE BLOODY ASSASSIN OF THE WORKERS I PRESUME?
LOW

RENDEZVOUS

Naturally, these great developments were also transforming international politics. The war of 1914 had been the last great war of capitalist society; the war of 1939 was the first great war of managerial society. Under our eyes the comparatively large number of sovereign nations was being replaced by a comparatively small number of great nations, or "superstates." Indeed, the economic map suggested that the world political system would shortly coalesce into three primary superstates, each based upon an area of advanced industry. The nuclei of these three superstates would be Japan, Germany, and the United States.

The 1939 war, moreover, was merely the initial attempt on the part of Germany to consolidate its hold on its strategic base. For the consolidation of strategic bases would not end conflict. There would be future wars caused by the struggle among the three strategic centers for world control. Everywhere, men would have to line up with one or another of the superstates of tomorrow. Not even a coalition of two such states, however, would be able to win a decisive and lasting victory over the third. So, presumably, these wars would continue to burst forth at frequent intervals. Power would check power—indefinitely.

This vision had a morbid Calvinist grandeur about it, but the course of the Second World War seemed to disprove its predestination. By the time that Burnham started to write *The Struggle for the World* in 1946, three things had changed. Nazi Germany and militarist Japan had been comprehensively defeated. The Soviet Union had advanced into the heart of Europe. And the atomic bomb had been invented.

Burnham therefore explicitly retracted his predictions of a new world order in *The Managerial Revolution* and sketched out a very different future in his new book. Since there were now only two superstates, he argued, the kind of power-balancing that might have occurred with three had become impossible. One of these states, furthermore, might actually conquer the other and therefore the world.

Indeed, one *must* do so. The discovery of atomic weapons had created a situation in which Western civilization, and perhaps human society in general, could continue to exist only if a monopoly on the control of nuclear weapons was created. This monopoly could only be achieved by a world empire, which was both the aim and the likely result of the Third World War that had begun in April 1944 with the mutiny of Greek Communist sailors against the British in Alexandria. The only two candidates for world leadership were the Soviet Union and the United States.

The USSR was the representative of Communism, whose victory would reduce all Western society to the status of a subject colony. Communism was a conspiracy that aimed to establish everywhere a form of society based upon class dictatorship, forced labor, and mass terror. It would have to be resisted. But effective resistance could only be made by a non-Communist world federation led and dominated by the U.S., which would retain for itself the monopoly control of atomic weapons. In other words, there would have to be an American world empire, though one run on liberal lines, in which lesser powers would retain a considerable measure of internal autonomy and dignity, and individual citizens their liberty, even if restrictions might have to be placed on Communist parties.

The U.S. should meanwhile make a start on its imperial destiny in three ways. First, it should mount a friendly takeover of Britain and its empire by offering a full constitutional union of the English-speaking countries. Second, there should be strong American encouragement of a European federation as a bulwark against Soviet Communism. And, third, the U.S. should adopt a comprehensive program to rally world opinion, which would include appealing to the Soviet peoples,

THE ULTIMATE Leather Garment Bag

by Kluge

Genuine Leather Garment Bag!

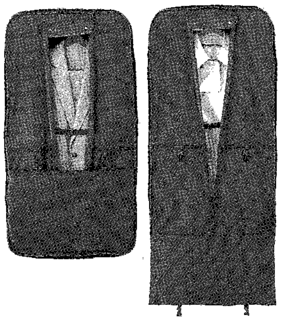
Holds a Week's Worth of Clothes…
Yet Costs Just Four Installments of
$38.50 each!

Whether you're off for a week or a weekend, now you can carry your hanging garments comfortably, conveniently…and in the *luxury of genuine leather!*

Amazingly expandable! From slim 3½″ to wide enough to hold seven suits or dresses!

Extra Room…Extra Convenience

The Ultimate Leather Garment Bag by Kluge is amazingly lightweight, incredibly versatile. Use it to hold a couple of suits for shorter trips and be amazed at how easy it is to carry. Or, use its expansion feature to hold up to seven suits and you'll be set for a week-long stay! Stretches lengthwise, too…snap-in-place inner extension adds 8″ more for longer clothes or evening wear. Seven extra-roomy inner and outer zippered pockets store everything you need for days of travel. Shirts, underwear, accessories…even shoes are kept separate, organized, easy to reach. Even with all this room, *The Ultimate Leather Garment Bag* can still fit in the overhead compartment of an airplane.



Built-in extension lengthens inner garment bag an extra 8″ – long enough for topcoats!

Genuine Patchwork Leather at an Amazing Price

The Ultimate Leather Garment Bag is made of supple, yet rugged genuine leather in an elegant patchwork design. Interior is fully nylon lined. Zippers and snaps are top quality, anodized for durability.

The price is even more amazing! Direct-to-you for just $148 (plus $6 shipping and handling). No middlemen. No extra markups. And four monthly payments of $38.50 can be charged to your credit card. No risk guarantee! If not completely satisfied — return your *Ultimate Leather Garment Bag* within 30 days for a full refund. Order yours today!

Folds neatly to fit in the overhead compartment of an airplane.

By mail send payment of $154.00* to:
LUGGAGE DIRECT
47 Richards Avenue, Norwalk, CT 06857
© 1990 MBI

Call TOLL-FREE 1-800-765-3456 **Extension 879**

Regular orders shipped UPS within two business days. **Need it sooner?** Ask us about delivery by Federal Express.

***Sales tax, if any, will be billed with shipment.**

VISA · AMERICAN EXPRESS · MasterCard · DISCOVER

(Phone **24 hours** a day—
7 days a week!)

All orders subject to acceptance.

the real victims of Communism and so its fiercest opponents, over the head of their government. This last plank was developed in greater detail in *The Coming Defeat of Communism*.

III. Cassandra, or the Problem of Timing

WITHIN six years, Burnham had produced two original, analytical, and apparently contradictory exercises in what we now call futurology. Such sweeping strokes across such a vast historical canvas were an invitation to criticism. And Burnham was indeed fiercely attacked, in particular by Marxists taking revenge for his apostasy.

But his most acute critic was also his most brilliant imitator: George Orwell, who based his *1984*, with its three competing superstates of Eastasia, Eurasia, and Oceania, perpetually at war, upon the geopolitical vision in *The Managerial Revolution*, which indeed appears in the novel as "The Theory of Oligarchical Collectivism." In two long essays, "Second Thoughts on James Burnham" and "Burnham's View of the Contemporary World Struggle," Orwell subjected the Burnhamite theses to analysis that was at once respectful, harsh, shrewd, and ultimately misleading.

He was right, for instance, to point out that there were some possibilities in the situation of 1946–47 that Burnham failed to explore. Two such possibilities, mentioned by Orwell, were that atomic weapons would prove too frightening to use, and that given a generation or so of peace Soviet politics would develop in the direction of greater freedom. Both prophecies seem to have been borne out by events. But the reason Burnham did not explore them is that they were not actions to meet a crisis but mere hopes that one would be avoided of its own accord. A serious Western government in 1947 could no more have responded to the Soviet threat by hoping it would simply disappear than Churchill in 1940 could have adopted a policy of hoping that the U.S. and the USSR would eventually end up on Britain's side—even though Churchill did indeed nourish such hopes and they too were borne out by events.

Orwell's sole policy prescription, to set against Burnham's proposal for an American empire, was a *Socialist* United States of Europe that would rob Communism of its appeal by offering economic security without concentration camps. One can hardly exaggerate the frivolity of such a suggestion. Orwell himself admitted it would require twenty years of peace to bring about. Yet any sane policy at the time had to be directed, as Burnham's was, to securing the twenty years of peace Orwell's alternative policy required. On top of that, a proposal for European socialism was an absurd distraction at a time when a prostrate Europe was living on loans from capitalist America. And, finally, it would have created bitter political divisions at the very time when anti-Soviet unity was what was most needed. Alongside Burnham's sharp-eyed *Realpolitik*, it was little more than irresponsibly partisan daydreaming.

Orwell's second criticism was his famous charge that "at each point Burnham is predicting *a continuation of the thing that is happening*. Now, the tendency to do this . . . is a major mental disease, and its roots lie partly in cowardice and partly in the worship of power, which is not fully separable from cowardice." The best answer to this criticism of *The Managerial Revolution* is *The Struggle for the World*, which amounts to a program to reverse the thing that was then happening, namely the advance of Soviet Russia. Nothing in Burnham's career even hints at cowardice, intellectual or otherwise, and in later life as a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW he took what was plainly the less influential side in the liberal–conservative struggle.

But the string of false short-term predictions in *The Managerial Revolution* still requires explanation. By a nice incongruity, it is Orwell who unwittingly provides it. Only two months before he published "Second Thoughts on James Burnham," Orwell wrote a letter in which he delivered this judgment: "Whether we like it or not, the trend is toward centralism and planning and it is more useful to try to humanize the collectivist society that is certainly coming than to pretend, like [Colm] Brogan, that we could revert to a past phase." Orwell, as much as Burnham, can be acquitted of charges of cowardice and power worship. What did they have in common that misled them into thinking collectivism inevitable under some rubric or other?

Surely the answer is that both men, as socialists, had been economic determinists. Orwell remained a curious kind of cranky, unsystematic British socialist until his death, while Burnham evolved into a curious kind of American conservative. But he retained his Marxist contempt for American business, especially in relation to foreign policy (where it was often deserved). As late as the late Forties he underestimated the flexibility of the free market, arguing that "Europe will never recover" because Stalin had cut off its natural markets in the East. (It was then recovering very rapidly.) And his economic determinism led him into a serious intellectual error: the belief that political sovereignty must coincide with economic efficiencies of scale.

Burnham's three superstates were required (and organized managerial societies like Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia were likely to prevail), he argued, because modern industry needed larger markets to exploit and larger capital markets on which to draw than the crabbed nation-states of Europe could provide. The errors here, typically socialist ones, were to assume that centralized economic planning and industrial interventionism were necessary attributes of political sovereignty and that larger markets could only be achieved in the framework of larger states. In fact, it is not only possible but desirable to combine economic integration with political decentralization. Almost two centuries before Burnham, Adam Smith wrote: "Were all nations to follow the liberal system of free exportation and free importation, the different states into which a great continent was divided would so far resemble the different provinces of a great empire." The general application of GATT rules of free trade would achieve all that

Burnham thought necessary without requiring his new order of superstates. In addition, such harmful accretions of national sovereignty as tariffs would thus be prohibited; such unavoidable expressions of it as taxation would be restrained by market competition; and the general direction of affairs would be much more responsive to popular sentiment and critical debate in sovereign nation-states than under the rule of remote bureaucracies in vast superstates. Burnham's criticisms of Soviet society (of which more later) suggest that he had grasped something of this by the Fifties. Had he grasped it clearly by the early Forties, he would surely have modified his argument of "bigness" from economic necessity—and thus disabled Orwell's criticism of his cowardice and power worship. Had he even grasped it by the middle Forties, he could have added an economic dimension to his general argument for an American world empire by stressing the degree of national independence that a liberal "empire" based on free trade would permit.

BIG BROTHER
IS WATCHING
YOU

That brings us to Orwell's third and most telling criticism. This is that Burnham makes mistakes because he is "too fond of apocalyptic visions, too ready to believe that the muddled processes of history will happen suddenly and logically."

There is some truth in this criticism, which, when examined, turns out to be a matter of style and timing rather than of error. Burnham, a philosopher by training, wrote with great clarity. He pared away the superficialities of any situation and dealt with its central point. He would occasionally point out that history, in going from A to B, would take a meandering course and call unannounced at various spots on the way. But he was concerned with its ultimate destination rather than with the menus of the wayside inns. Occasionally, therefore, his predictions and prescriptions take on a sharpness which exiles his qualifications to the fine print.

Nor should we forget that Burnham experienced the early missionary phase of Communism in the 1930s. Immersion in that passionate, ruthless, and self-sacrificing world persuaded personalities as different as Whittaker Chambers and Arthur Koestler that the West was facing an imminent danger that most people simply could not comprehend. That too lent a fierceness and urgency to Burnham's writing—not unlike a man shaking someone by the shoulders to wake him up.

More generally, Burnham was living in a century in which history did sometimes happen "quite so melodramatically as that." How else, if not melodramatic, would we categorize such events as the 1917 revolution, Hitler's seizure of power, the Nazi–Soviet Pact, Pearl Harbor, the Manhattan Project, the Berlin airlift, and the general novelty of worldwide ideological warfare? Burnham could surely be forgiven for occasionally slipping into an apocalyptic style when apocalypses were occurring almost yearly.

None of which should obscure the fact that Burnham's predictions were generally borne out, if with some delay, and his advice often followed, if in a more muddled way. His advocacy of a constitutional merger between the U.S. and Britain was not, of course, followed to the letter, but the postwar world saw unique Anglo-American cooperation in intelligence, nuclear policy, and foreign policy that went far beyond other alliance politics. The European federation he proposed does not yet exist, but within three years of his proposal the European Coal and Steel Community was founded, and five years after that the Treaty of Rome established the European Economic Community, which may yet implement his advice in full (in very different circumstances). No American statesman would wish to be credited with establishing a world empire. But NATO was established only two years after Burnham wrote, and the imposition of American wishes on reluctant allies at Suez and in the Katanga affair reveals, in the clear light of a crunch, that the U.S. enjoyed a power that fell only a little short of imperial.

Why did Burnham receive so little credit for this prescience? The reason may have been that, on the great topic of the day, namely how to resist Communism, he was felt to be too confident of success and thus too aggressive in his strategic proposals. This public impression was unjustified. His choice of title, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*, did not accurately capture the more measured spirit of the book, and Sidney Hook begged him to change it for that very reason. But it was the title that most people remembered, and its promise was not to be fulfilled for forty years—two years after Burnham's death in 1987.

In the meantime, Burnham could give a number of answers to critics who asserted he had been proved wrong (beginning with "Read the book"). The Soviet–American nuclear duopoly (and later the spread of nuclear weapons to Britain, France, China, etc., etc.), which he had warned against in *The Struggle for the World*, imposed a restraint on American actions and a slowness of change in international affairs that together helped the Soviet empire to survive. The inability of liberalism to resist or even to notice hostile tyrannies provided they spoke the language of progress and human rights, which he diagnosed in his classic *Suicide of the West* (1964), led to fatal hesitation by Western policymakers in the face of either challenges or opportunities. And the embodiment of this hesitation in the policy of containment, which he analyzed away in *Containment or Liberation?*, produced a long-term tendency to retreat and appeasement. In short, he could repeat what was the actual argument of *The Coming Defeat of Communism*: that Communism would be defeated in a surprisingly short time if his advice was followed, but not otherwise. And his advice had not been followed.

His public reputation and visibility suffered, nonetheless. And when he refused to join the liberal *jihad* against Joe McCarthy in the Fifties, Burnham found himself excluded from the vicarage tea-party of respectable intellectuals. As Philip Rahv of *Partisan Review* remarked to William Barrett, who records it in *The Truants*: "The liberals now dominate all the cultural channels in this country. If you break completely with this dominant atmosphere, you're a dead duck. James Burnham has committed suicide."

Burnham continued to write and lecture for audiences not intimidated by intellectual fashion. He became a consultant to the CIA on international affairs and is thought to have had a hand in such covert actions as the coup that overthrew Mossadegh and restored the Shah to power in Iran. He was a founding editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, to which he contributed a fortnightly essay on foreign affairs under the Burnhamite title "The Third World War," and where he exercised a guiding influence on the magazine's strategic argumentation. And in *Congress and the American Tradition* (1959), he recruited Machiavelli to support the Founding Fathers in an attempt to reconcile the "science of power" with a more traditional American conservatism.

But he remained an unsettling ghost, forgotten but not gone, in the intellectual world he had dominated in the 1940s. It was impossible for liberal intellectuals to tolerate his arguments, equally impossible to deny his brilliance. They chose to dismiss him instead. When his masterly *Suicide of the West* was published, Irving Howe wondered in a hostile review how its author could combine knowledge of Pareto and Kafka with the political views of "a retired candy manufacturer." It is a mark of the degradation of socialism in this century that, confronted by critical analysis, it responds instinctively with snobbery. Alas, this expression of it, Burnham did not stoop to analyze.

IV. After the Third World War

IN JANUARY 1917, Karl Marx was an obscure, dead German philosopher, whose reputation had gone into decline when his followers abandoned the key revolutionary doctrine that the worker had no country at the very moment, the outbreak of the First World War, when it was supposed to shake the world. By December 1917, he was a towering world-historical figure.

Today, Marx is again about to be reduced in status, not to a footnote perhaps, but to something on the order of a failed religious prophet such as Hung Hsiu-ch'uan, who believed himself the younger brother of Christ and whose teachings, a mishmash of Christian puritanism and economic equality, inspired the Taiping Rebellion and caused twenty million deaths in nineteenth-century China. Marx was himself often compared to Christ, but he can now be seen as less significant than John Wesley, whose version of Christianity is still making converts and revolutions in Latin America.

Such are the vagaries of posterity. And once the smoke has cleared from the anti-Communist revolutions of 1989, the events that dragged Marx from the pantheon will be seen to have elevated James Burnham to the modest niche reserved for truthful prophets.

For Burnham's account of how and why Communism would collapse offered an almost uncanny foretaste of what was to come. Soviet Communism was a Pandora's box of insoluble problems. Its primacy of politics over economics, he argued, would dictate the centralization of all economic decisions even when the "line" recommended decentralization. That in turn would result in constant dislocations and shortages. These were endemic to the system and would not be overcome by investment and growth.

Tito's rebellion similarly demonstrated that Soviet Communism had not yet found a way to integrate different national groups within a uniform ideological framework. Unless it either invented some more flexible means of integration or overcame national resistance, both of which were unlikely, the entire structure of Soviet power would be endangered. How did the governing elite of Party faithful account for this? Genuine Communists—those who had not been corrupted by bureaucratism and power—faced by the growing evidence of economic failure, imperial arrogance, abuse of power, and corruption, sought an explanation for these developments in Marxism–Leninism. But no such explanation was available there. More and more people were being driven toward the Communist version of a crisis of belief. And since people cannot live without some justifying ideology, that crisis of belief would become a major social crisis expressed either in mass cynicism or in mass apostasy in due course. But even in the unlikely event that these obstacles were overcome, totalitarianism's inherent rigidity would remain. It is simply the case that a centralized, bureaucratized, and mechanical society is less flexible and less resilient than a looser, more disorderly, more spontaneously creative society. Once there is cut-throat competition between the two, the less rigid society is likely to prevail.

In other words, Burnham predicted the economic crisis, the nationalities crisis, the ideological crisis, and the totalitarian crisis of Communism in terms which we recognize easily in the speeches of current Soviet reformers like Boris Yeltsin and Gavriil Popov, and even in those of Gorbachev. But he did more than predict

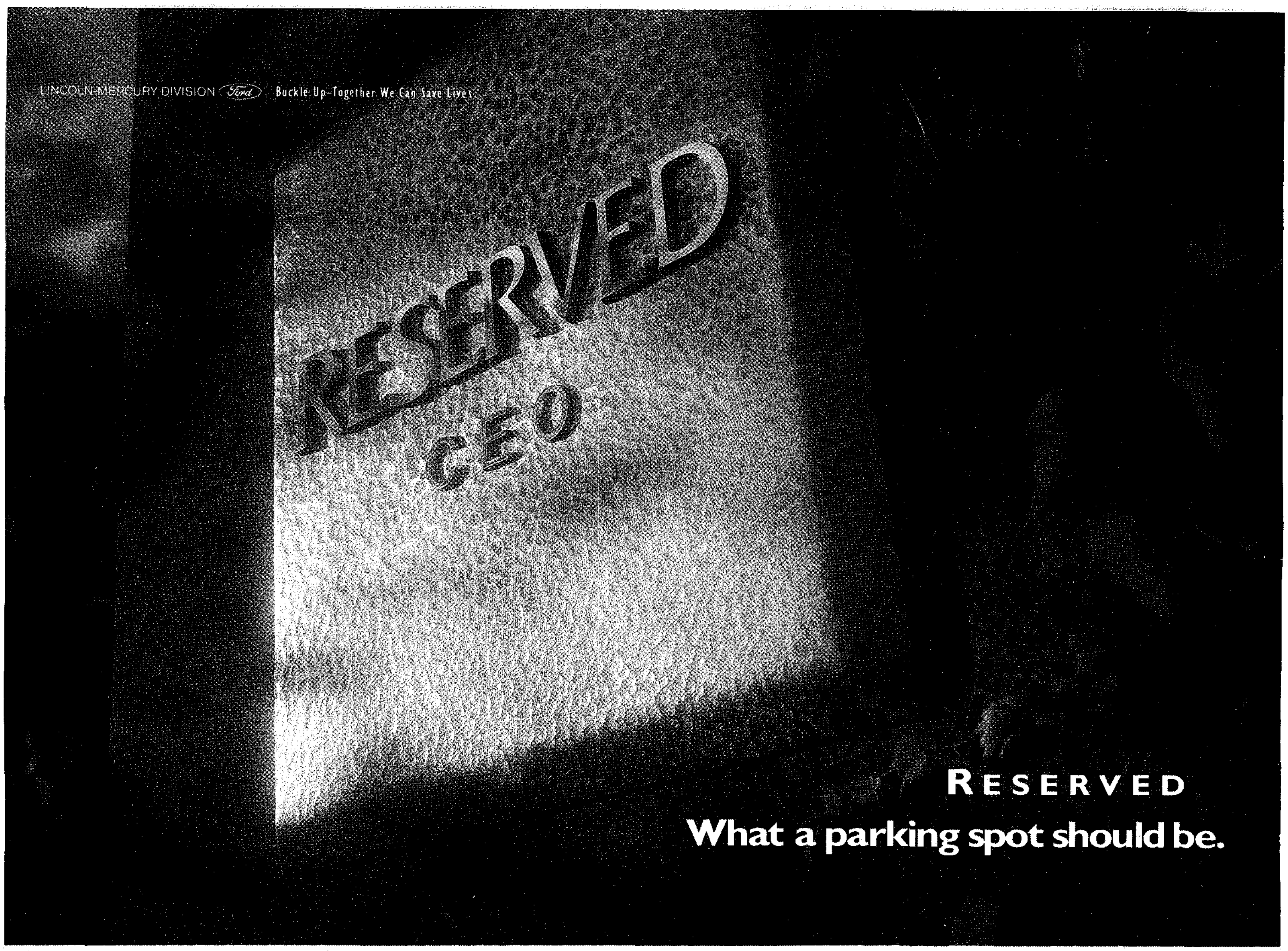
See how exciting perfection can be.

It might not look like much. But to us it's the picture-perfect flight. Because your comfort is our concern. It's why our First Class seats give you plenty of elbowroom. And tip all the way back (we don't call them "sleepers" for nothing). Of course, no matter which class you fly, our concern extends to more than just your comfort. It involves everything, from the way our chefs prepare your gourmet meals to the way our flight attendants greet you. In fact, we think of our concern as a passion. And you can see it in everyone who works for Lufthansa. A passion for perfection that ensures you the best flying experience possible.

A passion for perfection.℠

Lufthansa

Lufthansa is a participant in the mileage programs of United, Delta, USAir and Continental/Eastern. See your Travel Agent for details.



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford Buckle Up-Together We Can Save Lives.

RESERVED
What a parking spot should be.

them. He advised on how to exploit them: namely, by waging economic and military competition, by firmly blocking Communist expansion where it was attempted, and by giving military and financial aid to those resisting Communist takeovers.

As we have seen, this advice was rejected in favor of a cautious version of containment for most of the postwar period. The result was that in the 1970s Brezhnev's economically enfeebled and stagnant Soviet Union was actually gaining ground and winning allies in southern Africa, Central America, and Southeast Asia. It required, however, only a very modest dose of Burnhamism to turn the tide.

The defense buildup and the launching of "Star Wars" forced Soviet leaders to realize they could not win a competition of either defense spending or military technology with the West. The rapid growth of the American economy under Reaganomics and, in particular, its evolution into a new form of information economy based on, among other novelties, the personal computer persuaded them that their society's totalitarian inflexibility, as forecast by Burnham, would leave them with a nineteenth-century economy in the twenty-first century. And the provision of only modest financial and military assistance to Afghan guerrillas and Nicaraguan Contras secured, respectively, a Soviet withdrawal and a democratic election within a short time. "The Communist system can collapse quickly once it starts collapsing," wrote Burnham in 1949. Between the intervention in Grenada (which, however unimpressive militarily, was nevertheless the first example of a country ruled by Communists being restored to freedom and independence) and the opening of the Berlin Wall, there was a period of exactly five years and one month. Irving Howe surely owes a handsome apology to retired candy manufacturers.

But Burnham's reserves of prescience have not yet been exhausted. For the post-cold-war world we inhabit offers us a choice between two broad futures, two "new world orders" if you will. They are the three superstates foreshadowed in *The Managerial Revolution* and the democratic world federation led by the U.S. advocated in *The Struggle for the World.* Now read on.

V. New World Orders to Order

UNTIL THE Kuwait crisis interrupted the general euphoria, the post-cold-war world was a fool's paradise. Politicians and diplomats spoke as if their tasks would in future be confined to signing ever-more-universal declarations of human rights. But there is nothing new under the sun. And the present international situation contains, somewhat eerily, features that are pre-cold-war as well as post-cold-war. Let us briefly list them.

1. Soviet Communism, if not definitively out, is certainly down. Embroiled in every possible crisis, nervous of every available solution, the Soviet Union will

be engaged for the foreseeable future in introspective reform and internal argument. It will contribute to the shaping of this new world largely in token ways, such as its endorsement of U.S. action in the Gulf, in the hope of obtaining outside help in its travails. But the outside power of greatest importance to it will increasingly be Germany rather than the United States.

2. The losers in the Second World War, Germany and Japan, have re-emerged as major powers economically and financially, but as 98-pound weaklings militarily and politically. For the moment, this status suits them. They have neither the Constitution nor the constitution for a fight. Over time, however, both countries are likely to seek a proud place in the world—which will worry their neighbors.

3. The U.S. is therefore left in splendid non-isolation as the only world military superpower with the ability both to wage a full-scale nuclear war (though the Soviet Union will also be able to do that for a long time to come) and to move large convoys of men and materials to distant parts of the globe in quick time.

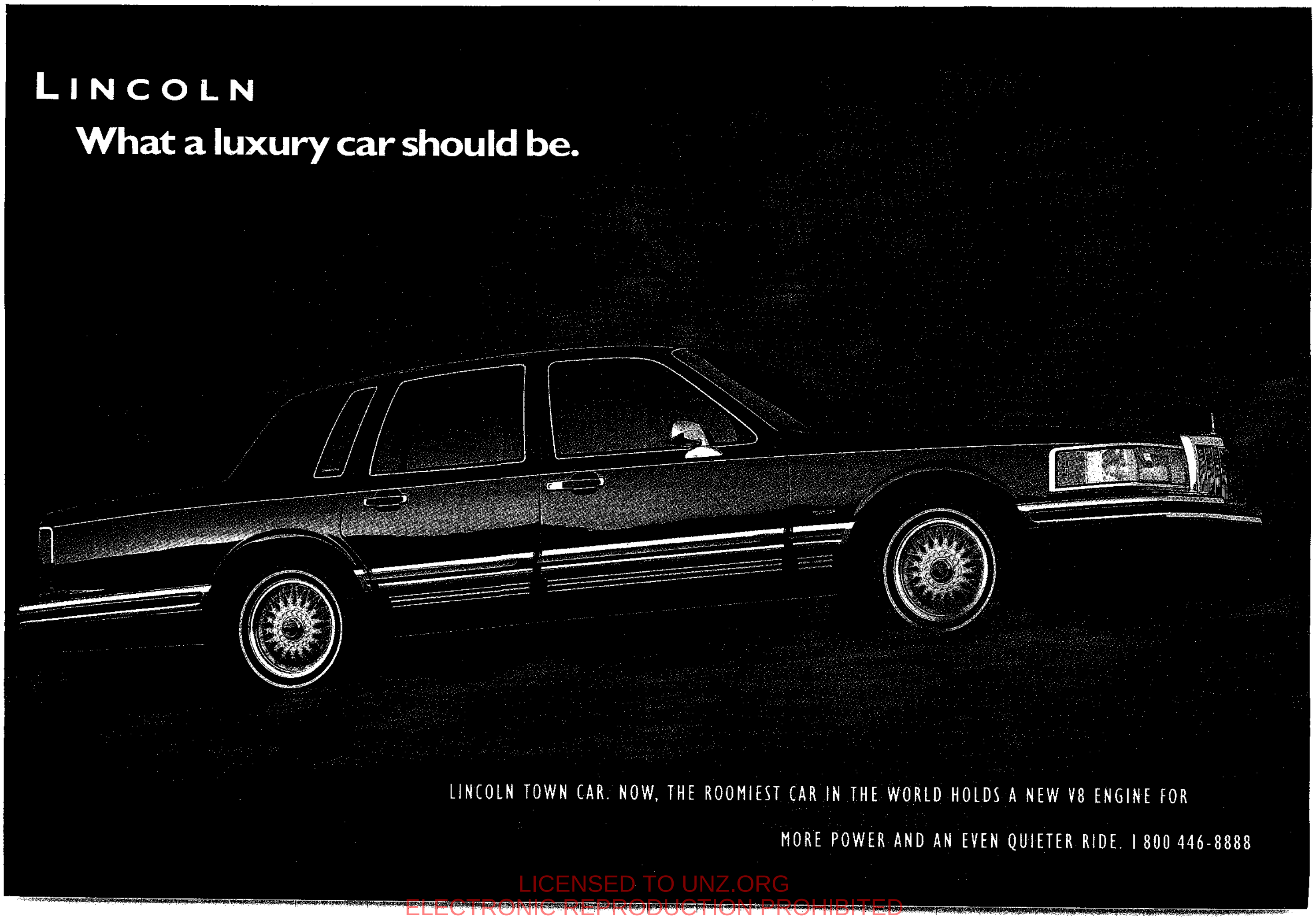
We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,

but, unfortunately, we haven't got the money too. Until federal spending is brought under control or until the Greek kalends, therefore, wars and preparations for wars will have to be based on creative financing in an alliance context (see below).

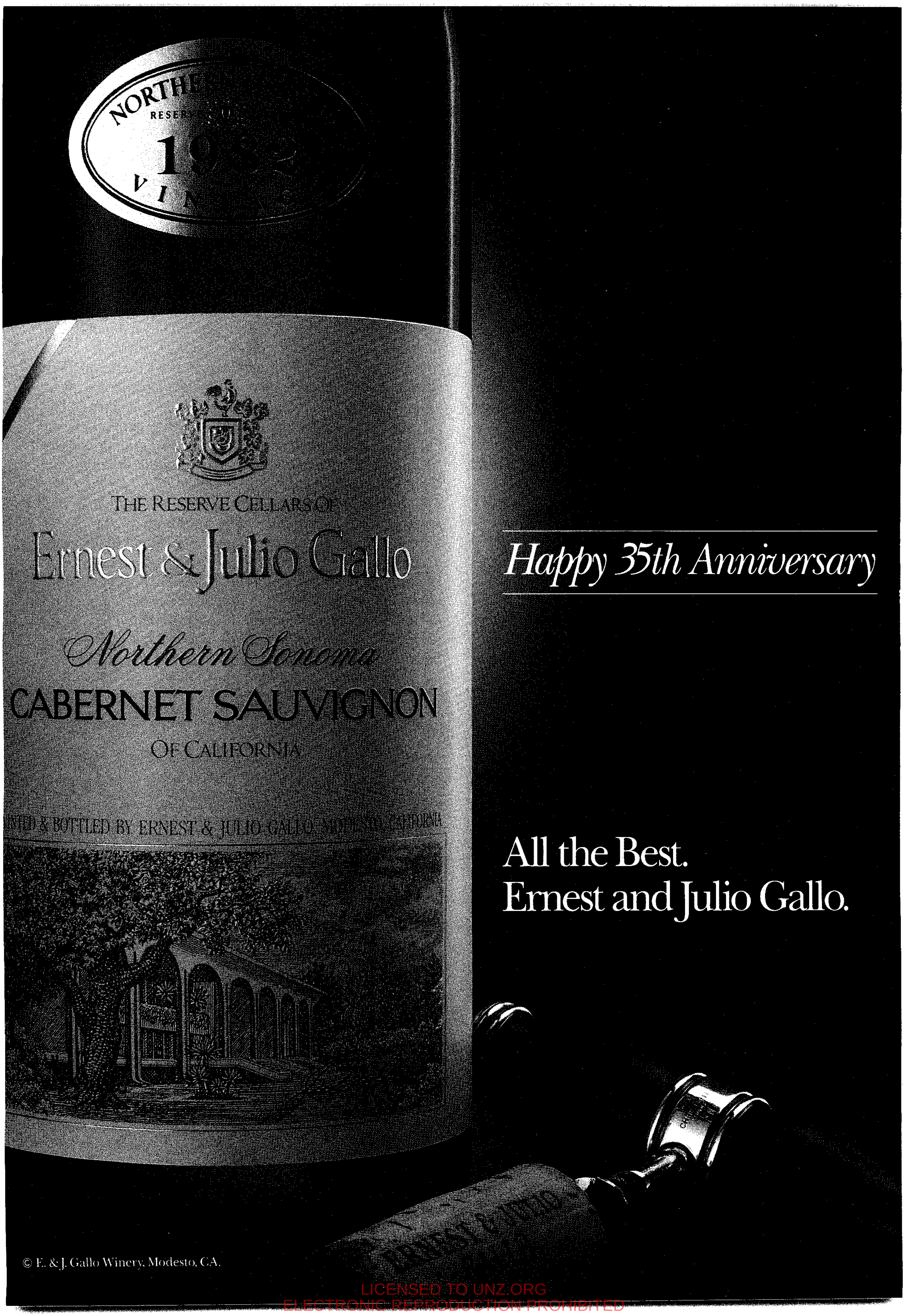
4. Western Europe's drive to the "single economy" in 1992 is accelerating the trend toward regional economic blocs. Among the responses it has evoked are the U.S.–Canada Free Trade Area and the spreading network of Asian economic cooperation built by Japan. In this protectionist atmosphere, the likelihood is that the GATT Uruguay Round will achieve only a modest reduction in trade barriers, if it does not break down entirely.

5. Meanwhile, Europe is embroiled in major disputes over how united it should be (Mrs. Thatcher *v.* Kohl and Mitterrand), how large it should be (Mrs. Thatcher *v.* Mitterrand and Delors), and how free-enterprise it should be (Mrs. Thatcher *v.* Delors). The Eastern Europeans are generally on Mrs. Thatcher's side in these disputes, but that only makes the other European Community leaders more determined to keep them out. The Bush Administration, like all U.S. Administrations since the late Forties, strongly favors European integration, though it "knows not whether it be man or horse." In the present disputes, it believes that the "deepening" of Europe (Delors) should take priority over the "widening" of Europe (Thatcher).

6. Nuclear weapons, which in 1945 were the sole monopoly of the U.S., are now in the hands of the Soviet Union, China, Britain, France, India, Israel, and (probably) South Africa. Other states which are known to be seeking to acquire them are Pakistan, Brazil, and, above all, Iraq. As such weapons become cheaper and easier to make, still more states will try to get them, and still poorer states may go after chemical and biological weapons, or "the poor man's nuclear bomb."



LINCOLN TOWN CAR. NOW, THE ROOMIEST CAR IN THE WORLD HOLDS A NEW V8 ENGINE FOR MORE POWER AND AN EVEN QUIETER RIDE. 1 800 446-8888


NORTHE
RESER
1982
VIN
THE RESERVE CELLARS OF
Ernest & Julio Gallo
Northern Sonoma
CABERNET SAUVIGNON
OF CALIFORNIA
ED & BOTTLED BY ERNEST & JULIO GALLO, MODESTO, CALIFORNIA
ERNEST & JULIO

Happy 35th Anniversary

All the Best.
Ernest and Julio Gallo.

© E. & J. Gallo Winery, Modesto, CA.

Whether the First World encourages or discourages nuclear proliferation throughout the Third World will depend largely on how the major industrial states arrange their relations (again, see below).

7. Nationalism, religious fundamentalism, tribalism, and plain old irredentism are rife and growing in Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, the Middle East, southern Africa, and other areas where boundary disputes and other ancient feuds persist. With the end of the cold war and the decline of superpower rivalry, however, the U.S. has less incentive to restrain its regional clients, and the USSR both less incentive and less ability to do so. All this could mean trouble.

8. The United Nations will no longer be rendered utterly impotent by semi-automatic Soviet vetoes. Indeed, the superpowers will probably employ it on occasion to resolve regional disputes. But the UN is still composed of sovereign powers with the right to pursue their national interests. It will not, therefore, become a world government, or a world policeman, or even a world parliamentary assembly. It will remain a Third World political theater, but one punctuated by occasional intervals of serious superpower diplomacy, generally instigated by the United States.

These, then, are some of the highest face cards in today's game of nations. An imaginative observer might construct any number of hypothetical futures by combining them in various ways. But the two futures forecast by James Burnham, suitably updated, emerge almost insistently from the data. Which will turn out to be the (rough) outline of the (real) future depends partly upon which elements of the present will prevail and partly, but crucially, upon a few key decisions by the United States and Western Europe.

VI. An Economic 1984?

THE NIGHTMARE future would be the Burnhamite–Orwellian world of three bureaucratic superstates, built upon Germany, Japan, and the United States. We can see this world in embryo in the three economic blocs now emerging in the form of an enlarged European Community (EC), a still-nascent U.S.–Latin America trade partnership, and a revived Asian "co-prosperity sphere" centered on Japan.

The trend is clearest in Europe, which is uniting around a dominant Germany in a structure of centralized institutions. United Germany accounts for approximately one-third of the European Community's total gross national product, with two-thirds shared among 11 other member-states. Smaller nations like Ireland are now heavily dependent upon EC—in effect German—subsidies. The Brussels bureaucracy keeps up a steady pressure for more regulations (Europe-wide standards for employment) and new institutions (a single currency and central bank) that would enhance its directing role. And although most other European countries now wish to join the EC, they seem likely to be admitted only when this new centralization has been entrenched beyond recall.

America and Japan offer less clear-cut examples of the same tendency. Japan plays the dominant economic role in East Asia. Its direct investment in the region last year was $12.5 billion—six times its own 1985 figure and three times as large as direct U.S. investment there. Japan's relationship with individual Asian countries is strikingly similar to Germany's role in the EC. It subsidizes them. Japanese subsidies to the Indonesian government last year, for instance, were $1.8 billion compared to a national budget of $23 billion—this on top of major Japanese investments in roads, railways, power generation, and water supply. And there are similar ties to other East Asian economies.

But the most telling portent of a Japanese protectionist bloc is the "coordinating" role of Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI). As the *Wall Street Journal* (August 20, 1990) describes it: "Implicit in this view is a division of labor. For example, as MITI sees it, Indonesia will pay special attention to textiles, forest products, and plastics. Thailand will focus on furniture, toys, and die-cast molds. And Malaysia will concentrate on sneakers, copiers, and television picture tubes." And what MITI wants, MITI gets—by means of the judicious direction of Japan's vast trade surplus in subsidies and overseas investment.

The U.S. is a late developer in this race. But having recently established a free-trade area with Canada, it is now negotiating to bring Mexico inside its economic borders. Looking further ahead, there is President Bush's "Enterprise for the Americas" Initiative, which foreshadows a new trading partnership with Latin America on EC lines. As yet, these moves are defensive reactions to 1992 and Japan's persistent trade surplus. But they could swell into a full-blown economic *Zollverein* of the Americas—and thus accelerate the development of a tripartite world—if certain other trends in the present eventually shape the future.

The first such trend is the decay of the external military threat from the Soviet Union that until 1989 had unified the U.S., Germany, Japan, and the West in general. There is now less willingness to make national sacrifices in the common Western interest. Should no other challenge emerge to encourage Western unity, that reluctance will grow. It is exaggerated in any event by the second trend—the sharpening of world economic competition with the revival of Japan and Germany. In a free market, such competition would benefit all parties through cheaper goods of better quality, as it did in the 1950s. But any such effect is threatened by the third trend, namely, the gradual encroachment on the market of national and supranational bureaucracies—whether MITI, the EC Commission, or the Environmental Protection Agency—which allocate resources on political criteria. The misallocation usually involved increases costs, which in turn stimulates producer demands for protection against overseas competition, which then enables the bureaucrats to intervene a second time. And so on.

The overall effect is to encourage protection on all sides. Protectionist disputes have indeed risen steadily across both the Atlantic and the Pacific—auto wars, steel wars, aircraft wars, pasta wars—since the early 1970s. They are likely to increase further as the Brussels Commission, MITI, and the EPA extend their intervention. Relations between states will increasingly resemble an economic substitute for war. Take, as a prime example, agricultural protection. EC farm subsidies drove the U.S. out of European markets; the U.S. retaliated; competition in spending on subsidies then produced vast surpluses all round; and the combatants had to invade third markets with export subsidies. Their treasuries are now exhausted; huge surpluses are stored at great expense; and efficient producers in the Third World have been harmed. But there seems no prospect that the GATT talks will produce anything like total agricultural disarmament, because too many interests benefit from the system. The best we can hope for is the arms control of gradual subsidy reduction.

STALIN
WEIMAN
Jon Weiman

What would be the effect if trade disputes on the agricultural model became constant? Protectionist sentiment would grow and mercantilist ideologies ("a European industrial strategy") would gain ground. The bureaucracies created to "break down" barriers between nations in the region would extend their powers into other fields, directing industry to meet external competition and in general marshaling nations into larger, more "rational" economic units. To foster a sense of common identity, they would construct common policies in other areas (e.g., foreign policy, cultural policy, eventually new constitutional links). But since these new policies would sometimes conflict with the interests of other blocs, the overall effect would be to add political hostility to economic rivalry. Over two or three decades, Burnham's prophecy would be largely fulfilled and Japan, the U.S., and Germany would become the nuclei of three protectionist superstates managed by bureaucratic elites and in constant economic conflict.

The German bloc would forge an alliance with Eastern Europe and Scandinavia—and in due course, if the Soviet Union were to break up, with the Ukraine, Byelorussia, and the Balkans. Even today, there is extensive and growing economic and industrial cooperation between Germany and the USSR (which Gennadi Gerasimov ironically but ominously described as "an economic Rapallo" in order to annoy some Western visitors). The Japanese bloc would include the "Four Tigers" (South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Singapore) and Indonesia. In the longer term it might seek to develop China; it recently broke with the common Western position to urge cooperation with the Tiananmen regime. And the U.S. would expand south to combine North American capital with low-cost Latin American labor inside an economic version of the Monroe Doctrine.

How would the U.S. be likely to fare in this world of three protectionist superstates? In population terms, the Americas superstate would be the heavyweight. The U.S., Canada, and Central and South America have a combined population of 709,862,000, compared to East Asia's 385,251,000 (Japan, Indonesia, and the Four Tigers) or Eurasia's 473,983,000 (the EC, Central and Eastern Europe, and Scandinavia). But income levels—admittedly distorted by bogus official statistics, unrealistic exchange rates, and built-in underestimation of Third World living standards—make this far less reassuring. The broad picture is that wealthy Western Europe would be joined by equally wealthy Scandinavia and moderately wealthy Central and Eastern Europe; that Japan would have the moderately wealthy Four Tigers and very poor Indonesia; and that the United States and Canada's partner would be an area containing extremes of wealth and poverty which average out to a per-capita income below $2,000 a year. Averages for such broad groupings must be largely notional, but, granting that, Eurasia's average income could be on the order of $11,000, the Americas' around $8,000, and East Asia's a little over $5,000.

But per-capita income is not necessarily a good measure of a group's economic potential. Such factors as honesty, level of education, belief in hard work, and respect for success count for even more. The evidence suggests that these attitudes and aptitudes are distributed unevenly among the three groups. Education, industrial skills, and the work ethic are rooted in all but the most backward parts of Europe, though temporarily damaged by Communist economic management in the East. The right cultural attitudes for development flourish in those parts of East Asia which are predominantly Confucian, like the Four Tigers; countries with large Muslim populations like Indonesia, however, seem to lag behind. But the Catholic, hierarchical, feudal cultures of Latin America seem least hospitable to self-improvement and soundly based economic development.

This judgment might need revision if the elites of the countries concerned seemed to differ from their compatriots. But the test of national indebtedness—which is,

"Pat Buchanan is perhaps the most brilliant and influential conservative writing in America today … "

– Richard Nixon

Try his newsletter, ***Patrick J. Buchanan … From the Right***, for three issues — and take a full refund if not completely satisfied.

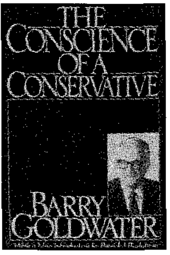
At least 18 times a year — in 12 monthly issues, 4 quarterlies, and Special Reports when he deems them necessary — Pat Buchanan really talks to conservatives. On TV, you may catch him for a few minutes per half hour. Maybe you see his column once in a while. But only in his newsletter do you find the concentrated Buchanan:

- Strategy memos, like the ones he wrote for Presidents Reagan and Nixon
- Recession (or will it be depression?) politics, and how things might change, perhaps drastically, for the White House and the Right
- "The New Nationalism": regular pieces on America's role in an unpredictable new world
- The media and its new sport, Christian Bashing
- "The Cultural War": Pat sees it as a battle for the nation's soul
- "Kinder, gentler," and those gentlemen on the Congressional Left: it's long since time to turn up the heat, and Pat shows how
- The trendsetters in Hollywood and the Northeast
- Loyal opposition: where Pat disagrees with the President
- The Big Question: whither the Soviets?

When Pat's book, *Right from the Beginning*, was published, George Bush said:

"To know what the conservatives are thinking you have to read Pat Buchanan."

Needless to say, we send the President a copy of each issue of *From the Right*. Hope you'll give it a try — and remember the money-back guarantee.



FREE

The new Regnery-Gateway hardcover edition of Barry Goldwater's legendary book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*. A $17.95 value, it contains a new 4,500-word introduction by Pat Buchanan. It's yours FREE when you subscribe to *From the Right*.

Money back guarantee: If after three issues you're not completely satisfied, we will send you a full refund, no questions asked.

Yes Pat, I will subscribe!
Send my free copy of Senator Barry Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative* to:

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State__________ Zip__________

☐ My $49.00 check for a one year subscription is enclosed. (Checks should be made payable to ***PJB … FTR***)

☐ Bill my Visa/Mastercard
(Signature and expiration date must be included)
  ☐ Visa
  ☐ Mastercard:

Card Number:____________________

Signature:____________________

Expiration Date:____________________

Mail this form to:
PJB … FTR
Suite 175
2020 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006

NR2

after all, a test of elite behavior—is even less encouraging. Asian nations have a good credit record: Japan causes problems by its very fiscal success. Some Central and Eastern European nations have run up large external debts—Poland's debt is equal to 66 per cent of its GNP—but the leaders who ran up the debts have just been replaced by elites with a passionate belief in the rules of capitalism. The same cannot be said confidently of elites in Mexico (debt equal to 78 per cent of GNP), Brazil (39 per cent of GNP), or Argentina (74 per cent of GNP). Much is admittedly made of the election of free-market reformers in Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, and even Peru, and the spread of privatization in countries as different as Uruguay and Costa Rica. Such developments are welcome and may take root. But a little skepticism is in order. The political ideology of Latin America is mimicry. It was liberal in the nineteenth century, fascist in the Thirties, Marxist in the Sixties, and authoritarian in the Seventies. The fashion of the Eighties for a Reaganite–Thatcherite magic of the marketplace may not survive a fall in the world's ideological hemline.

None of this would matter in a free-trade world in which capital flowed to its rate of highest return and goods and services to their most profitable markets. But in a protectionist world divided among superstates seeking to conquer rivals by economic means, the wealth, skills, work habits, and cultural traits of one's partners matter considerably. For the U.S. to align itself with Latin America when Germany is allied to Czechoslovakia and Japan to Singapore would be to enter a highly competitive race in tandem with a leech.

Given the tension that this mercantilist competition would inspire, all three superstates would acquire nuclear weapons. Indeed, they would already possess them. The U.S. bloc would initially have the largest deterrent force. But the growing cooperation between Russia and Germany would probably ensure that the Soviet nuclear force would combine with the French and British deterrents to produce an advanced nuclear arsenal. Japan's investment in China would come to include a joint nuclear program. Over time, nuclear competition would be intense and costly even for superstates.

There would thus be a strong temptation for each superstate to help finance advanced military R&D by the sale of nuclear weapons and information to third parties in areas not under its direct control. These would be countries on the periphery of rival powers, Argentina or Iraq for instance, or uncontested areas like the Indian subcontinent, Australasia, and sub-Saharan Africa. It is even conceivable that advanced weapons would at times be used in the continual border disputes which each superstate would covertly encourage in its rivals' spheres of interest. There would be worldwide shock when that happened but no effective international action to halt proliferation.

Diplomacy would consist increasingly of barter deals and trade concessions of enormous complexity reported in detail in the newspapers but read only by specialists. There would be very few major wars, maybe none, because of the nuclear stakes; a multitude of minor ones, some of them extremely bloody, outside the heartlands; occasional riots and disturbances in peripheral and neglected provinces of the superstates (the Caribbean, the Philippines, the Balkans); and a permanent international atmosphere of rivalry and tension.

Making allowances for history and national character, each superstate would be corporatist in economics, mercantilist in trade, bureaucratic in political organization, collectivist in welfare arrangements, conformist in social atmosphere, uninspired in the arts, violent and sadistic in its entertainment, and dull in its propaganda. The Asian superstate would be almost undisguisedly authoritarian in its public philosophy; but both the American and European blocs would have formal democratic arrangements. In the European case, the multiplicity of languages would prevent the formation of a statewide public opinion, without which democracy has no reality. Its "democratic" representatives would therefore do little more than rubber-stamp the compromises that emerged from the bureaucracy. The Americas superstate, reflecting the initial dominance of the U.S., would at first retain some democratic vigor. But as the numerical superiority of the Hispanics told, the political traditions of Latin America would promote an instability that would allow the bureaucracy to govern unchecked there as well.

The people who would feel at home in this world would be the Swedes, the Japanese, the (East) Germans, and the new class. The Benelux countries might not notice much difference. Americans, Italians, British, and Russians would chafe, and Australians would despair. Getting away from it all would be both urgent and impossible; there would be nowhere to emigrate. So the discontented would have to take refuge in imagining Burnham's alternative future of an American world empire.

VII. Their World Order—and Ours

FORTUNATELY, Saddam Hussein has by his folly provided them (and us) with a snapshot preview of what such an empire would be like: the U.S. as sole superpower taking independent military action, but also leading a coalition of allies to suppress a Third World dictator who was disturbing the present peace and threatening nuclear mischief for the future, with the United Nations blessing American action in return for being allowed to influence it at the margin.

A number of existing trends underpin this exercise in a possible *pax Americana* and suggest it could be a foretaste of the future. There is the collapse of the Soviets, the reluctance of Japan and Germany to intervene militarily outside their borders, the absence therefore of rivals to U.S. military power, the widespread fear of nuclear proliferation, and the greater usefulness of the UN now it is no longer crippled by Soviet vetoes. But the threat of unrestrained Third World instability, and the damage it could wreak on America's economic interests, is the real stimulus to action.

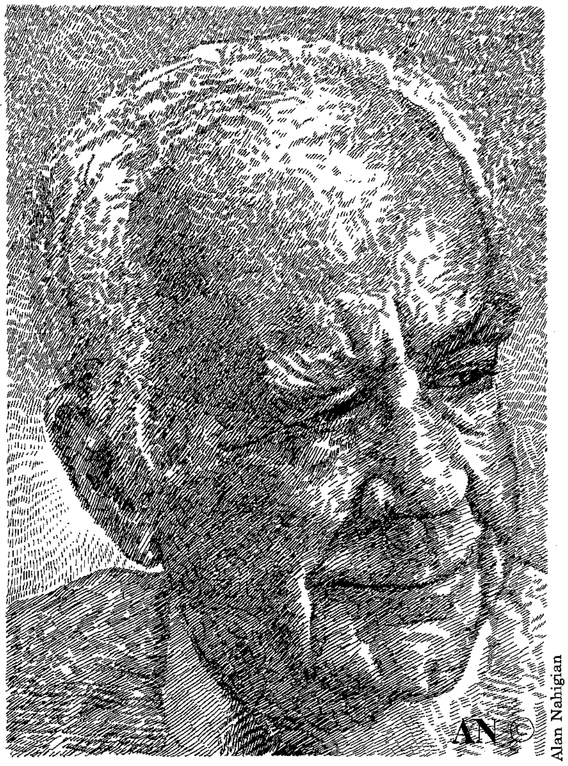
For the American economy is no longer isolationist; it intervenes worldwide. Of approximately a thousand major multinationals, about a third are U.S.-based. U.S. overseas investment amounts to almost one and a half trillion dollars. Estimates based on Federal Reserve figures, which are perhaps overcautious, suggest that overseas investment accounts for 5.5 per cent of net U.S. investment. (That compares to only 3.4 per cent and 3.8 per cent of the much smaller totals in 1945 and 1950, respectively.) Overseas trade has risen to just short of 30 per cent of the U.S. GNP, compared to less than 10 per cent in 1950. And the great bulk of this really is overseas trade—since that with Canada comes to less than a quarter of all trade. The U.S. thus has a plain direct interest in preventing (where it has the power) and discouraging (where it has the influence) the wars, subversion, piracy, aggression, and lawlessness which threaten the stability on which the U.S. economy depends.

As Burnham foresaw in 1947, moreover, the spread of nuclear weapons poses this threat in an especially dangerous form. Not only would a local nuclear war be liable to destroy U.S. investments and trade prospects, not to mention markets, more thoroughly than guerrilla attacks; but nuclear terrorism against a treaty ally or the U.S. itself cannot be ruled out as absurd. America is thus the only power with worldwide interests, worldwide vulnerability, and worldwide strategic mobility. Its role as the dominant leader of the international coalition against Saddam Hussein—which conforms almost precisely to Burnham's prescription of an American empire in the sheep's clothing of a democratic world federation—is thus a natural and necessary one.

But can it be a permanent role? Or must it gradually wither under advancing protectionism? If it can indeed triumph, what current trends would avert the superstate nightmare and consolidate the economic and strategic base of a lasting *pax Americana*?

The first answers will be formulated in Europe, but perhaps with some prompting from Washington. If the European Community were to open its doors to the Central and Eastern Europeans, adopt rules and institutions which relied on market competition rather than bureaucratic regulation, show a greater willingness to cut back tariffs and subsidies, reduce centralization and protect national sovereignty, and in general obey Adam Smith's formula of free trade and political decentralization, then the protectionist vortex would be stilled. Such decisions—all of them now topics of passionate discussion in the EC—would suppress the protectionist impulse in the U.S., which is largely retaliatory, and remove its covering excuse in Asia, where it has perhaps deeper roots.

More important, however, such decisions would begin to reshape Europe into a loose-limbed, free-market, free-trade confederation of nation-states, cooperating in various practical economic ways but each retaining its own tradition of democratic accountability in politics. Desirable in itself, such a Europe would also be a natural partner for the U.S. and Canada in an Atlantic Common Market. The insight is not, of course, original. Commenting in *NR* on a congressional report exactly 29 years ago, James Burnham wrote: "The 'logic' of the Common Market, granted present world technology, economics, and politics, extends to all of the relatively advanced nations, not only of Europe but of the Americas . . . separation between our own continental common market and the newly integrating European economy must lead to constant friction . . . and to the erosion of our own economic and fiscal strength." Events since 1961 have done nothing to undermine that judgment.



But the obstacle, then and today, to this economic equivalent of NATO has been the opposition of the U.S. Government. Washington has instead promoted a tightly integrated, bureaucratically regulated EC (sometimes miscalled a United States of Europe) which is turning out to be protectionist in trade, socialist in economics, and appeasement-minded in foreign policy. That was at least understandable when it might have meant strengthening an ally in the cold war; it makes no sense when it is creating a rival in a mercantilist struggle. And it is doubly self-defeating when, combined with moves toward a Western Hemisphere Common Market, it amounts to volunteering for the weakest side in a protectionist war.

Compared to this prospect, U.S. membership in a free-trade, free-market Atlantic Common Market would be almost idyllic. Such a body would be the largest concentration of industrial power, economic wealth, and human ingenuity in history. It would represent 58 per cent of world GNP, 66 per cent of the world's exports, 63 per cent of world manufacturing added value, and 52 per cent of world electricity production. It would provide a source of capital and a large and profitable export market for the Soviet Union, Africa, and Latin America. And because it would overwhelm Japan's Asian co-prosperity sphere in every respect, its general philosophy would set the tone and standard for trade and economic policy throughout the world.

That philosophy would be capitalist in economics, liberal in trade, and democratic in politics (and, it must be conceded, hedonist and populist in culture). The bureaucratic, autarchic, and socialist traditions which exist in European politics, and which were dominant in the superstate future, would here be overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers. A combination of the U.S., Britain, some of the smaller EC member-states, and an Eastern Europe purged of statist illusions would ensure the long supremacy of the Anglo-American tradition of ordered liberty. And insofar as some nations found that tradition irksome, they could use the safety valve of their national sovereignty to impose some local socialism at the cost of some relative impoverishment.

An Atlantic Common Market would also contribute to international security in significant ways. It would safeguard the old military balance of power in Europe, while establishing a new economic one. America's increased participation in the European economy would underpin NATO by persuading people that any rundown in troop levels would not mean an isolationist attitude in the event of a revived Soviet threat. Of more immediate importance, it would offset German economic dominance by subjecting Germany's corporatist structures to the disciplines of a wider market. But its most important contribution to the world's security would be to provide the economic, financial, and strategic base for U.S. power in the wider world.

TO BE SURE, not all threats can be halted by U.S. intervention. Of those that can, some will pose too remote a threat to justify bloodshed. Others, notably those involving a threat to acquire or use nuclear weapons, will represent a serious danger to the general interest in peace and stability.

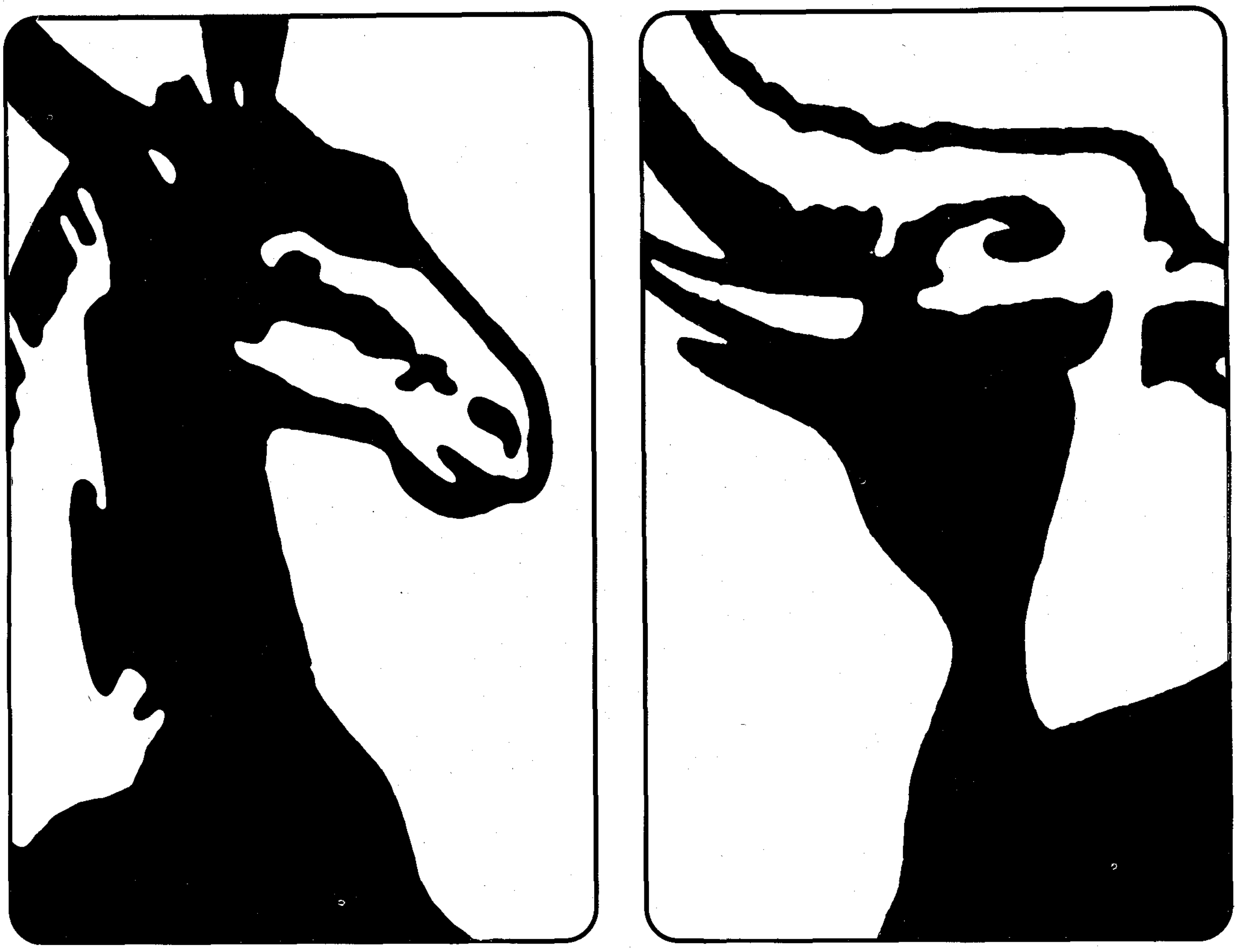
If a general interest is threatened, of course, there should ideally be a general response. But "only power can check power." And when intervention is required, it should generally be brisk and brutal, on the principle that a blow in time saves nine. Only the U.S. has the strategic reach to deal expeditiously with fractious dictators like Saddam Hussein who threaten peace and stability. And a *pax Americana* is not less of an American interest because it is also a general one.

The Gulf intervention looks remarkably like a precedent for a *pax Americana* that would rest on the military dominance of the U.S., the military support of former great powers like Britain and France, and the financial strength, qualified by political timidity, of Germany. The U.S. would bear the heaviest burden, and in turn would exercise the sovereign power to determine which threats to stability justified intervention. The sovereign power would be backed by a coalition of powers disposing of 58 per cent of the world's GNP. Not even the most pessimistic "declinist" could argue that the exercise of military power would be beyond their means. But burden-sharing also implies sharing power and responsibility. To quote Burnham in 1947: "At the narrow military level, a balance [of power] would be replaced by U.S. preponderance . . . But in terms of population, material resources, cultural skills, and experience, the U.S. would not at all outweigh other members of the federation. . . . Within the framework of the federation, divided powers would continue to interact." In other words, the U.S., both in its membership in an Atlantic Common Market and in its enforcement of a *pax Americana*, would be the first among equals—with all the inequality that the phrase implies.

But the general support for U.S. intervention in the Gulf has been seen in a wider context, by liberal one-worlders hopefully and by conservative neo-isolationists nervously, as the first foretaste of liberal "globalism" under the UN's mantle. This is dangerous bunkum. As Burnham pointed out on many occasions, utopian liberal ideas of collective security achieved through international bodies like the UN are the principal obstacle to real world order. Hobbes has yet to be refuted. Collective security can best be provided by a single sovereign power, albeit one leaning on attendant lords, like the U.S. and its allies.

The UN, by contrast, is the embodiment of collective insecurity. It can act only when the superpowers agree, as they do on Kuwait; but it cannot *always* act when they agree, since other states enjoy blocking powers in its deliberations. The nations possessing 58 per cent of world GNP have less than one-sixth of the General Assembly votes and about one-third of the Security Council votes at any one time. They may give verbal respect to the UN, but their policies will not be determined by it. Still less will aggression be successfully resisted by the UN, which, lacking military powers of its own, would supposedly conscript the U.S. to act in accord with its constantly shifting alliances and hesitations. That has only to be stated for its absurdity to be apparent. The UN's role is inevitably much more modest: it is to give its blessing to those interventions which the U.S. has decided to make, in return for a marginal influence on U.S. conduct. That, and no more.

The best new world order we can reasonably hope for, then, is that the U.S., in using its military power to maintain stability, may be persuaded to go beyond a narrow interpretation of its national interest by the support of its allies and by the UN's blessing. America's position in such a system would be similar to that of a medieval king in a feudal society: the sole sovereign with a recognized monopoly of force, but reliant for levies of both troops and money upon powerful barons to whose opinions he therefore paid a decent regard, dealing halfheartedly with a parliament on whose moral support he sometimes called but which he otherwise circumvented, protecting merchants and suppressing brigandage on the highways, but ignoring the condition of remote provinces where half-civilized tribes carried on their traditional practices of rape, pillage, and plunder. Such a system would not be perfect, but, as Burnham himself might have said, it would certainly be an improvement on the totalitarian Dark Ages from which we have only just emerged, or on the protectionist gloom which we might shortly be entering. ☐



Are you getting the ~~whole~~ big picture?

Democrats. Republicans. Independents.
You've seen the candidates. You're familiar with the issues.
Now it's time to put it all into perspective.

When America goes to the polls on November 6, C-SPAN's cameras will travel across the country to bring you reactions from the winners and losers, interviews with local political reporters, and simulcasts of local news programs.

And beginning November 7, cable's public affairs network will examine the impact of the elections and explore the implications of issues - such as redistricting - on the 1992 congressional and presidential campaigns.

Tune in for election programming that takes you to election night and beyond. And get the BIG picture on C-SPAN.

Election Day Coverage

Tuesday, November 6
8 pm ET/5 pm PT

Campaign Results and Analysis

Beginning Wednesday, November 7

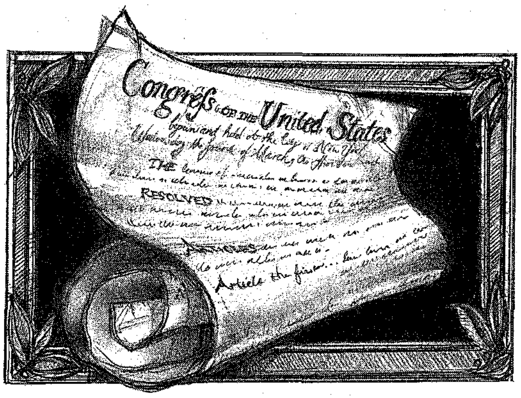
Keep Watching
C-SPAN

Election '90

C-SPAN is a public service of the cable television industry.

The Party Hosts

IS THE MARKET MORAL?


Congreſs of the United States
Resolved
Article the first

The free market has triumphed—for now. Our anniversary-dinner hosts—Henry J. Hyde, William E. Simon, and Milton Friedman—ponder the challenges that follow, and the dependence of capitalism on a virtuous people and limited government.

Morals, Markets, and Freedom

Henry J. Hyde

TIMOTHY Garton Ash, the brilliant young English historian whose reports on the Revolution of 1989 have now been gathered into a book entitled *The Magic Lantern*, writes that, amidst the kaleidoscopic diversity of what we once called "dissident" groups in Central and Eastern Europe, there were also important common understandings—three of them, in fact: "In politics they are all saying: there is no 'socialist democracy,' there is only democracy. . . . They are all saying: there is no 'socialist legality,' there is only legality. . . . They are all saying, and for the Left this is perhaps the most important statement: there is no 'socialist economics,' there is only economics. And economics means not a socialist market economy but a social market economy."

Or, as Polish prime minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki was heard to remark, shortly after taking office, "I am looking for my Ludwig Erhard."

How is it that Prime Minister Mazowiecki, a man deeply influenced by Catholic social thought in general and the social teaching of Pope John Paul II in particular, and a leader who, like his comrades in Solidarity, was committed to creating a free Polish republic on sound moral ground, could be looking for "my Ludwig Erhard"?

Part of the answer lies in the fact that a number of American philosophers and theologians, Michael Novak prominent among them, have helped the leaders of the new democracies to understand, over these past ten years, that "democratic capitalism" is not an oxymoron, and that the caricature ("dark, Satanic mills"; "the public be damned"; Sherman McCoy) of capitalism painted by its enemies (foreign and domestic), and even by some of its friends, is woefully inadequate to the reality of the thing itself.

Rather, "democratic capitalism" is a complex system composed of three interlocking and interactive subsystems: a democratic political system in which legitimacy is conferred by popular consent; a market-oriented economic system for the creation and distribution of wealth; and a pluralistic moral-cultural system in which it is yet understood that rights involve obligations. There is no inherent contradiction, in other words, in being "for" capitalism and democracy, and being "for" classic Judaeo-Christian values and moral norms. Tadeusz Mazowiecki understands this.

AS WE APPROACH the end of the twentieth century—athwart which Bill Buckley once urged us to stand and holler, "Stop!"—the systemic argument over politics and economics seems, in the main, resolved. The fever swamps of Havana, Pyongyang, and certain American faculty clubs notwithstanding, no one is seriously proposing systemic alternatives to the liberal democratic state and the market economy in the context of a modern society. If you want a society in which public authorities enjoy popular legitimacy, and if you seriously want vast numbers of your people to have the opportunity to improve their material condition, then you choose democracy and the market. Period. We may not be at the end of history, but we may well be at the end of the argument over the efficacy of ballots and markets.

But that means we may well be at the beginning of the argument over morality and culture: that is, the ar-

---

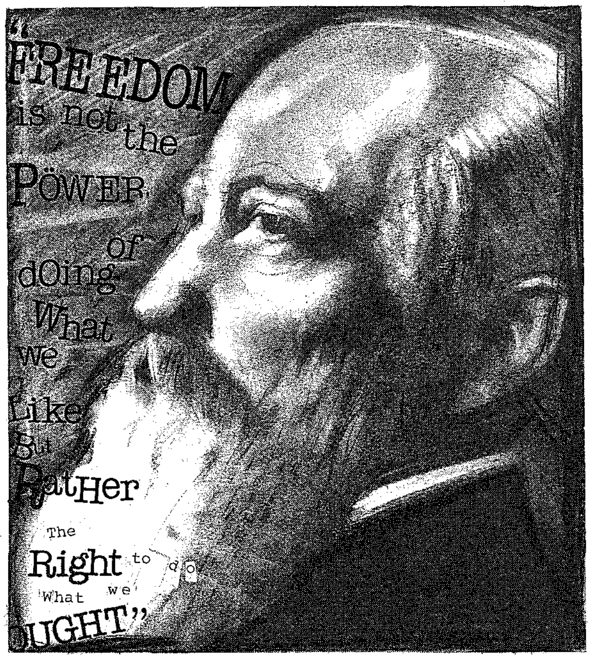
Mr. Hyde is U.S. Representative from the 6th District of Illinois.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JANET HAMLIN

gument over the relationship between free markets and the cultural glue which holds the tripartite system of democratic capitalism together.

In one sense, of course, the argument is an old one, and the combatants in it have included such worthies as Smith, Madison, Hamilton, Lincoln, Chesterton, Hayek, Mises, Pope Leo XIII, Reinhold Niebuhr, Pope Pius XII, and, not so incidentally, Milton Friedman. But the argument takes on a new urgency today.

The Mapplethorpe–Serrano episode—the funding of such trash itself, and the intensity with which the illuminati and glitterati reject common sense and common decency in federal arts funding—is an unmistakable signal that the refugees from radicalisms past are continuing their "long march through the institutions," the Revolution of 1989 notwithstanding. Similarly, the current argument over "multiculturalism" in education is testing whether the *unum* in *e pluribus unum* will be successfully deconstructed by advocates of the racial and ethnic Balkanization of America. And I hardly need add, although in conscience I must, that the ferocity with which certain sectors of the intelligentsia and the pop-cultural establishment insist that the abortion license defined by *Roe* v. *Wade* is the *ne plus ultra* of American liberties tells us something important—and disturbing—about the moral culture of post-cold-war America.



One of the more interesting signs of these times is that certain folks on the Left—the radical historian Christopher Lasch comes to mind—are now willing to concede the flaws in their earlier revisionist analysis of the cold war, while continuing to insist that they have been right all along about capitalism. Conservatives think of themselves as the custodians of traditional values and institutions. Capitalism destroys or drastically weakens traditional communities of memory and mutual aid. Therefore, it is impossible for a serious "cultural conservative" to be enthusiastic about the market. QED. Or so Professor Lasch would have us think.

Well, not quite.

Markets offer us a vast number of choices, to be sure: and some of those choices are, by any decent ethical measure, morally inferior to others. But it is individual human beings, not some abstraction called "the market," who make those choices, whether it be the choice for instant gratification, for sexual license, for infidelity—or the choice for prudent stewardship of one's money, for sexual responsibility, for faithfulness in friendship, business associations, and marriage.

Human wickedness, alas, is not a function of economic systems; if it were, we could solve the problem of evil fairly easily. No, human wickedness is a function of what Augustine (meditating on Genesis) called "original sin," of what medieval theology called "concupiscence," and Freudians the "id": our inclination to do evil, even when we know that what we're doing is evil. Perhaps market economies offer a more lurid menu of perverse possibilities than other systems of organizing the exchange of goods and services (although I tend to doubt it—Dante's *Inferno* was well-populated with moral cretins who lived long before Adam Smith). But *choice*, if I may borrow a term from some of my enemies, is still a function of human will and intelligence, not of economic systems. Blaming "the system" for the moral failures of individual Americans is a cop-out.

The market system is not a machine that can run by itself, to be sure. Rather, capitalism requires certain habits—"virtues," in theological parlance—if it is to function successfully. Honesty, creativity, openness to others' ideas, cooperativeness, a commitment to providing customer satisfaction, a willingness to defer gratification in order to achieve a long-term goal: today's philosophers of democratic capitalism are emphasizing, correctly, that without these virtues, capitalism will fail. Capitalism, working at its best, helps nurture those virtues. Conversely, a moral culture capable of inculcating and sustaining virtue, and a political system which recognizes the importance of virtue for the survival of a republic, are essential for the health of democratic capitalism.

The new critique of democratic capitalism from the chastened Left also founders on comparative grounds. For as Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, and Havel have each insisted in their turn, the Marxist–Leninist project was based on the culture of the lie: the systematic distortion of virtually all social relationships by means of a pervasive and threatening public mendacity. The Marxist denial of economic freedom required the Leninist constriction of political freedom, which required the imposition of the Communist culture of the lie and the Gulag in all its manifestations. We need not be glib apologists for democratic capitalism in order to make the reasonable judgment that the societies of the West, for all their eccentricities and, yes, perversities, are vastly superior, and precisely on moral grounds, to the Stalinist politbureaucratic states.

LET NO ONE SAY, however, that our democratic-capitalist system is devoid of moral/cultural problems. We need to foster a new conversation about the common good and its relationship to individual liberty. Rights have got to be reconnected to responsibilities in philosophy, religion, law, and politics. Our schools, our religious institutions, and our public officials ought to insist, in and out of season, that a life lived only for the aggrandizement of self is empty, ignoble, and, in the end, profoundly unsatisfying.

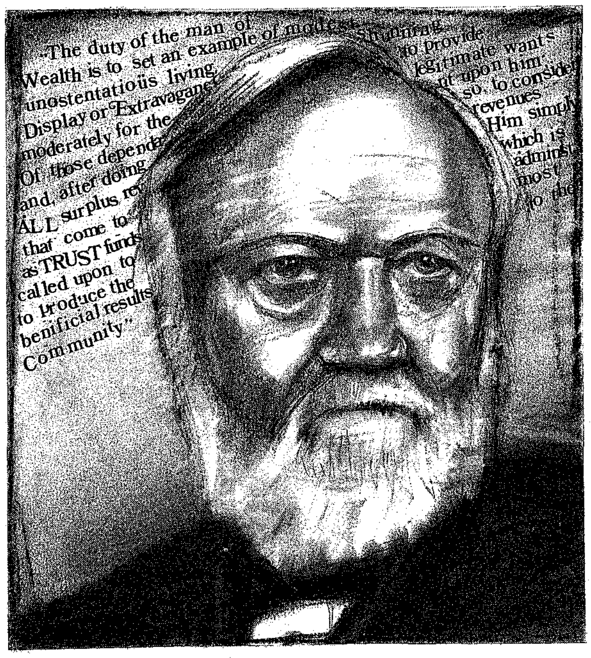
Most particularly, we need to reflect, and precisely as democrats and advocates of the free market, on the true meaning of freedom.

Lord Acton got it right in the nineteenth century: Freedom is not the power to do what we like, but rather the right to do what we ought. Acton's postulate is an essential moral component of a culture capable of sustaining economically and politically free societies. It is not widely understood in contemporary America, and particularly among our elites. Conservatives ought to make its revival a matter of urgency. ☐

The Morality Of Economic Freedom

William E. Simon

A GREAT IRONY grips America today. As the whole world—from Central America to Eastern Europe to the Pacific Rim—moves forward to embrace the American idea of free people, free markets, and the creation of new wealth, too many people at home, including in Congress, continue looking back, as in a rear-view mirror, at collectivist nostrums of the past. The unrelenting din on the subject of greed, envy, and the gap between rich and poor betrays a profound distrust of our free-enterprise system. Kevin Phillips's *The Politics of Rich and Poor* is the latest thrust at economic freedom.



Yet the strange fact is that while the powers of the bureaucracy are routinely misinvoked to stifle worthy initiatives by industrious people, Americans remain constitutionally free to market almost everything our cultural tradition has previously held to be immoral and obscene.

Whether it's porno and illicit sex on the street, and the sleaze of a *Penthouse* magazine; or whether it is business executives more concerned with profits and golden parachutes than with the ethics of their own behavior, the once-vivid colors demarking right from wrong grow greyer by the year.

I believe there are two answers to this troubling dichotomy.

First, economic freedom must be defended not only as a legitimate right enshrined in our laws and Constitution on an equal footing with our political and personal freedoms, but as the basis of the system that has outperformed socialism in every region of the world.

And, second, the true concept of economic freedom must be understood to be far deeper and richer than the mere absence of restraint, or the license to do as one pleases. The only defensible kind of economic freedom is freedom coupled with a sense of moral responsibility: responsibility to one's community and country, to the values that bind us, and, ultimately and inescapably, to the God Who will judge us all.

When Thomas Jefferson penned his revolutionary declaration on the inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in 1776, he borrowed heavily from another revolutionary document of that same year: Adam Smith's *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. Smith's ideas were every bit as astounding as Jefferson's. For while Jefferson believed that men were not made to live under tyranny, Smith declared that men were not made to live in poverty.

Wealth is not set by some divine ordinance. Wealth can be infinite, if government has the wisdom to understand that its primary mission is not to erect barriers, but to dismantle them, and thereby unleash human potential. At the core of this understanding is the reality that our personal and political freedoms are inextricably linked with our economic freedoms.

Today nearly everyone in this country takes the fruits of the free-enterprise system for granted—the abundance, the opportunity for learning, travel, and individual freedom, and the general upward mobility. Not everyone understands the basic economic facts of life that create all these benefits. Too few remember that the profits and personal wealth gained from sound investments and increased productivity are the primary source not only of America's technological innovations and new jobs, but also of our public forms of compassion for the poor.

And so we must repudiate those who excoriate the rewards of capitalism, or prey on the passions of envy against the rich, or argue that wealth is somehow synonymous with theft. Wealth can indeed be stolen, but only after it has been produced; and the difference between stolen wealth and produced wealth is critical.

If people obtain money by force or by fraud, they are simply criminals—to be handled by the police and the

---

Mr. Simon, secretary of the treasury under President Nixon, is currently a business consultant living in New Jersey.

courts. But, if they have earned their income honorably, by effecting a voluntary exchange of goods and services, they are not criminals or second-class citizens and should not be treated as such.

But I do not believe that defending the morality of economic freedom should be tantamount to defending unfettered capitalism. Frankly, I have never liked that phrase and I reject what it implies. Business needs government and law and morality.

Some fetters make us free, such as the moral law that lies at the core of contracts, the moral law that implicitly rejects pornography, and the sound natural law embodied in a wise government based on consent of the governed.

It is therefore an important part of the challenge for American capitalists to defend the human side of capitalism, to rejoice that free enterprise has been, and continues to be, a force for human good and, in its correct application, an extension of much that is finest in our Judaeo-Christian spiritual and ethical tradition.

BEYOND these considerations, how should we answer those who point to the continuing divisions between rich and poor as evidence of the immorality of a free-enterprise economy? My answer is that poverty is greatest where people are least free—whether that be in Dade County, Florida, central Moscow, the bombed-out sections of the South Bronx, or what used to be called East Berlin.

Government, and specifically Congress, has encouraged poverty in our American cities by rewarding unemployment more than work. Congress has encouraged poverty by rewarding families that split up more than those that stay together. And, as HUD Secretary Jack Kemp has noted, Congress has encouraged poverty by refusing to approve enterprise zones in our cities, and by allowing the rewards for illicit transactions on the street to be greater than the rewards for legal enterprises that create wealth and jobs.

God may have created the universe in seven days. But that was before Congress, when He was still working on His own. Had Congress been there to help, God would still be working on Rhode Island.

Yet, even if free enterprise makes a growing presence felt in our most desolate urban areas, there will still be a need for a safety net of public-assistance programs. The question is not *whether* we should have programs to strengthen the moral foundation of economic freedom, but *what kind*. Do our public-assistance programs encourage people to exercise initiative, creativity, and enterprise? Or do they create perpetual wards of the state? Do we endeavor to strengthen the values of family and neighborhood and responsibility for our fellow human beings, or do we weaken those values and the human bonds that give them life?

Finally, we cannot meet the moral challenge before us if we fail to heed the voice of our own conscience by demonstrating our concern for those we love and exercising our responsibility for the future of other human beings, too many of whom are needlessly poor.

Andrew Carnegie, one of the giant entrepreneurs of the great industrial age, left this advice in his *Gospel of Wealth*: "The duty of the man of wealth is to set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and, after doing so, to consider *all* surplus revenues that come to him simply as trust funds which he is called upon to administer to produce the most beneficial results to the community." Thus the man of wealth becomes the mere trustee and agent for his poorer brethren, bringing to their service his wisdom and experience.

TRUE economic freedom, coupled with personal responsibility, is intrinsically moral and democratic, for it takes from the state and places in the hands of every citizen the greatest liberties to make his own choices about his livelihood and future. In such a climate, each American citizen bears the awesome burden of meeting his civic obligations in a way that will preserve his heritage of political liberty for his children. Each American businessman has a sacred duty to maintain a standard of behavior and a reputation for integrity that will preserve our economic liberties within our free-enterprise system for generations of Americans yet unborn.

This moral challenge must be met if economic freedom is to be preserved. And it must be met especially at this moment. Because—imitation being the sincerest form of flattery—America's system of free enterprise is being emulated right now by every captive nation set free. □

Private Property

Milton Friedman

"Property is theft." —*Pierre Joseph Proudhon, 1840*

"The system of private property is the most important guarantee of freedom, not only for those who own property, but scarcely less for those who do not."
—*Friedrich A. Hayek, 1944*

AN ARMED ROBBER confronts you with, "Your money or your life." You end up with less "property," he with more. A market transaction, but hardly a "free market" or voluntary exchange. That is clearly theft.

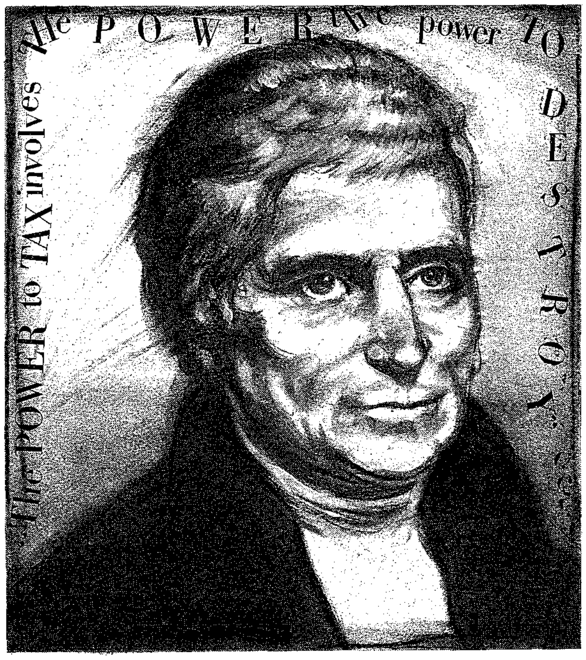
The tax collector confronts you with, "Your money or prison." You end up with less "property," the government initially with more. It transfers the money, let us say, to a dairy farmer on condition that he produce less milk. How do we describe these two transactions? Again, they are market transactions, but at least you, as taxpayer, would hardly regard the first as a "free

---

Mr. Friedman is a Senior Research Fellow at the Hoover Institution.

market" or voluntary exchange, though the dairy farmer might describe his acceptance of the subsidy that way.

IS THE GOVERNMENT action theft? That is no mere semantic question: carry the tax-spend process far enough and it will destroy the "system of private property" and freedom with it: "The power to tax involves the power to destroy," wrote Chief Justice John Marshall in 1819. Carried to the extreme that it has been carried to in the totalitarian countries, it is theft. Yet, despite the utopian possibility of anarcho-capitalism, it has seemed impossible in practice to dispense with some measure of compulsory taxation—justified on the grounds of near-unanimous consent.


The POWER to TAX involves
the P O W E R
the power TO
D E S T R O Y...

The developments in Eastern Europe have produced a flurry of self-congratulation on the virtues of "free markets." The congratulation may be justified, but it has its negative side: complacency, smugness, and misunderstanding of the true basis of freedom and prosperity, often taken to be political democracy, sometimes, a market economy. Neither is the true basis. As Hayek stresses, the true basis is private property. Markets are a technical device present everywhere, even in Albania. "Free markets," properly understood, are an implication of private property. Do you have private property in any meaningful sense if you are not free to exchange it—or some of it—with someone else for some of his or her property on mutually agreeable terms? Yet even here the issue is subtler than it appears on the surface. Your freedom of exchange cannot be absolute. It must be limited by rules designed to minimize interference with the similar freedom of others—economists' "third-party effects" or externalities.

So it is all a question of degree—Nothing too much, goes the ancient Greek saying. And that is where the "free world" is in danger of being misled by complacency. Despite our praise of "free markets," we continue to narrow the scope of private property.

Private property means the right to use the income generated by your property as you wish, subject to rules intended to minimize interference with the similar right of others. It means also the right to transfer the property to someone else at mutually agreeable terms. What fraction of the resources of the United States can be regarded as "private property"? There is no way to calculate a precise number, yet the fraction is clearly declining. Currently, it is almost surely less than 50 per cent.

Currently, government in the United States at all levels—federal, state, and local—spends an amount equal to 40 to 45 per cent of the national income. At the most, then, 55 to 60 per cent of the resources are private property. However, that is clearly an overstatement. Governments not only dispose directly of 40 to 45 per cent of the income, they also impose substantial restrictions on what you can do with what is supposedly yours. They mandate that you spend some in specified ways, from paying for anti-pollution and other equipment on cars to conforming to local construction codes. Governments also limit your freedom to spend your property or income from your property in many ways—by tariffs, quotas, food and drug regulations, and so on. The extent of these limitations is embodied at the federal level in the 53,822 pages of the 1989 Federal Register—more than ten times as many as a half-century ago. And what about that part of your resources that is spent on complying with the tax legislation?

I realize you will not find it credible that private property comprises less than half the resources of our nation. The reason, I believe, is that we tend to judge such matters by output, not input. And there is little doubt that far less than half our standard of life derives from the resources that government controls. That is partly because of government inefficiency: in any kind of production—whether delivering mail or schooling youngsters—it costs government at least twice as much as private enterprise to produce comparable output. But it is also because so much of government action consists of the equivalent of digging holes and filling them up again, so that there is either no useful output or negative output: we bribe dairy farmers to keep up the price of fluid milk and simultaneously subsidize indigent city folk so they can buy the milk for their children; and the milk made "surplus" by government policy is then made into cheese and stored at government expense until it can be given away or destroyed. Government spends money to propagandize against smoking—and subsidizes growers of tobacco. Add your own obvious examples.

GIVEN THAT the U.S. is already at least half socialist, has the lesson of Eastern Europe led to a summit meeting on how to cut government down to size, how to privatize activities in which government is clearly doing poorly: educating children, delivering mail, running airports and air-traffic control, subsidizing and controlling agriculture, to mention just a few? Hardly. The summit meeting is about how to transfer still more property from private hands to ownership by the government. ☐

Reinstate the Two-Year Term for the House of Representatives.

We have created a "Permanent Congress" by providing free self-promotion mailings (the "franking" privilege), bloated personal staffs, PAC's, huge campaign warchests and other unfair advantages. Time served in office is now restricted only by death, retirement, or malfeasance.

Here are the facts:

- 82 incumbents are completely unopposed in 1990.
- 57 incumbents were completely unopposed in 1988, 13 only by write-ins.
- Of seven incumbents beaten in 1988, three were in serious trouble with the law, and three had serious morals problems. Excluding those six, the re-election rate of incumbents was 99.7%.
- The one incumbent beaten who had no legal or morals charges against him was a one-term Congressman in a swing district of Illinois, and the opposing national party organization poured $500,000 into his opponent's race.

You have probably seen the term "Permanent Congress" used frequently in the media. Our organization introduced that term into the lexicon as a way to define the problem we face in Washington. The Coalition to End the Permanent Congress is a non-partisan, non-ideological association of voters and ex-candidates from every state in the union.

We need your help. Your membership will provide funds to pursue litigation through the courts to fight the Permanent Congress. Considering the inability and lack of spine of both parties in Congress to attack the major problems of the country — problems that are well known to National Review readers—your contribution, no matter how small, will not be wasted. The legislative route is closed because Congress has no interest in reforming itself. Even limiting terms is not the complete answer. Proceeds raised for the Coalition to End the Permanent Congress will be used for legal action and to pay for ads in publications reaching serious thinkers like you.

Our first priority will be to challenge in the courts the taxpayer-financed "frank," which in essence, is direct federal financing of an incumbent's campaign — a denial of "equal rights" to the voters and the challengers. Join us in seeking judicial relief under the Constitution. **Your participation will make a difference.**

The members of The Coalition to End the Permanent Congress include: Mike Runnels, Dem. NM, Paul Jurgens, Rep. IL, Dave Stewart, Dem. AR, Mary Lobb, Rep. MO, Matthias Forbes, Dem. MI, Marguerite Mueller, Rep. OH, Doug Hughes, Dem. MO, Cliff Arnebeck, Rep. OH, Betty Holland, Dem. NJ, Steve Sydness, Rep. ND, Ian Maitland, Rep. MN, Howard Greenebaum, Dem. CA, Don Densford, Prescott, AZ, Kal Horvath, Indian Harbor, FL, Grady Wilson, Brownsville, TX, Tom Senter, Anchorage, AK, John Berthound, New Haven, CT, Bill Orr, Denver, CO, A.F. Donnelly, Mission, KS, Hewitt Ryan, San Diego, CA, John Bulmer, Reno, NV, Felix Wroblewski, Carmel, NY, Robert Profitt, Maryville, TN, Felice Pierce, Seattle, WA.

☐ **Yes! Count me in.** Enclosed please find my membership fee of: ☐ $25 ☐ $50 ☐ $100 ☐ Other _____.

☐ **I can help.** Count on me to further the goals of the Coalition. My expertise is in: ____________________

☐ **I am interested.** Please send me additional information on the Coalition.

☐ **Send me** ____"VOTE THE INS OUT" bumper sticker(s) @ $1.00 ea.

Make checks payable to:

The Coalition to End the Permanent Congress,
P.O. Box 7309, North Kansas City, MO 64116.
Phone:(800) 279-0622, or (816) 421-2000.

Name:____________________

Address:____________________

City/State/Zip:____________________

Phone Number:____________________

Party Preference: ☐ Democratic ☐ Republican ☐ "Mugwump"

NAT

Sponsored by the Coalition to End the Permanent Congress, P.O. Box 7309, North Kansas City, MO 64116. (800) 279-0622, or (816) 421-2000. Co-Chairmen: Lionel Kunst (D-KS) and Harold Coker (R-TN).

SOME NR REGULARS

Saddam Hussein and Us

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

LIBERALS HAVE been telling each other recently that the modern conservative movement will fall apart now that "anti-Communism, the glue that held it together," has lost its binding power. Actually, anti-liberalism, not anti-Communism, is the chief glue of the conservative movement, and it still creates a powerful bond.

But it is true that Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait and President Bush's swift response to it have induced a far wider range of conservative reactions than we would have witnessed if the cold war were still on and Iraq were simply Moscow's pawn in the Middle East. One can imagine Pat Buchanan's belligerent rhetoric in that case!

But the end of the cold war has revived some earlier traditions of American politics. When Pat Buchanan says, "What we need is a new nationalism, a new patriotism, a new foreign policy that puts America first, and, not only first, but second and third as well," he is almost self-consciously referring back to an American tradition of suspicion of foreign entanglements. He and his allies differ from other conservatives in insisting on a narrow definition of what constitutes the national interest. In addition, the dispute over anti-Semitism between Buchanan and Abe Rosenthal may even have obscured the divisions within the conservative movement, which, like Stephen Leacock's famous horseman, has flung itself upon its horse and ridden madly off in all directions.

Here at NATIONAL REVIEW, the senior journal of conservative opinion, the official editorial position has strongly supported the President and not even blanched at the possibility of war with Iraq. But senior editor Joe Sobran has expressed a very different opinion in his own columns, condemning "the warrior pundits": "They gaze beyond the mangled bodies and burning cities in the foreground and see a happy ending on the horizon. I don't."

Human Events, the oldest conservative publication of them all, likewise goes along with President Bush, but only grudgingly: "We don't stand with the conservative doves in the Iraqi crisis for one simple reason. . . . To suddenly reverse the hang-tough course he has taken would clearly mean ignominy for Bush and the instantaneous end of the U.S. as a world power."

The *Wall Street Journal*, one of the most powerful voices on the American Right, has far fewer reservations: "The goal of the U.S. and its supporting forces in the Persian Gulf should be just that—to win."

Over in his private corner of the forest, Henry Kissinger, who may not be everybody's idea of a conservative but is an influential voice in Republican foreign-policy circles, has been sounding rather like *Human Events* (which may unsettle both of them): "The President's dramatic decision to deploy a major military force in Saudi Arabia has raised not only the prospects of success but also the stakes of defeat. . . . [A]ny withdrawal however dressed up without achieving our objectives would be ignominious."

A partial tabulation of the views of other conservative spokesmen puts Irving Kristol, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Arnold Beichman, Richard Perle, Alan Keyes, Mona Charen, and Thomas Sowell among the hawks, and Robert Novak, Tom Bethell, and the libertarian Cato Institute among the doves. Jeane Kirkpatrick hovers close to Kissinger: "Though I do not believe the United States has a distinctive interest in the Gulf, we are now deeply committed. This commitment gives us an irreducible interest in a successful outcome." George Will, after a series of noncommittal columns, was cornered by Sam Donaldson on the Brinkley show and cautiously admitted that he thought President Bush had played it about right thus far.

Without much doubt, however, the two most vociferous conservative voices on the opposite sides of the question have been those of Pat Buchanan and Bill Safire. Neither of them has ever been known to suffer from writer's block, and both have thrown themselves into this controversy head first.

In a series of columns and articles, Buchanan (who is sometimes mentioned by his admirers as a possible presidential candidate in 1992 or 1996) has made his position characteristically clear: "Before we send thousands of American soldiers to their deaths, let's make damn sure America's vital interests are threatened. . . . [Besides], how is such a war to end? After Iraq's military and regime are destroyed and its army driven out of Kuwait, who keeps it out?"

Buchanan is answered by Safire, decibel for decibel: "The goal of the realists is to rid the world of the danger of a proven war-starter before he takes more hostages next week and before he gets nuclear missiles in four years. . . . [Saddam] Hussein's defeat will cost lives now; his undishonored survival will ensure a holocaust of Americans later."

And Now, on Our Left

BEFORE attempting to evaluate these varying conservative opinions, let's pause a moment to note that the liberals are every bit as divided on the issue. On the fringes of the Left, the flower children will predictably assure us that all they want is to give peace a chance. The large leftist contingent that simply cannot bear to see America "standing tall," anywhere in the world, will root for its defeat in the Middle East. Ramsey Clark and *The Nation* have already weighed in with their condemnations of the Bush policy.

Mr. Rusher, NR's *publisher from 1957–1988, is a Senior Fellow at the Claremont Institute.*

What might be called "the establishment liberals," on the other hand, have been downright belligerent. *The New Republic* is refreshingly blunt: "[T]he only effective way to counter Iraq's military threat is to destroy it—and the sooner the better." Abe Rosenthal, from his column on the *New York Times*'s op-ed page, seems to concur, fearing that Hussein may soon have nuclear weapons.

Zbigniew Brzezinski, essaying yet again his familiar role as the Democratic answer to Henry Kissinger, other-hands the subject around like a puppy playing with a ball, until it rolls out of his reach under a sofa: he favors "a policy of deliberate discrimination, a policy that is based on the needed distinctions and not on deliberately generated public hysteria. . . . America must act firmly, even unilaterally, but also intelligently. Its policy must be to deter aggression but not to lead a crusade." (Any questions?)

A calm look at this whole controversy, at least so far as it concerns conservatives, might well begin with an agreement to avoid the sort of name-calling that has already broken out. Many of the hawks are not drawn from neo-conservative ranks, let alone Zionist ones, and indeed Israel has played a very low-key role in this crisis. The conservatives who are doves on this issue are not isolationists, as they demonstrated by decades of vigorous support for the cold war.

A Few Cents at the Pump?

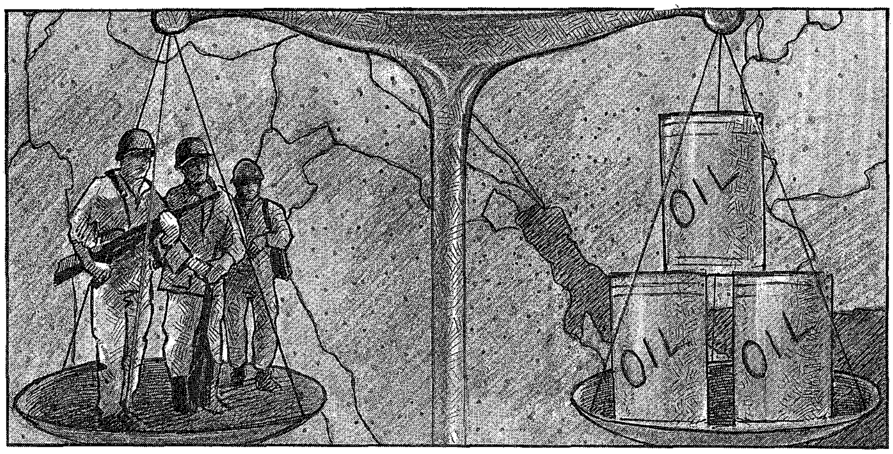
THE DEBATE then becomes one about the breadth of the U.S. national interest, and it begins with the deadly question: "Why should American boys have to die in the Middle East to save us a few cents at the pump?"

Put that way, of course, the question can only be answered, "They shouldn't." But there is far more at stake here than "a few cents at the pump."

I am not talking about "defending democracy," or even "deterring aggression." Kuwait under the emir was no democracy, nor will it be when he is restored to power. And while the United States does have a general interest in a peaceful world, we most certainly ought not to commit ourselves to charging around the globe "deterring aggression" wherever it rears its ugly head. It would be a profound mistake to base American foreign policy on such commendable but gauzy ideals.

But the oil fields of the Middle East most certainly *do* involve our national interest. Even poor Jimmy Carter recognized that in 1980 when, proclaiming the doctrine that bears his name, he warned the world that any attempt to take control of the Persian Gulf by force would constitute an attack on the "vital interests" of the United States, and as such would be resisted by military means if necessary—not excluding, apparently, nuclear weapons.

(Significantly, the Soviet Union seems to have understood this very well. For even in the very chilliest days of the cold war, when Moscow was not above challenging Western interests in Southeast Asia, southern Africa, and even Cuba, it never made a serious attempt to seize control of the Persian Gulf, just seven hundred miles south of the Soviet border.)



Jennifer Lawson

Was all that fuss over "a few cents at the pump"? Hardly. Oil is not only a vital energy source for modern nations; in addition, the petrochemical industry is the very foundation of huge areas of modern technology, from pharmaceuticals to plastics. No doubt science will someday free the world from its slavish dependence on oil, but for the foreseeable future its availability at reasonable prices is absolutely essential.

Interestingly, the United States itself is comparatively well positioned to do without Middle Eastern oil altogether if it has to. But Japan and the nations of Western Europe are not so fortunate. Interrupt the steady flow of oil tankers from the Middle East to such countries and their economies would grind to a halt in a matter of months, if not weeks.

Nor could the United States afford to regard such an event with indifference. Its first by-product would be a desperate bidding war among the U.S. and its allies for the oil of such nations as Nigeria, Venezuela, Mexico, and (now that the cold war is over) Russia, the world's largest producer.

And that would be only the first and least of the economic dislocations unleashed by an interruption of the Middle Eastern oil supply. The world's economies—indeed, the *world economy* itself—would reel into a deep depression, with all its inevitable social consequences.

That, and not just "a few cents at the pump," is the prospect faced by the world's nations if Saddam Hussein, or any other would-be monopolist, manages to obtain single-handed control of the Middle Eastern oil supply.

And don't suppose, by the way, that Hussein's power would be limited by the fact that he would, after all, have to sell the oil he had monopolized. So he would—but it would be sold very largely at his price, and on his terms. Forty dollars a barrel? Fifty? Or ("I'll make you an offer you can't refuse") $25 a barrel, in return for the West Bank and the Gaza Strip? (Even $20, if you throw in Salman Rushdie.)

Let us hear no more, then, of "a few cents at the pump," or "American boys dying for Exxon," or similar claptrap. A reasonably free market in Middle Eastern oil is, quite literally, a *vital* interest of the United States and the world as a whole.

But even so, why should the United States have to shoulder alone the burden of defending that interest?

It shouldn't, and of course it isn't doing so even today. The two small but immensely wealthy countries most directly threatened by Saddam Hussein—Saudi Arabia and Kuwait—

have already contributed (the latter through its exiled emir) billions of dollars apiece to the common cause. Egypt, with more soldiers than money, is contributing upward of twenty thousand men to the battle. Other countries are participating by assigning naval vessels or small troop contingents to the Persian Gulf.

But I share the feeling of most Americans that it would be nice to hear a great deal more from Germany and Japan. These are huge and prosperous countries, both utterly dependent on Middle Eastern oil. If the limitations we imposed on them at the end of World War II can be used, now, to excuse their not sending armed forces abroad, why can't they at least shoulder the heavy burden of succoring the refugees now crowding makeshift camps in Jordan? And why can't they offer generous aid to nearby nations, like Turkey, that are suffering severe economic deprivation because of lost trade with Iraq?

At the last, however, it is, inescapably, the United States that must lead the struggle against Saddam Hussein, and must organize for peace and plenty the world that will emerge when that struggle is over.

I do not understand the conservative critics of President Bush's policy to be "isolationists" in any serious sense, arguing that this country should or can withdraw behind its walls, slam the door on the outside world, and enjoy domestic prosperity while the other nations go about the ancient business of slaughtering each other. The world today is simply too small, and we are much too deeply involved in it, for us to indulge in such a fantasy.

But I do not believe, either, that they have fully thought through the possibilities for good that are within reach if the United States accepts the leadership role that now awaits it.

In retrospect, we can see that the cold war was (as James Burnham, in this publication, long insisted) in fact the Third World War. It lasted far longer than the First or the Second, because neither major protagonist dared use the awesome weapons in its arsenal. Instead, the struggle became a long, complex affair, waged politically and economically quite as much as militarily—though there was bloodshed aplenty too, from Korea to Vietnam and Afghanistan, and on many a murky battlefield in between.

At last, though, there came an end, and quite an ordinary end at that, with a winner and a loser. Almost too suddenly to realize it, the United States emerged victorious. Gasping with relief, the world's nations—even the loser—began grouping themselves around the winner.

A DIRECTOR DISSENTS

NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial "Drizzle on the Right" ["The Week," Sept. 17] was characteristically stylish but analytically half-cocked. I have a hunch that more than a few "eccentrics" will be left unpersuaded by your brief for the Bush policy in the Gulf.

My own position—which I have not to this point regarded as "carping," "defeatist," or unconservative—is that before the nation commits *all* of its discretionary military force to hostile territory we should define our objectives with great care and calculate what price we are willing to pay—in blood, in treasure, and in political goodwill—to achieve them.

You have advanced three arguments in your unqualified support of the Bush position. (We thank you, all of us, for sparing us the clarion call to "restore the legitimate government of Kuwait," a phrase even Foggy Bottom Arabists have trouble saying with a straight face.)

1. *We must break the Iraq-led oil cartel now in prospect or face dire economic consequences.* This argument has been demolished nowhere more conclusively over the years than in your own pages. From Milton Friedman, to William Buckley, to the nameless authors of a hundred editorials, we have learned why cartels precisely of the sort feared will not and indeed cannot work. What is it in Iraq's managerial capability or geo-economic arsenal that would enable it to make the improbable all but inevitable? The new OPEC would fail for the same reasons the old OPEC failed.

2. *"Prudence suggests reducing the Iraqi threat, while it is still non-nuclear."* Talk about pre-emptive strikes! We ought to hit Iraq because five years from now it might have nuclear weapons and might be under the control of bellicose leadership that might be disposed to use them? By those lights, we should certainly hit Pakistan. Probably Libya. South Africa, Brazil, Israel, India, and Iran are all worth a look. You seem to be saying that casting the U.S. as world policeman is a tad wimpy. Let's not wait until we see the whites of their eyes. Call the Terminator.

3. *It behooves us to protect the new "international order."* That phrase does not fall trippingly from the conservative tongue, but let's concede for the moment (a very large concession, by the way) that your editorial-writer knows what that new international order might look like and that it is relatively free of utopian blather. Let's concede, that is, that there is something in the new order that might be worth protecting. How exactly are we to go about doing that? You say that we must prevail over Saddam Hussein or it will give "every Third World dictator" an incentive "to settle his border disputes by force." I give it to you as the distilled wisdom of 35 years of *NR* that, whatever the fate of Operation Desert Shield, Third World dictators will continue to try to settle border disputes by force. That is what Third World dictators do.

I do agree with one part of your piece. George Bush now has a lot to lose if "in the end he retreats." He has drawn that line in the sand for all to see. On the flip side, what does he have to gain? We shall see: a thousand outcomes flicker on the horizon. It is the opinion of more than a few eccentrics, though, that we should have given more thought to this calculus before committing the nation to a desert war against a sand army. When a democracy marches off to war, it should be able to explain itself in 25 words or less.

—Neal B. Freeman

Mr. Freeman has been a director of National Review, Inc., since 1967.

Then, without warning, the military dictator of a powerful Arab nation overran a smaller neighbor and threatened still other nations in his region. The region, as we have noted, is one of absolutely vital importance to the world economy.

What was America to do? Can any intelligent person reply, "Nothing"? No other nation on earth had the power, or the moral credentials, or the following, to organize and lead world resistance as the United States did. Every orchestra needs a conductor, and only the United States can play that role as the world approaches the twenty-first century.

I do not wish to be understood as indulging in triumphalism here, let alone suggesting that the United States should expend the blood of its young men and women to oust pushy Third World dictators from power merely for the satisfaction of tossing them into underground cells in Miami next to Manuel Noriega.

But as Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. observed, "Every society rests on the death of men." If there is to be, in the new century now approaching, a world order in which all nations will consent to participate, it may well require an equivalent sacrifice.

If it does, let us hope that we are a courageous enough people to make it. For as an even greater American once said, "Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. . . . The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the last generation." □

A New Start

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

"Moscow—*The four wartime Allies who defeated Nazi Germany 45 years ago signed a treaty today relinquishing all their occupation rights, leaving the two German nations that emerged after the war finally free to reunite on October 3.*"

—New York Times, *Sept. 12, 1990*

IT IS May 6, 1955. Outside the high grilled gates that enclose the U.S. Residence in Paris, then on the chestnut-shaded Avenue Gabriel near the old Trocadéro, a handful of reporters and two still cameramen are gathered, talking quietly. It is the hunch of my boss—United Press's Paris bureau chief, Ed Korry—and of a few others that this is the place where history will be made tonight. That's why two of UP's five American staffers are here. The majority of the press corps is camped outside the Elysée Palace, the Foreign Ministry on the Quai d'Orsay, and the British Embassy on the Faubourg St. Honoré.

It is a year, almost to the day, since the black-clad soldiers of Ho Chi Minh overran the French garrison at Dienbienphu. This May evening is very like

---

Miss Buckley remained with United Press in Paris until February 1956, when she returned to the States to join the staff of the three-month-old NR, *where she is now a senior editor.*

Reason and order in the curriculum.

Civilization in the classrooms.
Dignity and harmony in student dormitories and halls.

Will these greet you at the beginning of *your* first college year?

At Thomas Aquinas College, the year opens with a Mass of the Holy Spirit. Each freshman matriculates in a simple ceremony witnessed by the whole college. He begins the arts and sciences with their natural beginnings: theology with the Bible, mathematics with Euclid's *Elements*, philosophy with Plato's *Dialogues*. In the first evening seminar, he wrestles with the opening of the first great epic, Homer's *Iliad*.

He has found an ordered course of studies in the liberal arts and sciences, a course that moves deliberately, though demandingly, from these starting points on through the works of Aristotle, Dante, Newton, and Kant down to Keynes, Einstein, and T.S. Eliot.

This is education on a human scale...small classes in a small college. Yet it is startlingly ambitious. For here, at Thomas Aquinas College, we introduce the eager mind to the best that has been thought about the world, mankind, and the God Who made them.

Come and see this college in action.
You won't be lost in the crowd.

For information or to arrange a visit, CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-634-9797. From Canada, call collect: (805) 525-4417.

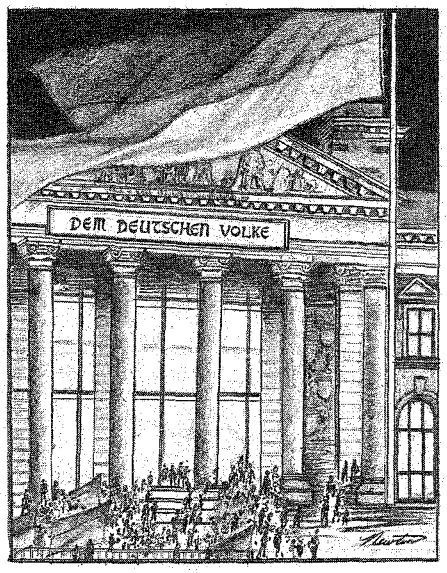
Or write: Thomas J. Susanka
Director of Admissions
Box 105
THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE
10000 North Ojai Road
Santa Paula, California 93060

that May evening a year ago, soft and bright with the rustling charm of the Paris spring. May 8, 1954, had been a day of massive humiliation and shame to a France divided, a France conscious that it had played an inglorious role in the Second World War, a France that had never summoned the resolution to send a single draftee to protect its Indochinese outpost of empire. This moral dereliction was all too clearly symbolized when the last company of French Legionnaires marched down the streets of Haiphong toward the ships that would carry them back to France. They marched with measured steps (a hundred yards ahead of the advancing small brown-faced men in the black pajama uniforms who had brought mighty France low) singing "Lili Marlene," in German. The company was German almost to a man.

Dienbienphu's capture brought down the government of Premier Joseph Laniel, and brought to power that strange figure of a savior, Pierre Mendès-France, a small man with a hooked nose, heavy eyebrows, and an unprepossessing manner, a poor orator in a country of great orators, a Jew. But Mendès-France had an integrity and courage lacking in so many of the leaders of the Fourth Republic. He galvanized France with his dramatic promise that he would reopen the collapsed Geneva Indochina talks and bring back a peace treaty within a month—or resign.

Another less dramatic casualty of Dienbienphu was the European Defense Community (EDC), the keystone to an interlocking series of agreements designed to bring West Germany back into the community of Western nations. In its anger and humiliation in the summer of Dienbienphu, the French National Assembly found the EDC an easy target to lash out against. Many in France had felt all along that it dealt entirely too leniently with West Germany. The Assembly refused to vote on the EDC, a parliamentary tactic that in effect killed it.

In the months that followed a whole new series of agreements was painfully hammered out to cope with France's objections to the EDC. The future of the Saar was a particularly sticky point, but now an accord had been reached that would give the Saar a semi-autonomous identity under the new Western European Union (WEU), until the people there could vote in a plebiscite and decide their own future. That final linchpin in the grand design had been signed only yesterday, on May 5. The Paris accords, as these various treaties came to be called, had been ratified by the nations involved—the Benelux countries, Italy, Great Britain, France, and Germany. Now the foreign minister of Great Britain, the French premier, and the West German chancellor were to meet in Paris and complete the process by signing the various documents.



Michael Newton

It had been rumored all day that the leading players in this drama would have a final meeting this afternoon. Was there a hitch in the proceedings? Had some diplomatic spanner been thrown into the works? Or was everything still on track? Ed Korry, an experienced foreign correspondent—he had been the only Western reporter to cover Cardinal Mindszenty's trial—reasoned, or perhaps he had been tipped off, that the diplomatic niceties would be best served if the United States—which would not be a signatory to the WEU treaty—hosted tonight's rendezvous.

And so we waited anxiously outside the barred gates of the Residence, all too aware that the story could be breaking right now somewhere else. Even the unthinkable, that AP might beat us to it.

The Appointed Hour

THEN it started happening. A shining silver Cadillac, with a small Stars and Stripes flying from the fender, pulled around the corner into the Avenue Gabriel, and through the gates. An official opened the back door and out stepped Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, tall and imposing in his well-tailored grey business suit. Minutes later the gates opened again for a shiny black Rolls-Royce, from which emerged, tall and imposing, British Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan, in a dark suit. The black Mercedes-Benz rolled in next, carrying a giant among postwar leaders, Konrad Adenauer, with that curious, impassive Indian mask of a face, the result of a terrible automobile accident years earlier. We waited then for ten minutes, or maybe a fraction more, before a small Citroën, black but not lustrous, pulled into the drive, and out of the front seat popped Pierre Mendès-France in an ill-pressed double-breasted blue suit, looking like a caricature of Polichinelle. The ambassador greeted him at the door, and they disappeared inside.

This electrified the reporters. Pierre Mendès-France (PMF, as he liked to be called) was no longer premier. It would be Antoine Pinay who would sign the documents tomorrow. But, had it not been for Mendès-France, there would be no treaties to sign. His presence here this afternoon was in tacit recognition of the fact. He had earned a seat at this table.

Mendès-France had sat passively by when the EDC was shot down the summer before. But he had proved a dynamo in the diplomatic and political activity that that defeat touched off. His vigor and energy were everywhere apparent. By late December, four important new treaties were ready for ratification. They would restore German sovereignty, permit German rearmament, provide for Germany's entry into NATO, and resolve the question of the Saar. On December 24, the French National Assembly, having approved three of these treaties, voted down the fourth, the one permitting German rearmament. The allies were furious and threatened to go it alone, to leave France out of the new Europe that was evolving. Mendès-France went back to the Assembly and put the life of his government on the line. If the Assembly did not approve the package—all four treaties—he would resign. He used every bit of parliamentary muscle he had, disciplined party members who had voted nay, made some deals, and won the day, but by a dangerously narrow margin. France approved the Paris accords on December 30, 1954. Five weeks later PMF would pass from French history, having lost a vote of confidence on his Tunisian policy. But he would be remembered.

Fifteen minutes later the door reopened and a young attaché hurried over to us, still gathered outside the grille, and handed us a document. The last *t* had been crossed and the last *i* dotted on the revised treaty. The new text was even now being churned out and would be available to the press at the embassy within the half-hour. There had been no hitch.

Ed broke for the bistro we had reconnoitered earlier, fishing a half-dozen *jetons* (telephone tokens) from his trouser pocket as he ran. The *patron* had been suborned into keeping the lone pay phone in the basement free. While he dictated the Bulletin lead and the running story, I would buttonhole anyone I could find for details of the meeting, then race to the embassy to pick up the revised treaty, a chronology of events, and other documents, including statements by world leaders on the historic achievements at hand. (For the record, we beat AP by better than two minutes.)

Among the papers I gathered up was Konrad Adenauer's sovereignty proclamation to the people of Germany of May 5, in which he made a promise to Germany's separated brothers in the East, even then being formed into the German Democratic Republic by their Soviet overlords. Adenauer promised that the separation would not be forever: "Our goal is a free and united Germany in a free and united Europe. You belong to us. We belong to you. . . . You can always rely on us because, together with the free world, we shall never rest until you . . . live peacefully united with us in one state."

The following morning, May 7, the seven WEU ministers held their first formal meeting in Paris and elected Harold Macmillan chairman.

On May 9, West Germany joined the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and Konrad Adenauer took his seat at the conference table with the other NATO council members.

On May 9, too, the red, gold, and black flag of the Federal Republic of Germany was raised at SHAPE headquarters in Rocquencourt, just outside Paris. A major step in the reintegration of Germany into the community of nations had been taken.

On October 3, 1990, 35 years and five months later, Konrad Adenauer's promise was fulfilled. World War II had ended. ☐

Taming the Tribes of America

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE FLAG has 13 stripes on it, and the political and regional divisions they betoken once really meant something. Historian David Hackett Fischer tells the tale of three German POWs in World War II, taken to Tennessee for internment, who escaped but had the bad luck to come upon the cabin of an old woman, who shot them all dead. When the sheriff scolded her for being so hasty, she assured him she wouldn't have done it if she'd known they were Germans. Who did you think they were? he wanted to know. Yankees, she answered.

Then there were the urban ethnic groups, the masses of people whose dislike of each other was based not on where they lived, since they lived cheek by jowl, but on where they had come from. However bad these divisions seem today, they used to be worse—a self-imposed apartheid, varied only by violence. One native New Yorker told me that whenever he wanted to know whether an unmarked subway train was heading to his part of Brooklyn, all he had to do was look in and see what papers the passengers were reading. If they had *PM* and the *New York Post*, they were Jews, and the train was bound for the wrong neighborhood. If they had the *Journal American* and the *Daily News*, they were Irish, and he could go home. North and South, New York and Midwest, Irish, Italian, and Pole—these were the tribes of America.

They're all still out there, but they're fading. Time, and the anti-historicism of American life, have taken the edge off Shiloh, and the old country. But the old tribalism has been joined, and surpassed, by a new one: the tribalism of conviction. America's new tribes are based, not on where you or your great-grandparents were born, but on what you believe, and these tribes can be as remote from each other and the outside world, and often as hostile to them, as any hillbilly or subway rider.

I realized this the first time I had to think seriously about the Iowa caucuses. For 15 years, Iowa politics has been taking on a liberal cast, compounded of debt, do-goodery, and a dash of isolationism. But Iowa also has one of the best-organized social-conservative movements in the nation, focused on abortion. Sometimes one part of the Iowan split personality is salient, and Jimmy Carter wins a caucus, or Pat Robertson finishes second. Sometimes the other part emerges, and gives a boost to Dick Gephardt, or Jesse Jackson. There isn't much obvious regional or ethnic basis to it all. Even religious affiliation is an uncertain guide: the most hellfire anti-nuke rally I ever attended was presided over by a smiling old Irish Catholic bishop who, when he was a seminarian, had probably whooped for Joe McCarthy.

I tried to pack the variety of Iowa, and America, into an apothegm, and came up with this: *Everything is everywhere, but not everyone is anyone.* The members of our new tribes may live in the same towns, on the same streets, even in the same houses. But their minds might as well be in separate counties.

Old Tribes and New

THE GREAT difference between the old and the new tribalism is that we now know each other a great deal better as individuals. If I run over the list of my old friends from college and high school, I can think of one who celebrated the bicentennial of the French Revolution by organizing a royalist Mass in memory of Louis XVI, and of another who channeled the messages of a spirit from Arcturus. Everybody can probably come up with

---

Mr. Brookhiser has been an NR *senior editor since 1979; his* The Way of the WASP *(Free Press) is due out in December.*

a similar duo. America being a country of free enterprise and democratic manners, Americans find themselves dealing with, and often liking, all sorts of people.

As soon as our dealings with one another become public or official, however, stiffness and rigidity immediately set in. The person you might have met at a party, or bought a newspaper from, suddenly becomes an alien. This is the irony of the new tribalism: this whole country may be wild at heart, as Laura Dern says, but it's walled-off on top.

Take the public life of our great cities. Today's city-dweller may deal with a mini-UN of fellow citizens every day of his life, but you'd never know it from the way his leaders behave. Affirmative action and ethnic politics, supposedly designed to bring people into the system, have the effect of turning people against each other in the scrum for spoils. The show trials that follow sensational inter-racial crimes; the degrading squabbles over symbols of ethnic deference and status; and, most of all, the smarmy and bogus rhetoric of inclusion and diversity, which conceals what everyone knows is really going on—all turn city-dwellers into what *New York Newsday* editor Jim Sleeper calls "the closest of strangers."

Cities provide the key to the situation: the fact that public efforts to deal with our differences—presumably to make them more livable—actually make them worse. Higher education is another example. The summer before I went to college, I was deluged, like every college-bound high-school senior, with literature about my new school, all of it making the implicit promise that I was about to have a four-year seating at the world's biggest banquet. Quarks? There were people who charted them. Old Church Slavonic? There were people who sang it. Allah? There were people who worshipped Him. Anything I could want, all I had to do was step right up, and it would be there.

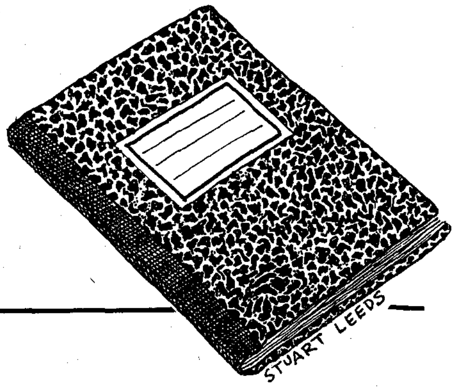
It never quite worked that way, of course. Modern American universities are so big and so inchoate that the student flounders, lost. Curriculums are a maze, the student body and the faculty a faceless horde. You find, if you're lucky, a few niches and stay there. These niches, it is true, are often roomier than the analogous ones a student knew at home. Conservatives at Yale, where I went, were a lot more heterogeneous than conservatives in Irondequoit, New York: Irondequoit had, for instance, no right-wing drug dealers. But the great banquet went mostly untasted.

Take, finally, the media, especially television. The moment it first occurred to people that the tube was becoming the divider and distinguisher of American life came with the emergence of the Religious Right. Suddenly, out of the same box that brought us Walter Cronkite, popped Jerry Falwell. Today, with cable, a few taps of the channel selector will take you through discussions of Jesus, psychics, rap, bondage, and stocks and bonds, plus the flickering ghosts of Ralph sending Alice to the moon—the stone-preserved paw-print of a lost media past.

What is wrong with any of this? If the institutions that claim to draw us together in fact drive us apart, why should we worry? The Founding Fathers did not design a country of milkshake consistency at the political level, and fifty years after they did

NATIONAL REVIEW YOUNG WRITERS' COMPETITION

In gratitude for our 35 years of publication, *NR* is holding a competition for young writers. Anyone under 25 (apart from the exceptions mentioned below) is eligible. The only restriction on subject matter is that, to qualify, submissions must be publishable in NATIONAL REVIEW; entrants may choose from the whole range of cultural, historical, political—and, yes, even economic—topics that that implies. And the articles must be articles—not editorials on the one hand, nor research reports on the other. They will be judged on the highly subjective bases of quality of writing, clarity of thought, and freshness of approach.



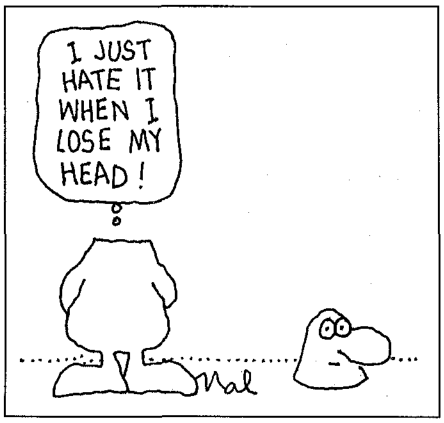
Prize

The winner will receive $500, and his article will be published in NATIONAL REVIEW.

Rules

1. Entrants must not have reached their 25th birthday by the closing date of the competition, December 17, 1990; enclose proof of age.
2. Entries are limited to 2,000 words.
3. Receipt of all entries will be acknowledged, but no criticism or comments can be made on any but the winner.
4. Entries must not have appeared in print before.
5. Handwritten entries will not be considered.
6. No employees of NATIONAL REVIEW or members of their families may enter.
7. The judges will be editor John O'Sullivan, managing editor Linda Bridges, and literary editor Brad Miner. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Send your entry—postmarked no later than December 17—to: Young Writers' Competition, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

their handiwork, Tocqueville wrote approvingly of the organizations and activities that amplified America's heterogeneity in the sphere of daily life. An American feels what an access of sameness would represent the minute he falls among people from a more tightly knit country, even one that is quite large. I noticed this the first time I hooked up with a party of Fleet Streeters covering a presidential election. Not only did they all know one another. They'd all known one another for a long time. What's more, even though they were poles apart politically, they *liked* one another. It made me want to break a window.


I JUST HATE IT WHEN I LOSE MY HEAD!
Mal

© 1990 Mal Ent., Inc.

But we need some myths of commonality, and some actual commonalities, to keep us from flying apart, or at each other's throats. America includes places and people like this: Renting a canoe in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey, I went into a general store and found on a table by the door the following reading materials: *Guns and Ammo* magazine, and the Holy Bible. In a hotel bookstore in Big Sur, I came across *The Tai Chi of Sex.* I went to a wedding once that was so pre–Vatican II, the couple had to get a dispensation from the bishop; the priest spent the sermon inviting all the non-Catholics in attendance, in so many words, to go to Hell. I know a man who visited China, before Tiananmen Square, where he told an old friend that he hoped the regime would not give up its "socialist orientation." When another friend of mine ran for governor of Massachusetts a few years ago, one of his campaign workers told me, as he drove me to Logan Airport, how a speech about capital punishment had gotten him into politics; as he talked, he banged the steering wheel in excitement. The first time I heard Geraldine Ferraro speak, in a suburb of Chicago, I saw a woman wearing a button that said JANE WYMAN WAS RIGHT, and a man waving a drawing of a bloody fetus labeled THE LITTLE MAFFIA (*sic*, and sick). Now, some of these world views are correct; all of them have every right to exist in American life, even if they only float in the current like so much debris. But the professional "includers" who actually serve to erect these and dozens of other world views into watchful, warring fiefdoms do us a disservice.

America is a big country. But it has to be big enough to include some notion of an American way of life. The version we now have, that the American way of life is "diversity," is incoherent intellectually, and chaotic and demoralizing in its effects. Could our preachers come up with a new one? Like, maybe, the old one—republican virtue, plus *Poor Richard's Almanac*? The tribes won't disappear. There are a lot of weird people out there. But they will flourish a lot more harmoniously if the main lines of American civilization are a little more firmly drawn. ☐

A Foreign Correspondent in D.C.

WILLIAM McGURN

"So I came to Washington, where I knew I would be farther away from America than I could be on some foreign shore; not that I do not respect this as a good part of America, but in its general routine the heart of America is felt less here than at any place I have ever been."—Remarks by Huey Long in the Senate, May 17, 1932.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—When I forsook the life of a foreign correspondent to start up *NR*'s news bureau here last year, I was a tad concerned. Unlike most of the competition, I had absolutely no Beltway experience: my Rolodex was not full of the home numbers of assorted deputy assistant secretaries; I did not get drunk with congressmen; and my only visit to the White House had been on an eighth-grade class trip from St. Anthony's. I was used to covering Third World governments whose leaders answered their own phones (when the lines were working) and could be counted on to offer up a suitably monstrous quotation in time for the next day's edition. My experience seemed woefully irrelevant.

It turned out to be an extraordinary blessing. However grotesque the functioning of Third World capitals, life on the Potomac proved remarkably similar. There is the same exaggerated sense of self-importance. There is the same wonderful theater that results when the ambitious outnumber the able. And there is the same understanding among those In The Know that the lifeblood of the city is not politics but fashion.

In one primary area Washington is even at a disadvantage, Beirut notwithstanding. Art Buchwald put it this way: "When I lived in Paris I always knew I was protected by my passport and the American Government. No matter what happened to me, I could always count on the backing of the United States Sixth Fleet. . . . But living in Washington is entirely different. The Americans don't care what happens to you here."

Indeed, even in areas where America might be thought to boast certain Anglo-Saxon advantages, they turn out to be largely illusory. Once, a Chinese official admitted to me that almost all the economic figures he had given me were guesses. At the time I thought it a grave indictment. But when I learned how the Congressional Budget Office uses inflated projections to turn spending increases into spending cuts, the distinction no longer seems so sharp.

Ditto for graft and hypocrisy. In most respectable Third World capitals, the leader has monuments of gargantuan proportions constructed while the actual administration of the city is given over to a brother-in-law who can be trusted to advance the clan's interest at public expense. Enterprise is there to be soaked, not destroyed, and anything not immediately within the orbit of rapacity is permitted to con-

---

Mr. McGurn, NR's *Washington bureau chief, covered Europe, the Middle East, and Asia with the* Wall Street Journal.

tinue along in a more or less laissez-faire environment.

Here in Washington, Mayor Marion Barry has admirably filled this role. Under his rule the city has seen something of a building boom, and if it has also earned the accolade "Murder Capital, U.S.A." (Barry once said that crime wasn't that bad here if you didn't count murders), the killings are mostly confined to a five- or six-block area on the "other" side of town. The important people, the white people in their Georgetown or Cleveland Park dachas, don't really have to worry about it. Except for annual visits to the Division of Motor Vehicles, Beltway Brahmins are spared any contact with the great unwashed.

This helps explain why there is such a yawning lack of interest in what actually goes on in the city. These priorities are best illustrated by the distinct roles allocated to the local press. No one, for instance, reads the *Washington Post* for news about Washington. Nor do they read the *Washington Times*, whose penchant for breaking real stories explains its tiny circulation. Those few eccentrics interested in news here follow the *City Paper*, a freebie rag that squeezes Washington's best coverage in between explicit advertisements for 976 numbers catering to all preferences.

This is not to deny the *Post*'s importance, only to suggest that it has nothing to do with news, which is confined to the paper's first section, dull accounts of such-and-such a bureaucracy written from a press release with a few contentious quotations mixed in. They read like accounts in the *Hindustan Times* of an increase in India's wheat crop.

A Matter of Style

THE REAL significance of the *Post* lies in the transmission of opinions and attitudes. Ironically, this does not occur on the paper's editorial pages. The opinions there are far too direct and reasoned for the job at hand. Instead, they come from the Style section.

In the old days this was what papers somewhat disparagingly called the "women's section." It's not so much that the section has changed, only its relative importance in the scheme of things. As Joe Sobran has written, "The Style section is one of the splendors of American journalism. . . . Its writers are smart, witty, sophisticated, alert, aware: stylish. To read it daily is to keep abreast of who and what is In or Out. In a large sense, it discloses the contours of what C. S. Lewis called 'the Inner Ring'—the people who *really* count, as opposed to the nominal structure of power."

This last is the clincher. In the Third World, rank outside the military means little: Deng Xiaoping has no formal position in China, but he is the undisputed power there. The government itself may even be extraneous, as in, say, Colombia. In Washington, Georgette Mosbacher is more important than her husband, the secretary of commerce. This takes some getting used to. The point is, everyone who needs to know *knows*—and the *Post* keeps you up to date. To be the subject of a flattering profile in the Style section is to be admitted into the fraternity; to be the subject of a withering profile is to be banished into one of Dante's nether regions. Obviously liberals have a great advantage, but conservatives who turn away from their principles or whose mere existence is thought to embarrass other conservatives qualify for friendly treatment.

Thus the July profile whose subtitle reveals why the former Reaganite is now In: "Kevin Phillips, the GOP's Maverick Pundit, Bashing Away at the Rich." Marvin Liebman was given the seal of approval too ("Revelations of a Right-Winger"), for coming out of the closet in the pages of *NR* ["Notes & Asides," July 9]. Winnie Mandela did even better, despite having been implicated in the murder of a 14-year-old boy, for which she will now stand trial (Style handled the problem by calling her a "highly complex woman . . . who in her recent past has been linked to military oratory and to cadres of violent people"). And when Mitch Snyder hanged himself this summer, Style ran a lead piece under the heading "Appreciation."

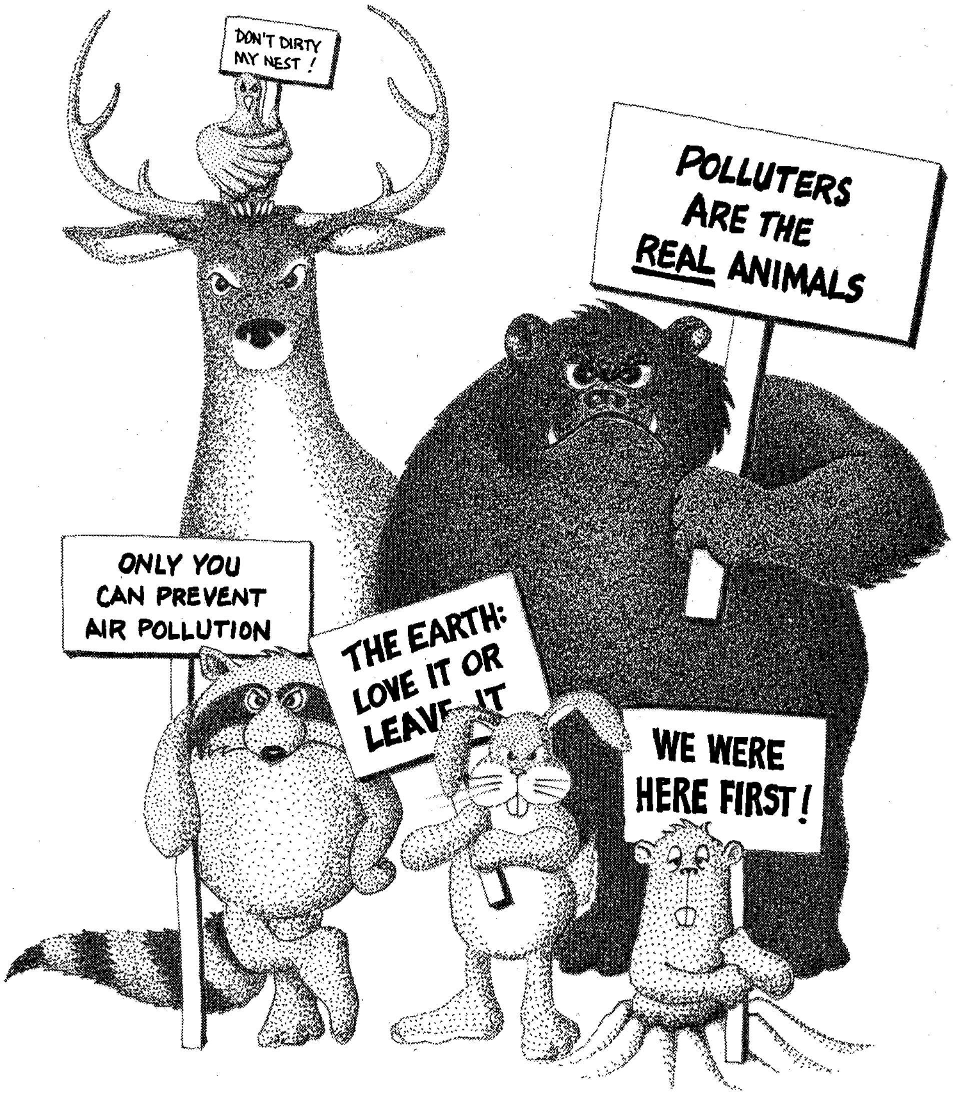
Usually, however, the approach is more indirect, Delphic, attitude more than editorial. Occasionally it presents moral dilemmas, such as "A Year after Supreme Court Decision, Women's Clear Choice amid Legal Uncertainty," featuring grim-faced women talking about how difficult it's getting to continue the rate of two million abortions a year. More often, Style affirms through simple repetition. Federal funding for the arts is a biggie. Over the last three months, it has made Style's front page almost every week: "NEA Proposal Meets Resistance," "Rejected Artists Rail & Rally against NEA," "N.Y. Artpark Snuffs Out Controversial Performance," "Art Chief Says He May Veto Some Grants." Even the casual reader would understand that art was under assault by right-wing trolls.

Our Gargoyles

BETTER even than the Style section is *Washingtonian*, a monthly glossy. Last month the magazine celebrated its 25th anniversary, and its success is due to editor Jack Limpert's devotion to one principle: no politics. A selection of cover stories from the last year gives a good idea of what Washingtonians are really interested in: a picture of Dan Quayle under the headline, "Great Smile" (subtitle: "How Dentists Use Braces, Bonding, Bleaching, and Other Techniques to Create Perfect Teeth"); a piece on "Divorce Washington Style"; and "Young Again! Guide to Cosmetic Surgery: Facelifts, Liposuction, Breast Implants, and More—Plus Doctors Who Do It Well." Ironically, because it is apolitical *Washingtonian* can occasionally slip through a real zinger; recently it has featured first-rate attacks on public television and the animal-rights movement (then again, this may have something to do with those fur and leather-shoe adverts). Just as the gargoyles were installed on cathedrals as a reminder of the baser instincts that remain with man even at his most glorious, the articles on public causes and assorted do-gooders are accompanied by slick advertisements catering in one way or another to all the Seven Deadly Sins.

Senator Long was right. Where else could someone like Jesse Jackson appoint himself senator? Could a renegade priest like George Stallings form his own "Catholic" church and be addressed by the *Washington Post* as "Bishop"? Could men like Joe Biden and Edward Kennedy arbitrate the moral fitness for the highest court in the nation of others who are manifestly their superiors? In its own peculiar way Washington too stands for opportunity, however refracted the image may be.

In the end, there may be more of


DON'T DIRTY MY NEST !
POLLUTERS ARE THE REAL ANIMALS
ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT AIR POLLUTION
THE EARTH: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT
WE WERE HERE FIRST!

CITIZENS FOR NUCLEAR ENERGY

Nuclear energy is one of the cleanest, most abundant sources of electricity in America. And that makes nuclear energy very popular among citizens from all walks of life.

Nuclear electric plants generate electricity cleanly, without polluting the atmosphere.

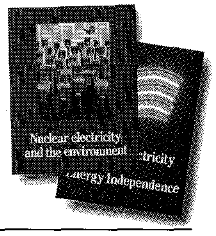
In fact, nuclear energy helps reduce airborne pollutants in the U.S. by over 19,000 tons every day.

And because nuclear electric plants don't emit carbon dioxide, they don't add to the greenhouse effect, potential global warming and its adverse effect on the environment and our quality of life.

America's 112 nuclear electric plants are our second largest source of electricity. But they won't meet the demands of a growing population and economy. We need more plants.

For more complete information about nuclear energy, write to the

U.S. Council for
Energy Awareness,
P.O. Box 66080,
Dept. CI18,
Washington,
D.C. 20035.


Nuclear electricity and the environment
tricity
nergy Independence

U.S. COUNCIL FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

Nuclear energy for energy independence and a cleaner Earth.

©1990 USCEA

America here than first meets the eye. Like most of the Third World, for the past decade or so Washington has been overtaxed, overspent, and overburdened with what appeared to be Mayor-for-Life Marion Barry. Yet the surprise victor in the recent Democratic primary was Sharon Pratt Dixon, an underdog whose sole campaign theme was a promise to cut two thousand bureaucrats from the city payroll. Washington, come home. □

Journalism *v.* Conservatism

JOSEPH SOBRAN

WORDS SEEM to form partnerships. At one time, you discriminated *between*. Now you discriminate *against*. "Discrimination" now betokens not a fine mind, but a character flaw: one that makes you Politically Incorrect, by the way.

Liberalism has succeeded in imposing its verbal prescriptions on the whole population: everyone must now mind even his or her pronouns, or face obloquy. Politesse has shifted from "Negro" to "black" to "African-American," each new whim of whoever decides these things as imperious as the last. A sectarian ideology has triumphed when it has turned itself into an etiquette that all must observe.

We all sense that the language has been marshaled into Political Correctness. Is there any central ordering principle?

I think so. It was expressed succinctly in the chant of the Stanford protestors: "Hey hey, ho ho, Western culture's gotta go." We're being nudged into a series of little repudiations of the Western patrimony. The changing rules embody this. Profanity and obscenity are okay; but new taboos forbid "racism," "sexism," and other Politically Incorrect attitudes. (Religion is purely optional, but bigotry must be "eliminated.")

In *The Whig Interpretation of History*, Herbert Butterfield lamented the tendency of historians to see the controversies of the past in the anachronistic categories of "progressive" and "reactionary": Whig history interpreted the clash of, say, Reformers and Church not in terms the raging opponents would have understood, but as a battle between the forces of the future (Luther) and the forces of the past (Pope Leo X).

This way of flattening complicated disputes into easily grasped melodrama has trickled down into journalism. Many "news" stories have as their subtext the battle between Progressive good guys and Reactionary villains. Despite the official journalistic ethic of neutrality, unmistakable moral commitment creeps into news reports of conflict between pope and theologian, government and protestor, business and labor, white and black, male and female. We sense we're getting cues as to which side we should be rooting for.

The Progressive forces are always driven by the best motives: they are compassionate, courageous, conscientious, enlightened, future-oriented, peace-loving. These terms all have a left-wing odor about them now (though the media rarely use the term "left-wing"). The Reactionaries, meanwhile, are driven by atavisms: hate, fear, superstition, greed, ignorance, selfishness, sheer resistance to "change."

"Hate," for example, has become associated exclusively with "right-wing" causes in journalistic discourse. (See *Newsweek*, passim.) No Progressive ever *hates* anyone, though he (or she) may feel righteous *anger* or *rage*. Journalese does use the term "right-wing" freely, but without defining it: it is a catchall for anything belonging to the dark past. Theocracy, capitalism, slavery, militarism: these are right wing. The fascist, the monarchist, the libertarian, the constitutionalist: all, somehow, right wing, though their only common denominator is that they all oppose socialism.

"It amazes me how anyone can speak so clearly with his tongue in his cheek."

What conservatives call "bias" in the media is really more like a *Weltanschauung*, half-conscious, but shaping and shading everything. Journalists may try hard to be accurate and to suppress overt partisanship; they usually don't realize they are taking sides in the very categories they start with. They don't understand that there are alternative categories.

Behind the Times

IN THE MIND of the thoroughly assimilated journalist, the conservative is not someone who has a specific philosophy to be discussed, listened to, debated. He's simply someone who's behind the times, clinging to the disreputable and embarrassing past that all educated people should have outgrown. The conservative is not so much wrong as defunct, doomed to extinction. Why debate a dinosaur?

The ultimate Progressive categories are not heaven and hell, or good and evil, or order and chaos, but Future and Past. Even the cusswords of the Progressive are chronological: archaic, outdated, Neanderthal, medieval, antediluvian, fossilized, obsolete, mossbound, prehistoric, antiquated, troglodytic, thirteenth- (or eighteenth-) century, etc. To the liberal these are ultimate condemnations; unanswerable. The Past, him bad!

So for the dramaturgy of journalism, the problem in every controversy is a simple matter of typecasting: Which side represents the Past, and which the Future? And this sort of stereotyping, with its built-in predictions as to who's bound to prevail, has led journalists into a series of embarrassing errors. Reagan was Reactionary; therefore he was not a viable candidate. The pro-life movement was Reactionary; therefore it wasn't news (unlike, say, the civil-rights movement). The Shah of Iran and Somoza were Reactionary; therefore they were bound to be supplanted by Progressive forces. (And what do you do with phenomena like 2 Live Crew, which represents free speech—Progressive—but is horribly sexist—Reactionary?)

History itself has begun to demolish the Progressive mythology. Socialism is in moral, political, and economic ruins. The noble savages of the Third World have shown us what comes after "liberation." And it's all so tiresome. We have seen the Future, and it has acquired its own discreditable past. Progressive hope is just about used up. But journalism hasn't yet learned any other language. ☐

Mr. Sobran, an NR *senior editor since 1977, writes a twice-a-week column for Universal Press Syndicate.*

A Challenge to Einstein

TOM BETHELL

HOWARD HAYDEN, a professor of physics at the University of Connecticut since 1967, is in the final stages of an experiment that may undermine a basic assumption of Einstein's special theory of relativity: that the speed of light is a constant, irrespective of the observer's motion. Hayden claims that the invariant velocity of light has never been demonstrated experimentally, and to dramatize this startling claim, he and Petr Beckmann, professor emeritus of electrical engineering at the University of Colorado, are jointly offering a reward of $2,000 to anyone who can cite a valid optical experiment demonstrating that the speed of light east to west on the Earth's surface is the same as it is west to east (to an accuracy of fifty meters per second). The experiment does not have to be performed, merely cited.

A longtime skeptic about relativity, Beckmann a few years ago proposed a rival theory of physics which, he claims, fits the known facts and explains them much more simply than Einstein's. Before publishing his theory in a book (*Einstein Plus Two*, 1987) he sent the manuscript to Howard Hayden at Storrs, Connecticut. Hayden's initial reaction was near-disbelief that the velocity of light had not already been demonstrated to be invariant. But eventually he became convinced that Beckmann was right. In 1988, he devised an experimental test of Beckmann's theory. His preliminary results support Beckmann, raising the question whether there are *any* experimental observations which require relativity theory to explain them.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the evidence that light travels in a wave became overwhelming. Just as sound waves need air to travel in, so light would need a medium, if it traveled in waves. This hypothetical medium was called the ether, and a famous experiment by Michelson and Morley, performed in Cleveland in 1887, was expected to demonstrate its existence. Since the Earth must be passing through this ether on its journey around the sun, everyone assumed it would be possible to detect the ether "wind" with a suitable apparatus, just as it is possible to detect the air from a moving car by putting your hand out into the breeze. In the 1880s Michelson devised an experiment sensitive enough, in theory, to produce a measurable effect.

But no matter how many times they tried, Michelson and Morley could detect no ethereal breeze. (In their experiment, this had been expected to take the form of a shift in the interference pattern visible where criss-crossing light rays came together.)

Various explanations for the null result were suggested. Michelson himself supposed that the ether was "entrained," which is to say carried along with the Earth. As we shall see, this may have been a close approximation to the truth. But the entrained-ether theory was rejected by most scientists. The physicists G. F. FitzGerald and H. A. Lorentz suggested another possibility: that moving objects contract slightly in the direction of motion—the contraction being just sufficient to account for the null result. This was ingenious, but unsatisfactory. It had the ad-hoc look of an unfalsifiable assumption, rather like the suggestion that everything in the universe is getting bigger at the same time.

Then in 1905, in his special theory of relativity, Einstein suggested a third way of looking at the matter. He proposed a) that the speed of light is the same in all directions, irrespective of the motion of any apparatus set up to measure it; and b) that observers traveling with different velocities would see the same things with different lengths and durations. This eliminated the need for an ether altogether. Einstein's famous paper showed that everything could be worked out mathematically if these peculiar assumptions about the universe were made.

This was a very odd procedure. Einstein "bent" space and time so that a velocity could be preserved as a constant. But velocity itself is merely distance divided by time. Discarding space and time as "absolutes" so that a velocity can be retained as an absolute is as strange as it would be for a man to go on living undisturbed on the second floor of his house while the basement and ground floor were completely remodeled.

Einstein's assumption about the invariant velocity of light emerged from the turn-of-the-century quandary of physicists trying to account for the Michelson–Morley result. But if it turns out that there is a simpler way of explaining what really happened, we should, out of deference to the simplicity that is preferred by science, discard the premise that the speed of light is invariant. We should (everything else being equal) prefer the notion that light behaves like other wave phenomena (such as sound). This would allow us to bring back space and time as absolutes. And it would, to a large extent, restore the classical world view of Isaac Newton.

What, then, is Beckmann's theory, and does it indeed achieve such a degree of simplification?

Beckmann argues that the medium through which light waves travel (or more generally, electromagnetic waves) is not a universal, all-perva-

---

Mr. Bethell, an NR *contributing editor since 1982, is the author of* The Electric Windmill.

sive, uniform substance—the ether—but more simply the local gravitational field. For us, the "local" gravitational field is overwhelmingly that of the Earth. And this field moves forward with the Earth on its journey around the sun. The null result obtained by Michelson–Morley is therefore easily explained because there was no "ether wind" to measure. Analogously, someone in the bathroom of a Boeing 747 would not expect to feel a slipstream if he stuck his head out into the main cabin. The air in the main cabin is moving along with him.

Plot Twist

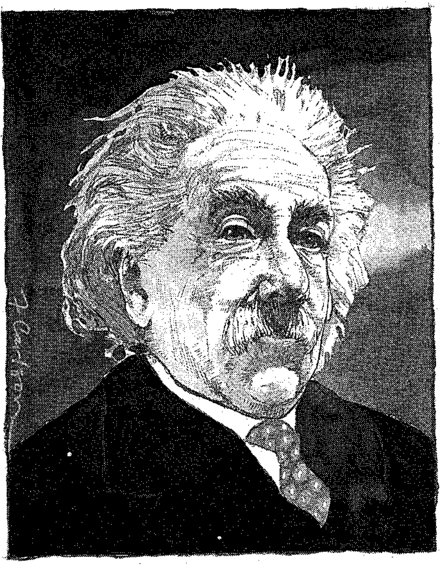
AT THIS POINT Beckmann adds a plot twist—almost literally. The Earth is also rotating on its axis every 24 hours, and there are good reasons for believing that the Earth really does rotate within its gravitational field; that is, that this field does *not* twist around with the Earth. Beckmann illustrates this key point with the following analogy:

Imagine a woman wearing a hoop skirt fitting loosely around her waist. As she moves forward, the skirt moves with her and there is no relative motion between her and the skirt. But if she then pirouettes, or does the twist, while still moving forward, she would "rotate" within the skirt. At that point relative motion between her body and the skirt would be detectable.

The Earth moves forward around the sun at about sixty thousand miles per hour; but it rotates on its axis (in the latitude of New York) at only about six hundred mph. If Beckmann is right, therefore, the detectable relative motion between the rotating Earth and its gravitational field is only about one-hundredth of what Michelson and Morley were looking for. But the relevant equation requires that this fraction be squared, and so the expected "fringe shift" is only one-ten-thousandth of what they expected to find. This was beyond the technical limits of measuring instruments in the 1880s. But today it can be measured.

Readers at this point may well be imagining that Howard Hayden has simply redone Michelson–Morley, looking for this much smaller effect. In fact, such an experiment would be very expensive for someone without the necessary equipment. Instead, Hayden has repeated another old experiment, first performed at Cambridge in 1903 by Trouton and Noble; an experiment sometimes called the electromagnetic equivalent of Michelson–Morley.

It *cannot* easily be explained, but it involves suspending a capacitor from a very thin copper wire, the whole apparatus being carefully protected in a vacuum and shielded from stray currents and magnetic influences. If the Earth's surface is, as claimed, moving through the Earth's gravitational field west to east at six hundred mph, and if this field really is the medium in which electromagnetic waves travel, the suspended capacitor should experience a torque, slowly twisting in the "ether wind" until the capacitor is aligned north–south. If, on the other hand, Einstein is right, and the velocity of electromagnetic waves is an absolute regardless of the gravitational field, there should be no torque. Hayden has detected a torque, as Beckmann predicted.


Fred Carlson

Four additional points should be borne in mind:

▶ Einstein's famous equation, $E = mc^2$, expressing the relationship between mass and energy, is unaffected by all this. It was derived independently of relativity theory (some textbooks and popularizations to the contrary notwithstanding) and would be unaffected by its demise.

▶ The most famous experimental test of Einstein occurred in 1919, when an expedition photographed a solar eclipse off West Africa and "confirmed the truth of a new theory of the universe," according to the opening page of Paul Johnson's *Modern Times*. Light rays from a star bent slightly, as predicted, as they passed close by the sun. But according to Beckmann and Hayden, this can easily be explained without relativity. Light rays *do* bend when they pass through a medium of varying density; they bend sharply, as anyone can see by looking at a pencil in a glass of water, when passing from one medium to another. Likewise, but to a much smaller extent, light rays passing from the rarefied medium of gravity in outer space into the denser gravitational field nearer the sun should be expected to bend. Classical physics (Fermat's Law) is sufficient to explain it; Einsteinian complexity, such as curved space, is not needed. (Fermat's Law states that light en route from A to B follows the path that minimizes the time of transit.)

▶ Another much-heralded confirmation of Einstein is the small discrepancy between the advance of Mercury's perihelion (the orbital point closest to the sun) and the result predicted by Newton. "Einstein's theory accounted exactly for this residue," Bertrand Russell wrote in *The ABC of Relativity*. Beckmann is astounded by the rewriting of history here. Einstein's formula explaining Mercury's orbit, published in 1915 and derived from general relativity theory, had in fact been published 17 years earlier by a man named Paul Gerber (Beckmann believes he was a high-school teacher in Stargard, Germany). Gerber used classical physics, plus the assumption that gravity is not instantaneous (as Newton thought) but propagates with the speed of light (as is now generally accepted). Gerber derived Einstein's equation exactly, without relativity. Einstein arrived at the same point using a complex trick-bag of gravitational tensors and Riemannian geometry. The protocols of science recommend that simpler explanations should be preferred to complex ones, but Gerber has been ignored.

▶ Albert Michelson, the first American to win the Nobel Prize in physics, never accepted the theory of relativity. (Nor did H. A. Lorentz.) Michelson believed that the "ether" he failed to detect was entrained by the Earth in its orbit, but not in its rotation. In 1925 he checked this theory, so similar to Beckmann's, in an elaborate optical experiment at Clearing, Illinois, with a colleague at the University of Chicago, H. G. Gale. They did indeed find a fringe shift, which Einstein had to explain by a highly complicated application of general relativity theory. But by then Einstein was well on his way to deification, and today Michelson–Gale is rarely mentioned.

What is now needed is a rerun of the Michelson–Morley experiment, with the Beckmann theory put to the test. The famous experiment was repeated by physicists at the University of Colorado in 1979, on a rotating table and using laser light. Unexpected perturbations were detected, but attributed to other causes. One of the experimenters, Dr. John L. Hall of the Joint Institute for Laboratory Astrophysics, a leading expert on speed-of-light experiments, says that Beckmann "has made a serious effort to reduce relativity thinking to an objective environment, in which measurements can be made and his theory put to the test." He has suggested that Michelson–Morley should be repeated on an orbiting satellite.

The experiment would be crucial because, if Beckmann is correct, the much greater velocity with which a satellite passes through the Earth's gravitational field (a satellite's "day" is ninety minutes) would increase by a factor of four hundred the fringe shift that Beckmann would expect to find. "Such an experiment would not prove that Beckmann is right," Hall added, "but it sure could prove that he is wrong." By the same token, it could also prove that Einstein is wrong. Let's hope that Hall gets the opportunity to do the experiment.

■ NB: Those who would like to try to collect the $2,000 reward can reach Beckmann at: P.O. Box 251, Boulder, Colo. 80306; and Hayden at: Physics Department, Storrs, Conn. 06269. Incidentally, Beckmann publishes *Galileian Electrodynamics*, a bi-monthly journal on the topics raised herein. □

All Over? Not Quite

BRIAN CROZIER

BEFORE ME as I write is the issue of *NR* dated March 16, 1973. It shows COLD WAR in graphic blocks of ice, melting. The title: "The End of the Cold War?" The author? No prizes.

Five-plus years later, Priscilla Buckley invited me to take over the "Protracted Conflict" column from Jim Burnham, whom I regarded, and still regard, as my only mentor in the art of thinking straight about politics.

Seventeen years after my cover story, the general consensus has removed the question mark, and not for the first time. In the eyes of earlier sages (I am thinking, for instance, of one Louis J. Halle, author of an elegantly written and deeply misleading book, *The Cold War as History*), the cold war was already over in the 1960s, courtesy of Nikita Khrushchev.

Today, journalists and politicians alike refer daily to "the post-cold-war period," meaning now. So, is "The Protracted Conflict" truly over at last, third time round? My answer is: No, not quite. What has happened is that the Soviet Union, which in 1944 launched what Burnham called World War III, precursor of the cold war, has been spectacularly losing it over the past few years. I wish I could say that we, the West, have been winning, but that's not the way it is.

The clues to Mikhail Gorbachev's strategy are all there, if we will only take the trouble to look. First: Gorbachev is a Leninist. He has said so, repeatedly. In a virtually unreported speech on February 13, 1987, he compared the disastrous situation at that time with the situation Lenin faced in 1918, which forced him to sign the Treaty of Brest–Litovsk with the victorious Germans. Like Lenin, comrades (he said, in effect), we will make sacrifices, and resume our forward march later.

His talk of a "common European home" is strictly Leninist, as is his current parasitical coexistence: hoping the West will pay for the free market which, kicking and screaming, he is now being forced to inject into the sclerotic Marxian economy.

There is, however, a big snag: only tiny, feeble attempts have been made so far to convert the enormous Soviet arms industry to civilian needs. In a speech at the 28th Party Congress on July 3, Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze made two shattering revelations.

The first was that the Soviet Union had been spending 25 per cent of its GNP on "defense" (far higher than the highest CIA estimates). His other revelation, however, was more directly relevant to the Protracted Conflict/Cold War/Peaceful Coexistence issue. Indeed, he provided us with yet another synonym for our thesaurus. Over the past twenty years, he said, the Soviet Union had spent 700 *billion* rubles on "ideological confrontation" with the West. Divide by twenty, and you get a cold-war budget of 35 billion rubles a year. True, Moscow cab drivers don't take rubles these days, but even if you do some deflationary arithmetic, you get a tidy sum going to active measures, disinformation, and dirty tricks. In other words, to the cold war.

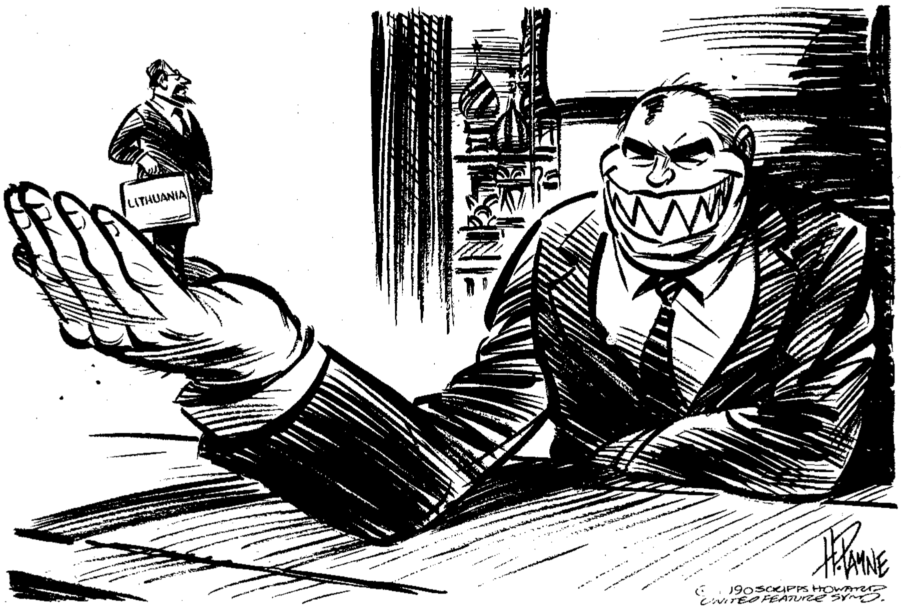
Now, up to the present, there is absolutely no sign that the vast machine handling this kind of activity has been dismantled. Indeed, it is known to be ticking over, mainly but not entirely in Third World countries. And it would be surprising if it were not so, considering that the restructuring of this apparatus was Gorbachev's top priority under *perestroika*.

So, do we really want to pay for the cold war to continue? If we do, then we shall provide financial aid to the Soviet Union without linkage. If we don't, the relevant linkage is easy to define: it means the verifiable disbanding of Service A (for Active Measures) of the KGB and the rest of the cold-war apparatus.

If you say that this is impossible so long as the unelected Party and its unelected president are still in office, then I can only agree. The system is unreformable. Be kind to History: let the system die. Let something new take its place: perhaps a commonwealth of Slavic States (Russia, the Ukraine, Byelorussia), with peripheral republics (Georgia, Azerbaidzhan, Armenia, Uzbekistan, etc.) linked with it

---

Mr. Crozier, author of The Gorbachev Phenomenon, *has written "The Protracted Conflict" since 1978.*


LITHUANIA
H. PAYNE
© 1990 SCRIPPS HOWARD UNITED FEATURE SYND.

"COMRADE GORBACHEV HAS A NICE SMILE, BUT HE'S GOT IRON TEETH." — ANDREI GROMYKO

or not. In this set-up, Boris Yeltsin, the man who tore up his Party card, will be the new man the West can "do business with" (to quote Mrs. Thatcher's unfortunate phrase).

The Last Bastions

MEANWHILE, how does Communism fare outside the Soviet Union? So far, the only European countries in which it has collapsed are Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and of course East Germany. East Germany was lucky: it had a rich, democratic big brother ready to take over and pick up the tab. Indeed, Chancellor Kohl bought some pretty imposing linkage for those billions of D-Marks: nobody expected reunification to come that fast. Others are learning about capitalism and democracy the hard way.

In Rumania and (to a lesser degree) in Bulgaria, the Communists changed their name, monopolized the media, intimidated the voters, and had themselves elected into apparently legitimate power. In all of those countries, including the ones that did break away, the KGB and the local security and intelligence services played the leading role in provoking the upheavals that brought the hated regimes crashing down. It was the Brezhnev Doctrine in reverse, demolishing "socialism" instead of sending in the Soviet Army to preserve it, so that the West could see something fundamental had changed.

All the Eastern European secret services were created by Stalin's NKVD; all worked for the KGB under central control starting in 1964. There is strong evidence that the remnants of all of them have been absorbed by Gorbachev's KGB. That, too, is part of the cold-war apparatus.

Political *perestroika*, meanwhile, reached distant countries in the Soviet Union's peripheral empire this year. Even the ruthless Ethiopian dictator, Mengistu Haile Mariam, announced in March that a multi-party system would be acceptable—though the continuing civil war isn't making any such change easier. The huge but sparsely populated Mongolian People's Republic (the very first Soviet satellite, set up in 1924) took the plunge in July with elections that pushed the ruling People's Revolutionary Party to the sidelines after seventy years of untrammeled power.

The aged leaders of the Chinese People's Republic showed what they thought of *perestroika* with last year's massacre in Tiananmen Square. Alone of the Communist regimes, China's is independent of Soviet subsidies, having in effect opted out of satellite status with the Sino-Soviet rift of 1960–61. After the rift, Red China went into the revolution business in Southeast Asia, Africa, and Latin America. But this "competitive subversion" died down in the 1970s, with the significant exception of Kampuchea, where Peking supported the Khmer Rouge through Pol Pot's genocidal regime. Even now, China shelters Pol Pot and arms the Khmer Rouge. No solution to the Kampuchean problem is conceivable without Peking's consent.

It seems unlikely that the Chinese Communists will resume their old policy of external subversion in the short term. Should they still be in power when Hong Kong comes under Chinese sovereignty in 1997, however, this could change. But will the Communist regime survive? The economic consequences of the Tiananmen massacre have been dire. Next time round, the People's Liberation Army will not necessarily side with the survivors of Mao Tse-tung's Long March.

In neighboring Vietnam (as indeed in Laos), the Communist regime retains its hold. Despite its military evacuation of Kampuchea, it remains a player in the game of Kampuchean independence.

In North Korea, Kim Il Sung, now 75, tried tentatively a couple of years ago to break out of his country's isolation by attracting Western tourists and investment. This provoked a split between hard-liners and "liberals." After the repression in China, Pyongyang's hard-liners duly reasserted their ascendancy. Despite the recent meeting of North and South Koreans at Panmunjom of Korean War memory, Kim's problem is insoluble: how to preserve a family dictatorship, comparable in ruthlessness with Ceausescu's, and also open the country to the rich world outside.

Afghanistan remains a special case. Although the Soviet Union tacitly conceded defeat by withdrawing its invading force, American diplomacy handed strategic victory to the Communist side. The Shultz–Shevardnadze Accords of 1988 ruled out continuing U.S. supplies to the *mujahedin*, while enabling Soviet supplies to the Najibullah regime to continue.

Fidel Castro's Cuba has been by far the most active and effective of the Soviet surrogates in the Third World. From the start, Castro made it clear that he rejected Gorbachev's policies of *perestroika* and *glasnost*. Castro was powerless, however, to prevent last February's electoral defeat of his protégés, the Sandinistas, in Nicaragua, as he was powerless to prevent the transformation of little liberated Grenada. Before the events in Eastern Europe, Cuba was receiving aid from the Soviet Union at the rate of some $4 to $5 billion a year (roughly what Vietnam was costing Moscow at the same time). Now, the Cuban dictator is in deep crisis. Soviet deliveries of oil have been cut, depriving the Cubans of a surplus for re-export—their biggest source of hard currency.

A Soviet commission now in session is reviewing Moscow's preferential terms for trade with Cuba. As recently as August 13, however, Gennadi Yanayev, of Gorbachev's Politburo, told *Pravda* that U.S. attempts to link economic ties with the USSR to its abandonment of economic cooperation with Cuba were "totally unacceptable." Back to the cold war.

Old habits do die hard. The Soviets were deeply involved in the major offensive launched by the Communist MPLA government in Angola against the anti-Communist UNITA guerrillas of Jonas Savimbi last December and stretching into the spring.

And it is worth reflecting that the Soviets still see South Africa as one of their ultimate prizes. The other day Joe Slovo, the Lithuanian-born leader of South Africa's Communist Party (a close ally of Nelson Mandela's ANC) was in Moscow. Gennadi Yanayev (quoted above) saw him and reaffirmed Soviet solidarity with the South African Communists and the ANC.

The conflict, alas, just goes on protracting. □

What Every Schoolchild Doesn't Know

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

ABOUT THE tragedies of our century, George F. Kennan said that "all the lines of inquiry lead back to World War I." Throughout the previous century, two empires had between them dominated Central Europe and the Near East: the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Ottoman Empire. Once, every schoolchild was taught that breaking up these empires was "a good thing." We are now painfully aware how false that is.

A brief look at the map shows that the immediate practical effect of the breakup was the creation of a mosaic of small countries between Germany and Red Russia, and the fragmentation of the area south of Turkey. But there was more to the destruction of these empires—and particularly the Austro-Hungarian one—than territorial changes. Winston Churchill once remarked that after 1919 all sorts of vermin emerged from the sewers, not only in the heart of Europe but also farther east. Once the Habsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Holstein-Gottorps (Romanovs) were yanked out of the driver's seat, people of a very different stamp took over, and they in turn were replaced by creatures of a lower order yet.

A compromise peace could have been concluded in 1917, except that America's entry into the war had thoroughly changed its character; no longer a "wrestling between nations," it turned into something much more dangerous—a crusade to "make the world safe for democracy." And indeed, throughout Central Europe it did install democracy, a preliminary stage of tyranny, as Plato, Aristotle, and Polybius had prophesied and the French Revolution confirmed.

This was allowed to come about partly because, in the Atlantic nations (especially the United States), an understanding of the Old World *as a whole*, as a live organism, was sadly lacking. Continental history, as an American professor once pointed out, is taught in the United States roughly as French history with frills (the unification of Germany and Italy and the reforms of Peter the Great are thrown in for good measure). All the rest is grossly neglected, and so is geography. To this must be added the language barrier: for someone whose native language is English, German is far more difficult than the Romance languages; the Slavic idioms are immensely more difficult yet, and Hungarian, Finnish, or Turkish can be considered almost out of reach.

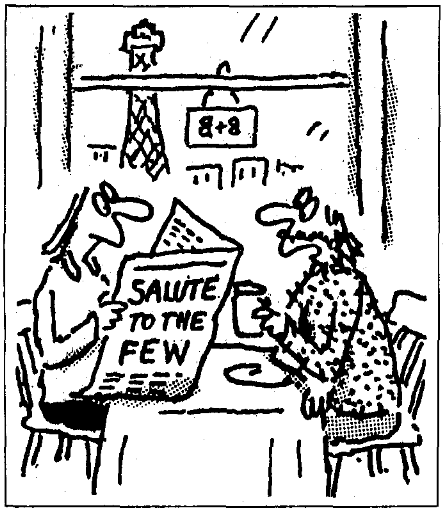
In addition, there was a sectarian prejudice at work. When, during the last century, Austria clashed with Prussia over the dominant role in the Germanies, "advanced," "progressive," "enlightened" opinion sided with Protestant Prussia over Catholic Austria. (It was Kennan again who pointed out that the treatment of Poland by the West after World War II stemmed from the perception of Poland as a Roman Catholic and aristocratic country, and hence practically fascist.)

To understand fully the character of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy is by no means easy. (Two British writers did—Edward Crankshaw, who said that pre–World War I Austria was politically and socially far more "democratic" than England; and C. A. Macartney, who was even able to supervise the translation of his historical books on Hungary into Hungarian.) Austria and Hungary were linked but separate. They had a common army and navy, a common economy and currency, a common foreign policy, and a common ruler. But they had separate laws, separate constitutions, separate stamps, and separate citizenships. In this "dual" political unit there were no fewer than 13 ethnically different nationalities. What united them was the dynasty, the Church, the army, the civil service, and the multi-ethnic nobility.

All this does not mean that the Danubian Monarchy did not have weaknesses that would have had to be repaired. For one thing, it was too centralized. As there was a coronation in Budapest, there should have been others in Prague, Cracow, and Zagreb. But on the whole it was a going concern. The problem was the rise of the educated middle class, which often fell prey to the spirit of ethnic nationalism—even though as subsequent history has shown, often bloodily, new "nations" on ethnic lines could not have been established without massive movements of peoples. Whereas in Western Europe borders are more or less neatly defined, in Central and Eastern Europe they constantly overlap. Frequently a city is predominantly inhabited by people of one ethnic group, the surrounding villages by people of another.

In this simplifying age, it has been argued that multi-ethnic states had

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, the author of Leftism *(soon to be reissued), has been* NR*'s Continental correspondent since the magazine's inception.*



"Well, I'm glad someone's noticed the Liberal Democrat conference."

© Matt, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

become an anomaly, and that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was bound to fly apart with or without the Treaty of Versailles to break it up. To maintain this view, one has to ignore phenomena like the strong cohesion of multi-ethnic Switzerland. Furthermore, the Dual Monarchy did not break up during World War I; it fought together to the bitter end. On the war memorial in Trieste one finds the names of only three or four men who deserted to the other side. The Central Powers were not defeated in the field but starved to death. The author of these lines lived at that time as a child in Baden, seat of the Imperial–Royal Supreme Command, and often cried from hunger. (After the war he was fed by the American Relief Administration under Herbert Hoover.)

The Habsburgs considered themselves to be heirs of the Holy Roman Emperors, and they were able to use their privilege to veto a papal election as late as 1902, when Franz Joseph vetoed the election of Cardinal Rampolla (who could never have handled the modernist problem), thus clearing the way for the election of Pope (Saint) Pius X. The Habsburgs are also *the* German dynasty, having ruled the empire for roughly five hundred years. (The last Austrian emperor's oldest son is now a German delegate to the European Parliament.)

But the democrats had decreed that this must come to an end, and so, following what Denis Brogan rightly called the Second War of the Austrian Succession, the Habsburg "yoke" was removed and the nations that had been under it were left to their unhappy, and in some cases truly gruesome, fates. "There is not one of the peoples and provinces that constituted the Empire of the Habsburgs," Churchill wrote in his memoirs, "to whom gaining their independence has not brought the tortures which ancient poets and theologians had reserved for the damned." They were conquered first by Hitler's army, then by Stalin's.

Twice in this century American soldiers have marched into Europe, and twice their victories have been frittered away by politicians at the green tables. Much could be said, specifically, about the political advisors who in World War I set the scene for World War II—Colonel House, for example, and even more fatally George D. Herron. (Over the years I have studied the 13 boxes of Herron Papers at California's Hoover Institution.) This defrocked socialist clergyman acted as President Wilson's agent in Switzerland and successfully thwarted Austria's peace effort in February 1918. But for him, the lives of nearly a million men could have been saved.

The same is true for Russia. Had Kerensky made peace (which Nicholas II wanted), Russia's Golgotha could have been avoided. But, as in a Greek drama, the tragedy ran its full course, and democracy—that "curious abuse of statistics," as Jorge Luis Borges described it—was installed almost everywhere. When it proved unworkable in Central and Eastern Europe, World War II followed. This Third War of the Austrian Succession transferred the heart of Europe from German to Russian hands.

We are now facing a situation that is, territorially and constitutionally, ominously similar to the situation in 1919. Of the Bourbons, brought back by a victorious military alliance in 1815, it has been said that they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Will the same be true in Central Europe today? Must we expect a repeat performance of the drama enacted between 1919 and 1989, for which the preconditions were established in 1789?

Young Turks

THE FALL of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy has often been mentioned in the same breath with the end of the Ottoman Empire. The analogy has weak points. The Ottoman Empire was by no means so cohesive; and unlike the Danubian Monarchy, it was outside Christendom. Still, there are indeed parallels—mostly in the aftermath. The big Armenian slaughter, for example, took place not under the Ottoman Empire, but under the "democratic" Young Turks, whose motto was Unity and Progress. Under the empire, civil-service careers in Turkey were open to Christians and Jews; under the democratic successors those doors were closed, and the Greeks were expelled.

The territorial changes after the fall of the Ottoman Empire, like those after the fall of the Habsburg Empire, brought hardly any advantages to the world at large. Syria and Lebanon became French colonies; Iraq, Jordan, and Kuwait a British mandate; Palestine a British mandate. The Sultan's nominal sovereignty over Egypt fell into abeyance. Joint American and Soviet "anti-colonialism" saw to it that these colonies and protectorates soon became "sovereign nations." We are reaping the whirlwind today. ☐

Why Ukraine Must Be Independent

RADEK SIKORSKI

DROGOBYCH, a town of seventy thousand in Western Ukraine, could be the capital of Ruritania. Its steeples rise at the feet of the Carpathians, in what was, in the nineteenth century, the easternmost corner of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It has little to boast of apart from being the birthplace of Bruno Schultz, a Polish writer of Jewish origins, who was shot by the Nazis in one of Drogobych's sleepy streets.

On the steps of the medieval church I strike up a conversation with another Pole, a peasant-type who has

---

Mr. Sikorski has been NR's *roving correspondent since 1989.*

just returned here for the first time in half a century. "I was only a boy in 1939, working in my garden, and then I saw blood," he says, gesticulating wildly. "The river was full of blood; I thought they were slaughtering pigs or cows." Then he grasps my sleeve and pulls me toward the old Austrian courthouse. We pass the town hall, where a mound of rubble was left on the forecourt after the demolition of the Lenin statue earlier in the week. "No, not that way." He suddenly changes direction. "It's the KGB headquarters opposite and they are still there." We circle round the courthouse and the huge Drogobych synagogue—now a furniture store—and pass through a tangle of gardens and narrow alleys. A crowd huddles round a few hastily built sheds next to the imposing courthouse—now a teacher-training college. The open sheds shelter an exhibition: neatly stacked thigh bones shoulder high; a heap of shoes, their leather dried out and twisted; a shelf filled with dozens of skulls, a bullet hole in each.

Dr. Volodimir Ilnicky, the local pathologist, clad in a white robe, gives me a tour; here, he picks up two leg bones still tied together with a leather strap, suggesting that the victim was suspended from the ceiling by the legs; there he holds up a skull pierced by a huge nail, which is still inside it; next come two children's skeletons, a pair of women's shoes, a garter belt left on a thigh bone; look—a set of false teeth. We walk round a corner of the building. In this pit—we lean over the edge of a deep hole with layers of corpses at the bottom—the bodies date back to 1939–41. Over there—he points to the garden—the graves are much shallower, postwar vintage. More than 250 corpses have already been excavated. He estimates that the final count might exceed one thousand. Dr. Ilnicky, and the activists of the Association of Victims of Stalinist Crimes who have risked their lives to make the massacre known, have argued that, in view of the refusal of the Lviv procurator's office to proceed with the case, an international commission should come to investigate.

Not that there is much doubt who is to blame. From the time the Soviet Army entered Drogobych under the Ribbentrop–Molotov pact in September 1939 until the late Fifties, the courthouse was the KGB headquarters. In the first few days, priests, teachers, army officers, anybody who was educated or well dressed was rounded up. But in the common graves, Italian combs, English shirt buttons, and women's fashionable shoes mingle with peasants' clogs and poor men's wooden cigarette holders. When the Nazis came in 1941, Tadeusz Hutkiewicz, now a shriveled old man, came to look for his brother. "Those corpses that were still fresh, they allowed families to take away. They buried the rest." When the Soviet army returned in 1945 his curiosity earned him 18 years in a Siberian labor camp, where he lost a leg from the frost. He ekes out an existence on 31 rubles per month ($50 at the official rate of exchange, less than $2 at the market rate).

Now that Rukh, the Ukrainian national movement, is taking over local government, such grisly discoveries can be expected in dozens of towns. Only now can we appreciate the full perversion of the Soviet regime's participating in the Nuremberg war trials as the accuser. Hitler never got much beyond Ukraine into Russia. When Soviet officials brandish the magic figure of twenty million dead in World War II as their claim to respectability and empire, they never add that a majority of those were non-Russians, most of them Ukrainians.

Few countries have suffered so many misfortunes in such quick succession. Pity a man like Mr. Hutkiewicz, born in Ukraine in 1909. He remembers the battles of World War I's Eastern front, counter-revolutionary armies marching to and fro, Poland's Pilsudski fighting it out with Trotsky. Waves of famine in the 1920s and 1930s, collectivization, purges. Hitler's invasion. Purges again when the Communists return. Chernobyl. To a Ukrainian, this century is a litany of horrors, most of them brought about by Moscow.

They have changed Ukraine's very landscape. One has to come here to realize how much for granted one takes the ordinary layout of the European countryside. There are no churches here for villages to huddle round. No narrow avenues from the days of the horsecart. No hedges, no boundaries between peasant fields. Instead, one messy concrete suburb with smoke-spewing factories, dilapidated slogans, and huge Lenin statues.

Years of brainwashing have come close to achieving their aim. At the collective farm near Kiev dedicated to the memory of the 25th Party Congress, sickly animals live in conditions that would give any visiting animal-rights activist a heart attack. Farm women show mouths full of gold teeth when they smile good-naturedly. "What was here before the Revolution?" I ask one of them, intrigued by an unusual cobbled avenue lined with trees leading to the gate—which suggests a former estate.

"Before the Revolution?" Her brow furrowed as she tried to think to a past so distant. "For sure there must always have been a collective farm here." Workers like her were supposed to rule the country. Instead their minds have been wiped clean; they are grateful to be alive. Such ignorance is hard to encounter outside of Africa. Except that here civilization was deliberately destroyed—on orders from Moscow.

Nation without a State

TODAY Ukrainians are the largest nation on earth without a state, and the reason for it is clear. Ukraine's territory accounts for only 6 per cent of the USSR, and its fifty million inhabitants for under 20 per cent of the population. But its soil yields one-third of all of Soviet agricultural production, while its industry yields one-fifth of the country's gross domestic product. It's the linchpin of the Soviet empire, just as it was the linchpin of the Russian empire before. The Kremlin knows this and has directed most of its energy toward holding on to it. The Soviet Union would still be a superpower without the Baltic states, Transcaucasia, or even Muslim Central Asia. Without Ukraine, however, while Russia could still be a rich and powerful state, the imperial bureaucracy and Gorbachev's own office of Union president would no longer be needed.

The Shatalin plan, heralded by many in the West as a blueprint for bold reform, is in fact, according to Boris Markov from the Ukrainian parliament's economic commission, no more than a plan for keeping the empire together. Markov points to the crucial sections in small print. Moscow would retain a monopoly on foreign trade and foreign currency transactions, and its central bank could dictate economic policies every bit as strictly as Gosplan ever did. Moreover, under the Shatalin plan all so-called Union industries—comprising most of each republic's industry—would continue to be run from Moscow, albeit now by a state holding company instead of the ministry. The result would be that most of any industry worth having would still be Moscow's property. Men like Mr. Markov know only too well that sovereignty, if it is to be more than a slogan, must include a separate currency and economic policy for Ukraine. His commission is preparing a packet of laws to pave the way for Ukraine's economic independence.

At the Kiev motorcycle factory, production has stopped. Two thousand unfinished motorcycles crowd the warehouses and forecourts—leather seats, speedometers, and fuel filters have not been delivered by various subcontractors around the Soviet Union. The situation is typical. The ruble has simply ceased to be a currency anybody will trade in, and factories increasingly switch to barter deals. They could, of course, persuade their suppliers to deliver the necessary parts if they could pay with real money—but to do that Ukraine would have to have its own (sensibly managed) currency. The Balcerowicz reform in neighboring Poland, which has made a hard currency out of the *zloty* in a matter of months, is bound to persuade an increasing number of Ukrainian managers that economic independence from Moscow is indeed the only cure for all their ills.

Dan Reed 1990

Dan Reed

But Ukraine's dependence pre-dates the Revolution and is not only a matter of Communist tyranny. Non-Communist Russians are ambivalent about Ukraine. In his manifesto to the Russian nation published recently in the *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, Solzhenitsyn has called the Ukrainians and their culture "a product of Mongol invasions and Polish colonization." While apparently opposing holding on to Ukraine by force, Solzhenitsyn argues that a straightforward referendum cannot be permitted to settle the issue. Each city and county would have to decide separately for a free Ukraine or for union with Russia. Such apparently reasonable proposals amount to a blueprint for partition and civil war. They also tell us something about Solzhenitsyn's conception of what constitutes a nation. It's not enough that someone says he is a Ukrainian, not a Russian, and has had enough of Moscow's *Diktat*. A nation is a nation only if it fulfills a gamut of racial, linguistic, and historical conditions. After the Communist attempt to blend the Soviet Union's subject races into an ahistoric *Homo sovieticus*, older claims to leadership among Eastern Slavs have to be resuscitated.

My Enemy, My Friend

IN A TINY HOVEL inside a heap of crumbling concrete and rusting plumbing that passes for a Soviet housing estate near Kiev, I meet Levko. He is young, blond, and high-cheekboned. Levko had been a sniper in Afghanistan and was decorated for eliminating more than sixty *mujahedin*. He served in 1986 and 1987 in an armored brigade around Jalalabad, at the same time and in the same area where I had lived among his enemies. His task had been to protect convoys on the mountainous road to Kabul. I had photographed guerrillas ambushing convoys on that road.

"Only now do we realize how wrong we were to have fought there," he told me. The majority of his friends, Afghan veterans, have also seen the light. Today Levko is part of a group meeting twice a week in a gym or in the woods. "There are about three hundred of us on this housing estate. If the leadership fails to make a Ukrainian national army out of a part of the Soviet army, we are getting ready to start one from scratch."

Panic in the Ranks

AFTER THE elections this March in which democratic procedures were observed in only a minority of constituencies, the Communist Party *apparat* retained control of parliament, and got the idea of devising an empty proclamation of sovereignty, hoping by that means to pre-empt the winds of change blowing from Moscow. But as so often, the attempt at a controlled change of front has degenerated into panic and a rout. The Communists are having to make concessions to Rukh, and their bogus declaration is every day putting on more flesh.

Ukraine must be independent not only for the sake of the Ukrainians themselves, or justice. Unless Ukraine is free, Russia will never be free either. The kind of people that will have to be given power in Moscow to hold down Ukraine by force—generals, secret policemen, ideologues—are hardly known for their democratic sentiments. Russia is facing a daunting choice: empire or democracy. For the first time ever, Russian people themselves are having some say in the matter, and so far their sympathies are clear: Gorbachev's popularity has been steadily sinking at the expense of Boris Yeltsin's—the first Russian political leader for generations who has dared to question Russia's need of empire.

The West, having won the cold war and forced the Soviet Union to withdraw from its external empire, also faces a fundamental question: whether to accept the Soviet Union's claim to be a normal country, or face the reality of having to direct the decolonization of the world's last empire.

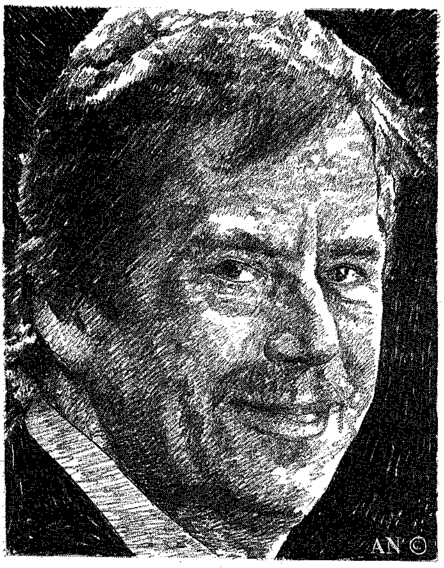
As so often, the West sees stability in other nations' tyranny. We will not gain the gratitude of the Soviet Union's subject peoples, or the friendship of their future ruling elites, if we continue to support Moscow's dead hand. It is worse than immoral: it is inexpedient. Instead of lending money to the Gustav Husaks and Milos Jakeses in the Kremlin, we should back Ukraine's, and other republics', future Vaclav Havels. ☐

Havel Living in Truth

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

MAYBE OUR cultural salvation will come from the East. That is the wan hope whispered by some who have given up on a decadent West mired in materialism and blinded by debonair nihilism. Some who look to the East believe they are taking their cue from Pope John Paul II. Clearly, he is the man of the decade who, beginning in his native Poland, nurtured the rumor of human dignity that exploded in the Revolution of 1989. John Paul has spoken frequently, if somewhat elliptically, about recovering the Christian soul of Europe, meaning both East and West. Here and there he slips in almost mystical references to the coming of the Third Millennium and its promise of spiritual instauration. Soon he will be convening a synod of bishops from the newly liberated and near-liberated countries of Central and Eastern Europe. There are intimations of something momentous afoot.

During the years of totalitarian rule, the churches, for all their compromises, were the chief sanctuary for the human spirit. Here was at least a little space in which to breathe the air of freedom. One thinks, of course, of the Roman Catholic Church in Poland, Lithuania, and elsewhere. But there was also the Lutheran Church in East Germany, the Calvinists in Hungary, the Baptists in the Soviet Union, and, throughout vast regions of the East, the Orthodox churches. The Orthodox were most severely compromised by the regimes they served. But even bishops and priests who took their orders from the KGB had no choice but to cense the icons of the One Who died and rose again in defiance of the principalities of darkness. In the cracks of that contradiction of loyalties was the space that prevented totalitarianism from being total.



Alan Nahigan

After the Revolution of 1989, however, the churches no longer have a monopoly on the good, the true, and the beautiful. Numerous other spaces have opened up, and freedom is being tested by whether the cause of human dignity, no longer the preserve of heroic believers, will be embraced by a liberated citizenry. The indisputably good news is that some of the wisest thinkers in the West—George Orwell and Hannah Arendt, for example—turned out to be wrong about Communism in at least two respects. First, totalitarian regimes, once in place, are not irreversible. Second, after many decades of trying, totalitarianism did not produce the New Socialist Man, that mindless, soulless cipher of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

A Man Could Stand Up

FROM BENEATH the rubble have emerged human beings very much like ourselves, except, just maybe, made stronger by the long night of oppression. In the light of 1989, much has been made of the vindication of market economics and democratic governance. Largely overlooked is the vindication of the resilience of the human spirit. Great numbers of people had for a long time crouched and shuffled under the whips of their masters. The great good news is that they never got used to it. The moment the whips—or, more precisely, the Soviet guns—were removed, they stood up to declare themselves men and women incorrigibly unhabituated to the denial of their humanity. This momentous standing up, this adamant assertion of the human spirit, is the phenomenon, to which markets and democracy, however important, are but instrumental epiphenomena. The defeat of Communism is not in its failure to impose a new definition of economics and politics, but in its failure to impose a new definition of humanity.

Few understand this so well as Vaclav Havel, playwright, essayist, political prisoner, and now president of Czechoslovakia. The West, and Americans in particular, are understandably pleased that the liberated countries have adopted us as their tutors in everything from the making of constitutions to the making of widgets. It is all very flattering, but we should not be deceived. We should not make the mistake of believing our own advertisements. Without indulging the old nonsense of "moral equivalence" between the sins of East and West, and while being unabashedly grateful that the free world has prevailed, in this moment of historic transformations it is good to remind ourselves that we have much to learn as well as much to teach. And, if we forget to remind ourselves, we should permit ourselves to be reminded by the likes of Vaclav Havel.

Havel has received a mixed reception from thinkers in the West. Conservatives have complained that you cannot trust a man who has posters of John Lennon and the Beatles in his private office. They fail to understand that, during the long and terrible night of oppression, even "The Yellow Submarine" spoke of freedom. Intellectuals on the Left will never forgive Havel because he refused to join a "peace movement" that was in the pay of the oppressors, and because he now refuses to go along with the pretense

---

Mr. Neuhaus, NR's *religion editor since 1986, is editor of* First Things.

that "authentic socialism" can be rescued from the catastrophe that is socialism. As if he did not have critics enough, some Christians complain that Havel is disturbingly reticent about whether he is a Christian, or even believes in God. Havel and God know the state of his soul, but Christians would do well to remember that spiritual and moral truth, wherever it is found, is finally in accord with the truth revealed, and is therefore to be affirmed.

Havel's most important essays from 1975 to 1985 are collected in *Living in Truth* (Faber and Faber). In the decade and more before 1989, three phrases attained almost talismanic status among dissidents in the East: "living in truth," "naming good and evil," and "reconstituting civil society." This, according to Havel, is "the power of the powerless." The powerless can simply refuse to live by the terms of the Big Lie; they can, with deliberate naïveté, retranslate ideological jargon back into fundamental judgments about good and evil; and they can attend to what Burke called "the little platoons," thus asserting higher allegiances that frustrate the ambitions of the totalitarian state.

"The singular, explosive, incalculable political power of living within the truth," Havel wrote then, "resides in the fact that living openly within the truth has an ally, invisible to be sure, but omnipresent: this hidden sphere." Reference to the "hidden sphere" runs through his essays. The regime that harassed, banned, and jailed him, he wrote, "follows the direction of *entropy*, it goes *against* the direction of *life*." It is driven, he said, by a concealed *death principle*, most lethally concealed from itself under piles and piles of vaulting slogans and grand designs, in the service of which people, who are after all just people, are subordinated. To live in the truth is to give free rein to "the restlessness of transcendence." It is the simple act of standing up, even when the System seems impregnable. Especially when the System seems impregnable. Reading these essays, we recall that nobody, even a matter of months prior to its happening, anticipated that the walls would come tumbling down when they did. Most in the tattered company of dissidents expected to die marching around Jericho.

But now Vaclav Havel is the elected president of the conquered fortress. Then he celebrated "the politics of anti-politics." Now he must practice the politics of politics. One hopes he goes back to read, from time to time, *Living in Truth*. More particularly, one hopes that those whose vocation it is to think and write and bear witness will read *Living in Truth*. In a 1985 essay, Havel wrote witheringly about the intellectual who wants to play with the big boys in the real world, who "attempts to smuggle his truth into the world of service to power." Such an intellectual becomes a dreamer playing at tactics. "A dreamer playing at tactics is a minister without a ministry, a general without an army, a president without a republic. Alienated from his role as a witness of history, yet unwelcome in the role of its organizer, he finds himself in a strange vacuum—outside the credibility of power and outside the credibility of truth."

Now we will see whether Vaclav Havel—with a republic, with influence over ministerial portfolios, and even with an army—will show us how to live, at the same time, in power and in truth. Meanwhile, his writings are of great cautionary and edifying force. Although formally an unbeliever, Havel is, like the Pope, a believer. That is to say, he *knows* something about the hidden sphere. He therefore knows how foolish was the realism of the tyrant who, half a century ago, asked how many divisions the Pope had. He knows how foolish are the sophisticated analysts of the present who explain the Revolution of 1989 primarily, or even exclusively, by reference to economic and military forces. He knows the simple power of men and women standing up to live in the truth. Whether in defeat or in triumph, they are surrounded by an invisible ally.

The cultural and spiritual debilitation of the West, largely inflicted upon us by our secular and religious clerisy, will not be remedied by the East. But those coming out from the long night of totalitarianism do not come empty handed. Like Vaclav Havel, they bring testimony to the transcendent sources of human dignity. If we listen carefully, the conviction may grow upon us that the defeat of Communism means not the vindication of what we are but the promise of what we might become in the now impending Third Millennium. ☐

Recovering America

JEFFREY HART

WE HAVE LIVED through a calamitous though brilliant and dramatic century, and I have a sense that we are catching our breath after all the *Sturm und Drang*. This century in America has been in many ways like the seventeenth in Europe, with its religious wars, social upheavals, and intellectual transformations. "'Tis all in pieces," wrote John Donne, "all coherence gone." Not surprisingly, twentieth-century artists have felt an intense affinity for the styles of the seventeenth century, characterized by strain, violent juxtapositions, and sudden epiphanies—bolts of illumination in a hurricane.

But, all of a sudden, it's over. And not coincidentally, perhaps the style of High Modernism is over as well. A taste for Impressionism returns to the galleries and the auctions.

We rub our eyes and gaze afresh at our *fin-de-siècle* landscape, and we understand what it was all about. No getting around it. The central fact of the twentieth century was totalitarianism. The historic mission of the United States was to defeat it. Human dignity and civilized values required nothing less. Was the defeat inevitable? Perhaps. Yet it sometimes seemed, as Wellington said of Waterloo, "a damned close-run thing."

Among the major nations, totalitarianism reached its apogee with Hitler, Stalin, and Mao. For those of us who have lived through their period, their effect on our lives was enormous.

However decorated with varied doctrines, their systems conveyed a single message: the State is everything, and the individual has meaning only in

Mr. Hart, an NR *senior editor since 1968, is the author of* From This Moment On.

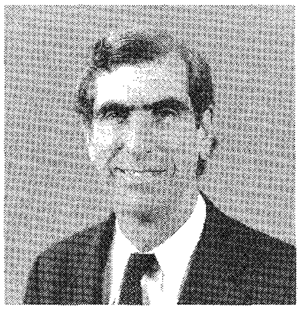
THE FEDERALIST SOCIETY

J. MADISON

presents

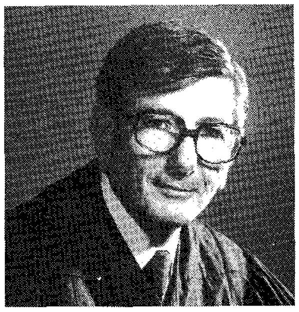
LEGAL SYSTEMS IN TRANSITION: NEW DIRECTIONS FOR EASTERN EUROPE

Fourth Annual Lawyers Convention
November 30 and December 1, 1990
Hotel Inter-Continental
New Orleans, Louisiana



Hon. C. Boyden Gray

Hon. Michael Novak



Judge Alvin Rubin

Participants include:

Mr. Pavel Bratinka
Czechoslovakian Legislature

Judge James Buckley
U.S. Court of Appeals
for the D.C. Circuit

Professor Richard Epstein
University of Chicago
Law School

Hon. C. Boyden Gray
White House Counsel

Mr. Michael Horowitz
Windels, Marx, Davies & Ives

Judge Alex Kozinski
U.S. Court of Appeals
for the Ninth Circuit

Hon. Edwin Meese III
former U.S.
Attorney General

Mr. Michael Novak
American Enterprise
Institute

Judge Alvin Rubin
U.S. Court of Appeals
for the Fifth Circuit

. . . and many others

Topics include:

I. The Judiciary and the Role of the Rule of Law
II. Property Rights and the New Legal Order
III. Executive and Legislative Structure in the New Eastern European Governments
IV. Federalism and Separativism: Responses to Ethnic and Cultural Diversity
V. Environmental Problems in Eastern Europe

For Registration and
Accommodation information
contact:

The Federalist Society
1700 K Street, N.W., Suite 901
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 822-8138

Registration Fees

Conference Registration	
Dues-paying member	$30.00
Non-member	$50.00
(add $10 to fee postmarked after November 15)	
Friday evening banquet	$40.00
Saturday lunch	$20.00

terms of the State. *"Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer."* These states strove to organize total power under central control, and they succeeded to a degree undreamed of by old-fashioned tyrants. Thus organized, they were responsible for the deaths of an estimated 150 million people. They spread war, revolution, and slaughter. When you were born into the twentieth century, you were handed a ticket to a rather special show. The totalitarians threatened the existence of civilization, as the word is understood.

But now they are gone. "Thus Ben and la Clara *a Milano* / by the heels at Milano." Hitler and Eva in the bunker. The USSR in bankruptcy. Unsmiling gazes surrounding Peking. To be sure, cleaning up the debris will take decades. But Saigon will one day be Saigon again, and Leningrad will be St. Petersburg.

England's "finest hour," in Churchill's phrase, occurred when it successfully resisted Hitler. A. E. Housman's lines surely apply here: "Their shoulders held the sky suspended; / They stood, and earth's foundations stay."

Our own finest hour as a nation lasted some forty years. Here and abroad, the enemy was vastly more powerful—in numbers, material resources, and doctrinal appeal—than National Socialism or Japanese imperialism ever could have been. Communist power was depressingly formidable, stretching from Vladivostok to the Elbe; winning one-fourth of the vote in France and Italy; winning power in China in 1949. It was not paranoia that made Whittaker Chambers believe he was joining the losing side. But now it is gone, in a moment that recalls the sudden end of the Wars of Religion at the Peace of Westphalia.

The honor roll of Americans and others who did their duty over this forty-year period now stretches into the disappearing distance, men often far from perfect and far from clear-sighted. They include the postwar Presidents; also such men as George Kennan, George Marshall, Dean Acheson, John Foster Dulles, Dean Rusk, Henry Kissinger; also the pilots of the Berlin Airlift, and the men who fought in Korea and in Vietnam. The forty-year struggle was of course energized by a productive free economy, which, in the end, pushed the Soviet Union into bankruptcy. At the end of the colossal process, Ronald Reagan gave the shove that pushed Communism down the drain of history. "They stood, and earth's foundations stay."

As a result, however, we now confront an entirely new agenda, most importantly I think, here at home.

In the twentieth century we have fought four large and many small wars. In fact, we have been at war during much of the century. One consequence of this has been an enormous increase in the role government plays in our national life. The alphabetical agencies FDR used to combat the Depression were virtually identical to those Woodrow Wilson had used to organize our effort in World War I.

"I'm going to play Rachmaninoff's most difficult composition. Please excuse my old piano teacher who's laughing hysterically in the second row."

Accordingly, as this century has unfolded, a new orthodoxy has come to expect comprehensive government. The *political* system is held to be responsible for farmers' income, for health and education, for the distribution of art, for housing the homeless, for curing AIDS—and let's pause there. Listening to some advocates, I get the impression that Ronald Reagan and Cardinal O'Connor are responsible for AIDS. In actuality, we know what forms of individual behavior are responsible for AIDS, and so far as I know neither O'Connor nor Reagan has engaged in such behavior.

The task before us, accordingly, is to recover a sense of the value of *limited* government. Our Constitution and Bill of Rights, though now crusted over with strange growths, are founded explicitly upon that principle. In that eighteenth-century document one breathes the fresh air of the Enlightenment, of freedom and individual responsibility. The language is uncompromising. Amendment IX: "The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." Amendment X: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Aesthetically and intellectually, this belongs with the equations of Newton and the clear classical lines of Monticello, but it has universal validity today from Peking to Moscow and Prague.

Limited government, as opposed to comprehensive government, depends upon individual responsibility, or what used to be called republican virtues. Going back to AIDS, I could tell you how to eliminate it in ten years without a dime of federal money, but would anybody listen? Or take American education. Of course it is a shambles. I have a cost-free program to solve the problem: *Homework!* That would indeed be a vast program, but not a government one.

It would be symbolically useful in this regard if the President would get rid of his regal trappings, the whole panoply of courtier deference, the "First Lady" nonsense, "Hail to the Chief," etc. Harry Truman used to walk to the corner to buy a newspaper, a citizen like the rest of us.

Becoming American Again

IN THE REALM of our civic culture, another important job lies ahead of us. Our civic culture is in tatters. Earlier in the twentieth century people understood what it meant to *become* an American. This is a momentous thought. You cannot *become* a Frenchman, or an Englishman, but an individual from abroad *can* become an American. This has to do with shared principles and a shared national memory, a pantheon that includes George Washington, Babe Ruth, Jimmy Doolittle, Ernest Hemingway, hot dogs, Gary Cooper. The unusual word "Americanization" once had known content, but this has recently become badly blurred. The idea of *e pluribus unum* seems almost lost. An Aztec priest is not an "American." Joe Louis and Colin Powell are Americans, but someone who, say, changes his name from James Washington to Yusef Mohammad is not. Such spiritual aliens of course should not be physically persecuted, but neither should they be accorded a lazy politeness.

American history, not myths of any sort but real history, should permeate the school and college curriculum. Free institutions did not just happen; they were created out of thought, effort, and sometimes combat. Students should be well acquainted with such heroes of freedom as Madison, Jefferson, Locke, John Paul Jones, John Wesley, Daniel Webster, Lincoln, Grant, Farragut, Spruance. And of course they should be required to be acquainted with the rich tradition of Western civilization itself that lies behind the whole story.

The revival of Americanism is the second large task before us as this century comes to an end. ☐

Class

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

BRITAIN, according to most of the fashionable books on the subject, continues to suffer dreadfully from an antiquated class system which divides the community and holds back the economy. Visiting American journalists of liberal persuasion shake their heads .over such a needless element in the country's troubles; it is, they think, one of the principal features distinguishing Britain from the United States. This has become the received view. Where they start to disagree, partly because the kind of people they meet in Britain disagree, is about the effect of Margaret Thatcher.

There would probably be a consensus that Mrs. Thatcher, a meritocrat of lower-middle-class origin, has been trying to replace the old pattern with a new "enterprise culture," more on American lines. Her admirers would say that she had achieved something but not enough: her detractors would say that the "new class" she has created is a monster, worse than anything which was there before. Some British socialists and liberals have expressed approval of her objective, although not of her methods or the result: conversely, some conservatives join with crocodile-teared socialists in deploring the change she has wrought in the Conservative Party, the abandonment (as they believe) of old-school paternalism in favor of a new-style cult of success.

These are deep waters, or at any rate less shallow than the superficial analyses of the visiting firemen.

Before looking at the conclusions, we should look at the premise. Is Britain's class structure so pervasive and so different from America's? Class does, of course, exist in America, but, because American history is shorter and Americans are more mobile, it has tended to assume simpler forms. Money, as a class indicator, is more important than in Britain. Upper-class homes and clubs in America are assumed to be luxurious: in Britain they are assumed to be shabby. However, the aristocracy of the Old South, although by European standards very shallow-rooted, did and, to some extent, still does survive the ownership of land on which it was based. The rules of the St. Cecilia Society in Charleston are more exclusive than any dowager duchess in Britain would presume to impose.

Rather cruel scenes in which the *nouveaux riches*—think of Wallace Beery forced into white tie and tails—strive to join the nobs have been a standard comic device of American literature and film. To find their equivalents in Britain you would need to go back a hundred years. On the other hand, the scene in *High Society* where Grace Kelly tells Frank Sinatra about the difficulties of the old rich beleaguered by modern taxation could come straight from any postwar British comedy.

Professor Higgins in *My Fair Lady* observes that the moment an Englishman speaks he makes some other Englishman despise him. "This verbal class distinction"—what Nancy Mitford and Professor Ross called "U" and "non-U" ("U" standing for upper class)—is less noticeable among the young, not because of Thatcherism, but because a universal pop-speak has infected the whole generation, along with a degree of inverted snobbery. Children from the best schools, whose American equivalents might be stigmatized as "preppies," are apt to assume a kind of cockney accent: but Etonian cockney, to the well-tuned ear, is not the same as real cockney.

For reasons, again, both historical and geographical, verbal class distinctions in America, except at the extremes, are less clear, but they provide a rich field for linguistic explorers. Americans do not have titles and the *Social Register* is a crude index, but there is a sort of American whose accent and clothes are as unmistakably upper-class as anything you might come across in St. James's Street. Indeed he is very like the denizens of St. James's Street.

As Hollywood repeatedly demonstrates, the finer points of England's social structure (Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are somewhat different) are hard for Americans to grasp. The phony Englishman in *Magnum* makes any real Englishman's toes curl up with embarrassment, and, whenever *Columbo*, *Hart to Hart*, or *Mission Impossible* has visited Britain, the confusion of barons and baronets, policemen and clubmen, has been wondrous to behold. British members of the cast presumably take their money, chuckling, to the bank.

The English Gentlemen

TITLES, though slippery for the uninformed, are not the key to understanding. I had a schoolmaster who claimed that there were only two English words which are untranslatable—"gentleman" and "cant." The English concept of the gentleman has no precise foreign equivalent. The gentlemen of England have never

---

Mr. Lejeune, the author of The Gentlemen's Clubs of London, *has been* NR's *London correspondent since 1957.*

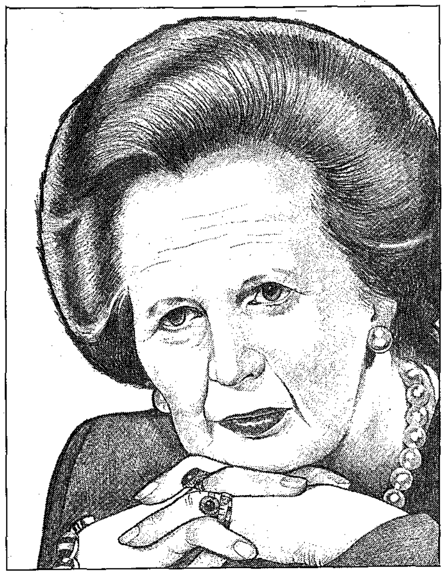
formed an exclusive caste, like minor European nobles. They merge imperceptibly with social classes above and below. They are hospitable to new recruits, provided those recruits adopt the appropriate pattern of life. At the same time, the landed gentry includes many families that are much more genuinely aristocratic than the Peers of the Realm who take formal precedence over them. Politicians, industrialists, and other dubious persons can be ennobled at the stroke of a Prime Minister's pen: but nobody can make an instant gentleman.

The system of primogeniture, however, means that many families without title are closely connected with the older peerage. Gentlemen who would be styled Count in Europe are Mr. in England. Such a continuous spectrum, with no hard edges, no precise definitions, makes for a closely knit society. The class structure has always been firm but permeable, a combination that renders it more kindly and more durable than its equivalent in most other countries.

George Bernard Shaw's characteristically whimsical objection to the class barrier represented by Eliza's cockney accent was eugenic; it limited the gene pool within which people could easily marry. In reality, the chorus girls who married into the peerage, as quite a number did at around the time *Pygmalion* was being written, made admirable peeresses, perhaps because they knew how to play a part. It has always been possible, as Professor Parkinson (of Parkinson's Law) says his father did, to decide to be a gentleman.

With the status go restraints and responsibilities, equally undefined, of which the most traditional is military. As the protagonist of Christopher Hollis's novel *Death of a Gentleman* writes in a last letter to his wife, "Gentlemen are there to be shot at when the shooting's on. Whatever the other duties in which the gentlemen of England have failed throughout their history, at least they have never failed in this." The Rolls of Honor bear him out. By November 1914 no fewer than 80 per cent of the members of the Public Schools Club were on active service: by the end of the war eight hundred had been killed in action. Jan Morris, describing the typical 1930s Oxford undergraduate, who might have been called Carruthers—"the agreeable, stalwart, dependable, salt-of-the-earth young English gentleman, who was not, as it happened, very clever"—ends the passage simply: "Carruthers survived at Oxford until the Second World War, which he won."

Another inherited responsibility was running the Conservative Party. But in the turmoil of the 1960s it was felt that "the grouse-moor image" represented by Harold Macmillan and Lord Home had become an electoral liability. The party managers wanted a "new man" to match the meritocratic leader of the Labor Party, Harold Wilson, with his Yorkshire accent and his trendy speeches about "the white heat of technology." They abandoned the "customary processes" whereby Conservative leaders had previously emerged, substituting election by the Conservative Members of Parliament. Ted Heath, with a similar background to Wilson's, was elected. His premiership ended in disaster, but the door had been opened to a more surprising challenger—Mrs. Thatcher.


Jon Weiman

We must not exaggerate the surprise. The Conservative Party had been led by queer fish before; none queerer than Disraeli. The fact of Mrs. Thatcher's being a woman was controversial, but her social background and radicalism fitted the mood. However, unlike Wilson, she had genuinely strong political convictions, and, unlike Heath, did not change them under pressure. One of those convictions was that many of her colleagues were irredeemably wet; that the old-style Conservatives of the old class (although I'm sure she didn't think of it in those terms) had become defeatist, willing only to fight a rearguard action against the long advance of socialism.

She set about changing her Conservative government, and consequently the whole Conservative Party, into something more like her own image. As one mischievous MP frequently says, the party has "lost a button from its sleeve"; in other words, the new breed wear ready-made suits, not suits from Savile Row. This is not completely true. There are still Old Etonians in the Cabinet: but Thatcherite Conservatives tend to be more ideologically hungry.

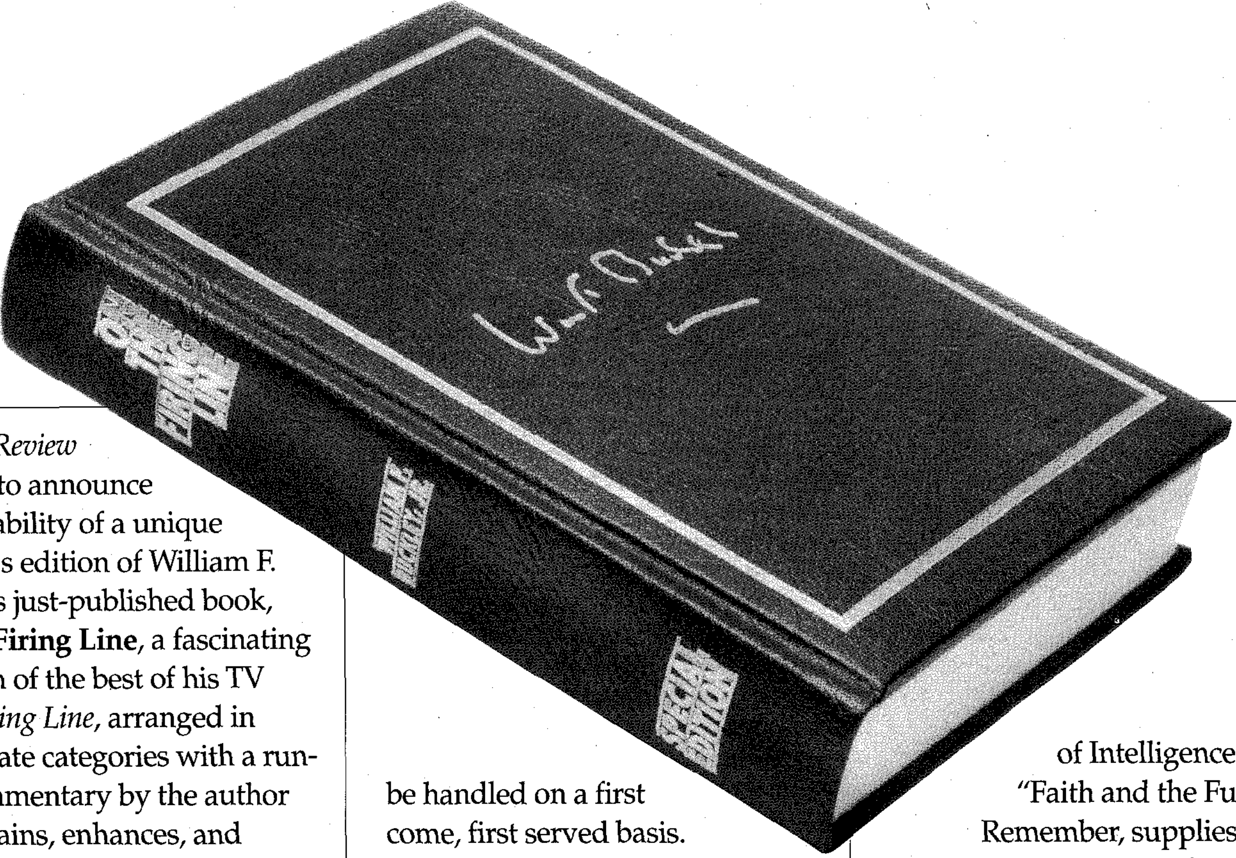
Thatcher's Britain

IF SHE has changed the party, has she also changed the country? In "Thatcher's Britain" is there a new class imbued with the enterprise culture? Both her friends and her enemies would be inclined to say yes, though in different tones of voice.

London's financial district, like New York's, had its "big bang," after which, as though from dragon's teeth, Yuppies sprang up, armed with Porsches and mobile telephones. They included, inevitably, some unattractive specimens, and much of their wealth has proved evanescent. To call them "Thatcher's children" is both unfair and unhistorical. Just the same corner-cutting, money-obsessed types can be found in the novels of Trollope and Galsworthy. At the other end of the scale are the workers in moribund industries, the unmarried mothers, and the feckless young, all those who have come to expect more from the welfare state than the welfare state could ever provide. They too are called "Thatcher's children": but their problems would have existed whatever government was in power.

Mrs. Thatcher's philosophy was originally identified with "monetarism," which quickly became the most misunderstood word in the political vocabulary. Instead of being simply the belief that inflation has a monetary cause, it was taken to mean that money is the measure of all things and that her philosophy was one of material greed. Her real doctrine is quite the reverse. As befits the daughter of a highly respectable provincial shopkeeper with a Non-Conformist Christian upbringing, she regards honest profit-making as a duty that must be performed so that one can attend to other social duties. She has persuaded people that there is no virtue in a

Announcing A Very Special Edition Of William F. Buckley's *On The Firing Line: The Public Life of Our Public Figures.*



National Review is proud to announce the availability of a unique collector's edition of William F. Buckley's just-published book, **On The Firing Line**, a fascinating collection of the best of his TV series *Firing Line*, arranged in appropriate categories with a running commentary by the author that explains, enhances, and entertains. It is a formidable feat, but Mr. Buckley has managed to pull it off in impressive style to give you a highly-readable account of both the issues *and* the debating techniques.

Now you can get your very own copy of this new book handsomely bound in fine leather, stamped in gold, and containing one page of the original manuscript autographed and corrected (by hand) by the author. This holograph is inserted in a pocket inside the front cover. There are only 109 manuscript pages available so all orders will be handled on a first come, first served basis. The cost is $195 per copy while they last.

Relive with WFB historic interviews with Ronald Reagan, Luis Borges, Norman Mailer, John Kenneth Galbraith, Ed Koch, Richard Nixon, Margaret Thatcher, Clare Boothe Luce, Malcolm Muggeridge and a host of others covering such subjects as "The Sixties," "Poverty," "The Struggle for the World," "The Role of Intelligence," and "Faith and the Future."

Remember, supplies are limited to the number of manuscript pages so please don't delay. Just fill out and mail the handy coupon below to order your copy of this unique collector's edition.

Yes, please send me my very own copy of this special, leather-bound edition of Bill Buckley's **On the Firing Line.** I understand that this unique copy will contain a holograph of the original manuscript autographed and corrected (by hand) by the author.
Enclosed is my check for $195.

Send book to:

Name: ____________________

Address: ____________________

City: ____________ State: ______ Zip: ______

Please make checks payable to National Review.

Return to: National Review; Attn: Denise Bealin
150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

badly run business: she has been less successful in persuading them that Christian charity does not consist in spending other people's money. Her achievements are very vulnerable to a change in the economic climate or the political weather.

Because she is not, after all, a philosopher, or Caesar Augustus creating a new order, she has failed to convey or bolster the ideas that would pin the new conservatism to the old, grafting meritocracy onto a class structure which has, in fact, served Britain well. She is on record as saying that, unlike the socialists, she does not believe in "a one-generation society": but in practice, although her government reduced the top rates of income tax so that it became easier to make money, very little has been done to alleviate capital and inheritance taxes. She uses hereditary peers in her administration, but the only new hereditary peerages she has recommended have been for men without sons to inherit them. Her much-needed, but so far unavailing, efforts to improve the standard of elementary education have been explained almost entirely in banausic terms—by the need to fit children for employment. She is always busy. One whole aspect of conservatism—the desire, one might say, to conserve—seems to have passed her by.

Gentility has been described as nothing else than old money; which is not necessarily the cynical comment for which it is often taken. Old money and its conventions do have a special role in society. John Adams said that he studied war, so that his children might study politics and their children might study poetry. A Thatcherite entrepreneur might just as reasonably say that he studied business, so that his children might study politics and their children might study poetry. Something of the sort has been the English tradition: but somehow one cannot imagine Mrs. Thatcher saying it. □

The Smokescreen of Addiction

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

OPPONENTS of smoking have a good case: smoking does increase health risks. Nonetheless, many people continue to smoke. According to non-smokers, they are addicted to nicotine. Is that so?

Many smokers have given up their habit. They managed to surmount the obvious difficulties more easily than people who try to give up overeating. The comparative case hardly suggests an addiction—unless by addiction we mean an ingrained habit and not an ineluctable physical craving, in which case "addiction" becomes a *façon de parler*.

If they are not addicted, why do the remaining smokers not stop, in view of the known health risks? Perhaps some do indeed continue because they have come to crave the effects of nicotine. They really have become addicted and suffer physical difficulties when they stop smoking. However, that is not the case of all smokers. I think it is the case of only a few. Probably most people smoke regardless of, and some even despite, nicotine. I smoke cigars, because I like smoking them. Actually the nicotine annoys me. It prevents me from smoking as many cigars as I would like: doing so would make me too jumpy because of the nicotine. I don't smoke in the evening because the nicotine interferes with my sleep. I would smoke more if someone invented cigars that taste as good as the ones I currently smoke, without the nicotine I'm presumed to crave.

How about alcohol? Like nicotine, alcohol has physiological effects. Many people drink for the sake of these effects, which they like. They want to be "relaxed" by alcohol, or to get drunk. However, I like the taste of wine, beer, liqueur. If someone invented a drink with the taste of these but without alcohol, I would drink far more than I do now. Alcohol does nothing for my mood other than making me tired. (I don't care to get drunk.)

Nobody knows how many smokers smoke despite and not because of nicotine, how many drinkers drink despite and not because of the inebriating effects of alcohol. Why assume that most smokers or drinkers want mainly nicotine or alcohol?

If it is not, at least not always, the nicotine or the alcohol, why do people smoke or drink? Why do babies suck their thumbs? Surely not for nicotine or alcohol. Since being weaned from their mothers' breasts, most people like to put something in their mouths. Some of us satisfy that longing by eating or drinking even when there is no physical need, or by smoking. Some just chew gum. One may exhort smokers to stop because of the health risk. But it is silly to label them addicted because they won't stop. After all, people habitually take many other health risks—in driving, or crossing the street, or eating the wrong foods—without being alleged to be "addicted."

Cui Bono?

ADDICTION is an overextended concept. It appears now to describe any habit we disapprove of, perhaps because "addiction" enables us to disapprove of habits without blaming the person who develops them. A seductive idea: we can blame the dealer or manufacturer who makes a profit (horrors) while conveniently exonerating our friends. They suffer from a disease for which they cannot be blamed, although they volunteer. Not least, there are many juicy jobs for researchers and professionals who will treat, if not cure, addicts for the volitional weakness euphemistically depicted as a disease. They have a considerable stake in the thing.

Perhaps it is too hard for optimistic and rationalistic Americans to face the fact that many people who smoke or drink too much do what they want, even though it is bad for them. Some are self-destructive. Others indulge short-term satisfaction despite long-term risks. Still others are semi-addicted. Sigmund Freud knew that his cigars aggravated his oral cancer. He gave them up for six months but couldn't write. So he resumed. Was it the nicotine? Would nicotine injections have satisfied him? Or was it the act of smoking and the taste of cigars?

Advanced alcoholics are a special case. Often they no longer are able to develop the will power to stop, to resist the temptation to satisfy the need they have developed and which kills

---

Mr. van den Haag, author of Punishing Criminals, *has been an* NR *contributing editor since 1977.*

them. This is true of those addicted to some drugs too. They have to be detoxified before they can stop—if they want to. Even for smokers it becomes progressively more difficult to shake the habit. But, unlike alcoholics, smokers are addicted in a largely metaphorical sense. Perhaps the flesh is weak; temptation is hard to resist. But it may also be that the spirit is not altogether willing.

Real addicts who want to be helped should get all the psychological support—such as Alcoholics Anonymous—we can give. But there is no use pretending that every persistent smoker is a nicotine addict, even though it makes the non-smokers feel better to think so, or that everyone who likes to drink is an alcoholic. Nor is it sensible to believe that either is necessarily sick and cannot help himself. On the contrary, he cannot be helped by others unless he really wants to help himself. Their help consists of supporting his decision. He may not want to make that decision. Those who try to change the habits of the smoker or drinker who does not want to stop may themselves be "addicted" to telling others how to live and die.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. ON JOHN SIMON
USSR: Breaking Up Is Hard to Do
NATIONAL REVIEW
MISS KING on smoking
MISS MANNERS on manners

P.S.: As we all know, Japanese live longer, on the average, than Americans, probably because the Japanese eat little meat, hardly any dairy foods, and lots of fish and rice. (Might one say Americans are addicted to meat and dairy food?) The Japanese also smoke more than Americans do. This does not show that smoking prolongs your life. It does demonstrate, however, that smoking shortens life less decisively than diet does. ☐

The Anti-Anti-Smoking Brigade

HARRY V. JAFFA

BILL BUCKLEY thinks drugs should be decriminalized. He thinks the resources expended on law enforcement could better be applied to education or moral suasion. While I disagree with him on decriminalization, as does Ernest van den Haag, I agree that persuasion should be our goal. So why heap sarcasm on those who would persuade, whether against smoking or drugs or alcohol?

The cover article by Florence King that appeared in *NR*'s July 9 issue was so extreme in this regard as to make me wonder whether anti-anti-smoking is to replace anti-Communism as *NR*'s cause-of-choice of the Nineties. "I'd Rather Smoke than Kiss" is extremely witty, although the title is misleading, since it implies that sex and smoking are alternatives. The high point of the article, however, is the author's account of her discovery, with "a lover who smoked . . . of a uniquely pleasurable footnote to sex: the post-coital cigarette." Taking off on the oldest theme in advertising, she tells us, in effect, to "double your climax, double your fun."

All this would be very amusing, until we realize that it is gallows humor. (The reality is: "Those who smoke together croak together.") Smoking kills over three hundred thousand Americans each year, more than lost their lives in the four years of World War II. Contrary to Miss King, these numbers are not an ideological invention. As a public-health question, smoking dwarfs drug addiction, alcoholism, AIDS, suicides, and highway fatalities combined.

Confronting the question of suasion against the use of dangerous substances, Abraham Lincoln in 1842 delivered a temperance address in Springfield, Illinois, on Washington's Birthday, to the Washington Temperance Society. He endorsed the Society's goal of having everyone sign the pledge—whether they were drinkers or (like himself) teetotalers. His aim, he said, was to bring the full weight of society's *moral influence* to bear upon the problem. To those who would discount this approach, he spoke as follows: "Let me ask the man who would maintain this position most stiffly, what compensation he will accept to go to church some Sunday and sit during the sermon with his wife's bonnet upon his head? Not a trifle, I'll venture. And why not? There would be nothing irreligious in it: nothing immoral, nothing uncomfortable . . . Let us make it as unfashionable to withhold our names from the temperance pledge as for husbands to wear their wives' bonnet to church, and instances will be just as rare in the one case as the other."

Does *NR* think that our commitment to freedom requires us to ridicule virtue and celebrate vice? ☐

Mr. Jaffa, who has written for NR *since 1973, is a Senior Fellow of the Claremont Institute and director of the Center for the Study of the Natural Law.*

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

☐ New subscription 1 year $74.00
☐ Renewal (U.S. funds)

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me *Initial here* ______

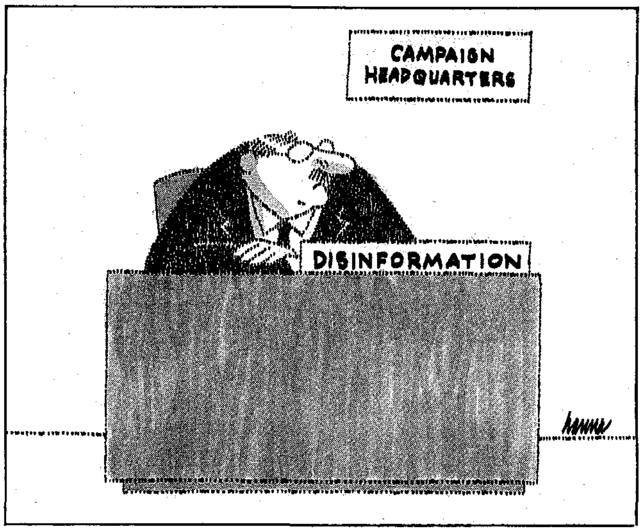
CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL:

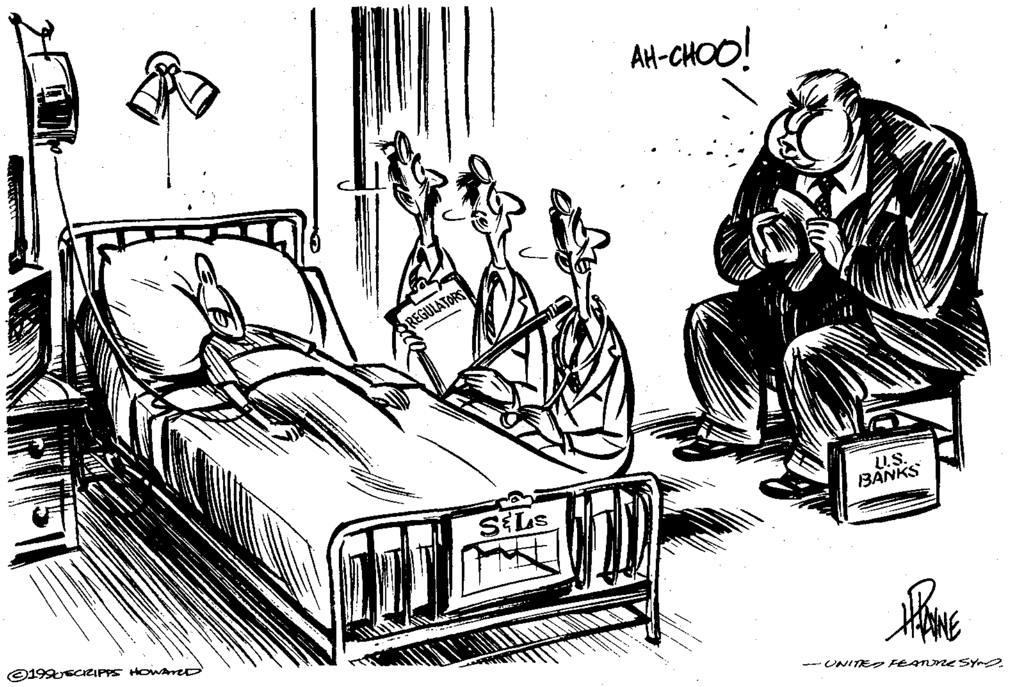
Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

MAIL TO: National Review, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20077-7471.

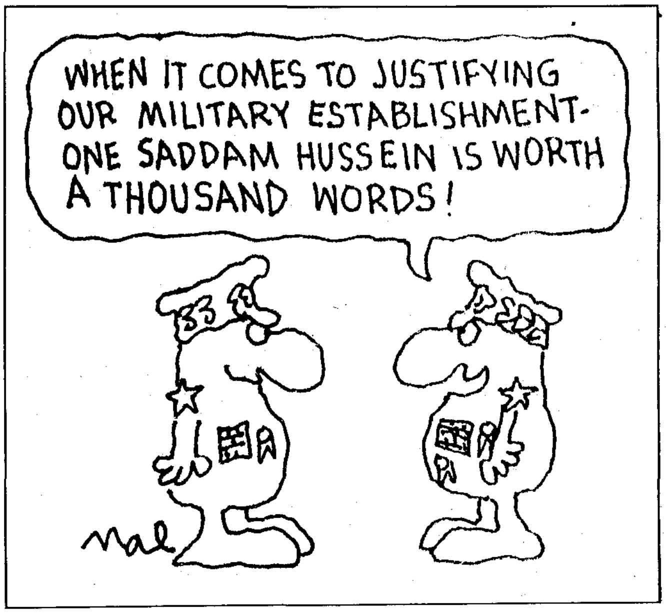
help


CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS
DISINFORMATION


AH-CHOO!
REGULATORS
S&Ls
U.S. BANKS
Payne

©1990 Scripps Howard

—United Feature Synd.

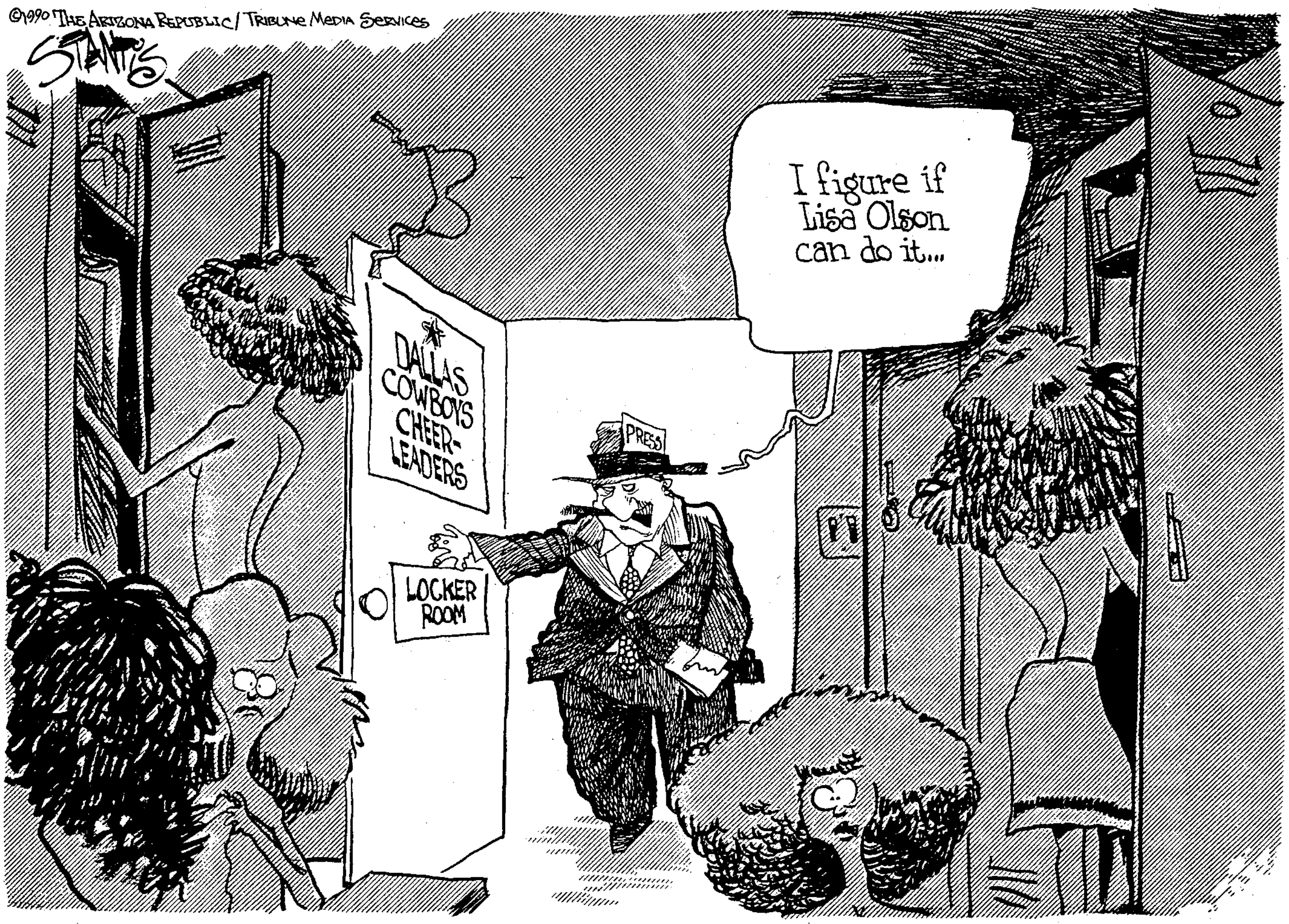

WHEN IT COMES TO JUSTIFYING OUR MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT- ONE SADDAM HUSSEIN IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS!
Mal

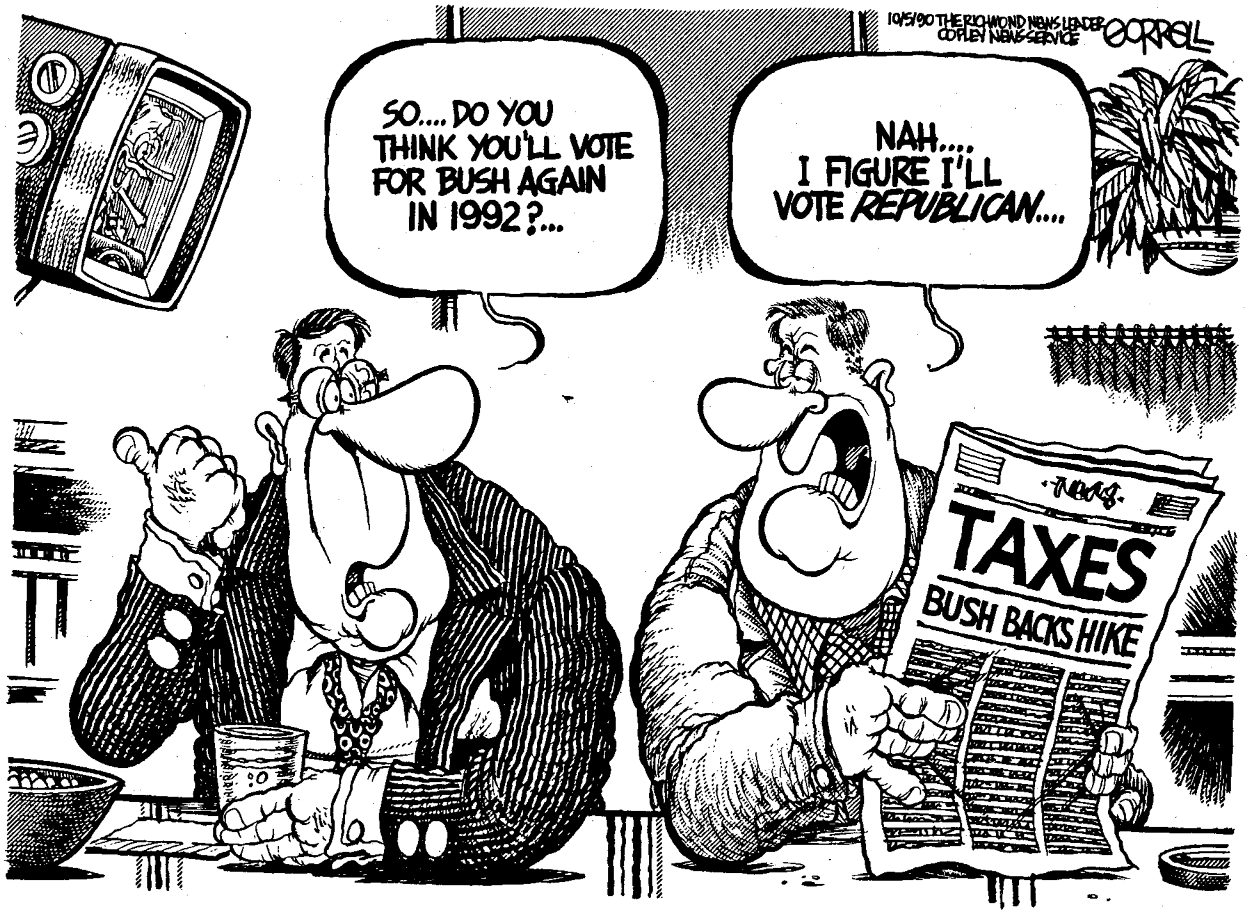
© 1990 Mal Ent., Inc.

In Florio's New Jersey

Where, from New York, the fleeced once fled
Before the income tax had bled
  Them whiter than
A Ku Klux Klanner's cleanest sheet,
They flee, this time from Jersey, fleet
  As Peter Pan.

W. H. VON DREELE


©1990 The Arizona Republic / Tribune Media Services
STANTIS
DALLAS COWBOYS CHEER-LEADERS
LOCKER ROOM
PRESS
I figure if Lisa Olson can do it...


10/5/90 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER COPLEY NEWS SERVICE GORRELL
SO.... DO YOU THINK YOU'LL VOTE FOR BUSH AGAIN IN 1992?...
NAH.... I FIGURE I'LL VOTE *REPUBLICAN*....
NEWS
TAXES
BUSH BACKS HIKE

gratitu

REFLECTIONS ON WHAT WE OWE TO OUR COUNTRY

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

I HAVE ALWAYS thought Anatole France's story of the juggler to be one of enduring moral resonance. This is the arresting and affecting tale of the young monk who aspires to express his devotion to the Virgin Mary, having dejectedly reviewed, during his first week as a postulant at the monastery alongside Our Lady of Sorrows, the prodigies and gifts of his fellow monks. Oh, some sang like nightingales, others played their musical instruments as virtuosi, still others rhapsodized with the tongues of poets. But all that this young novice had learned in the way of special skills before entering the monastery was to entertain modestly as a juggler. And so, in the dead of night, driven by the mandate to serve, walking furtively lest he be seen and mocked by his brothers, he makes his ardent way to the altar with his sackful of wooden mallets and balls, and does his act for Our Lady.

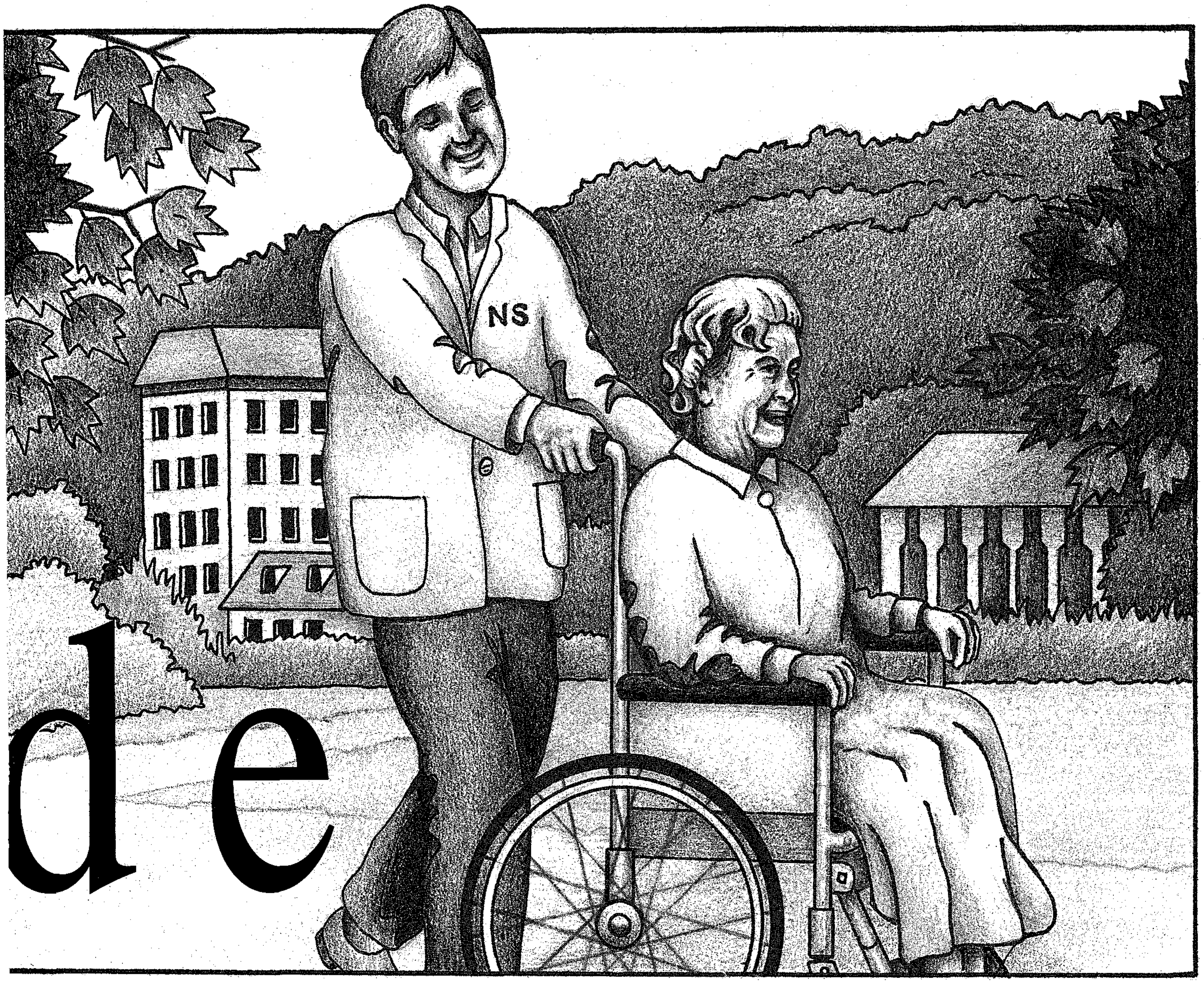
This account of the struggle to express gratitude is unsurpassed in devotional literature. The apparent grotesquerie—honoring the mother of the Saviour of the universe, the vessel of salvation, with muscular gyrations designed to capture the momentary interest of six-year-olds—is inexpressibly beautiful in the mind's eye. The act of propitiation; gratitude reified.

How to acknowledge one's devotion, one's patrimony, one's heritage? Why, one juggles before the altar of God, if that is what one knows how to do. That Americans growing into citizenhood should be induced to acknowledge this patrimony and to demonstrate their gratitude, for it is the thesis of this exercise. By asking them

---

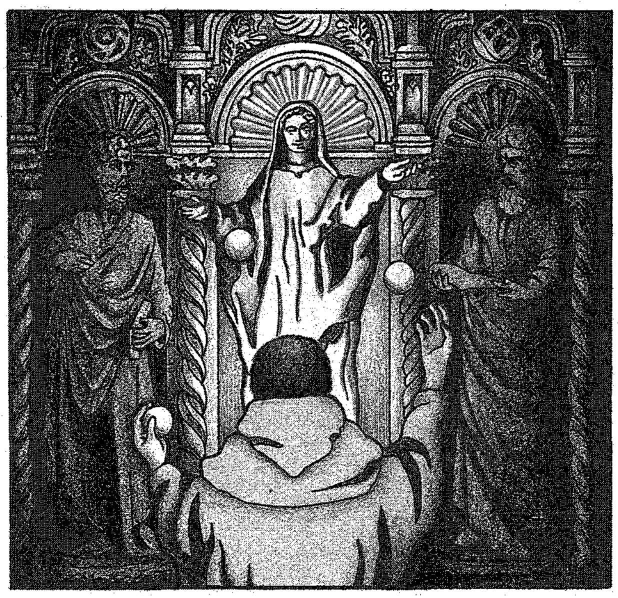
This article is an excerpt from Mr. Buckley's forthcoming book, Gratitude: Reflections on What We Owe to Our Country, *© 1990, Random House.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DREW WINEBRENNER



to make sacrifices we are reminding them that they owe a debt, even as the juggler felt a debt to Our Lady. And reminding them that requital of a debt is the purest form of acknowledging that debt. The mind tends to turn to the alms-giver as one experiences the alms he has to give us. We are familiar with the debt an exonerated defendant feels toward the judicial system on which he suddenly found himself relying. The man truly hungry looks with a different eye on the person who feeds him. It is entirely possible to live out an entire life without experiencing the civic protections which can become so contingently vital to us at vital moments. Even if we never need the help of the courts, or of the policeman, or of the Bill of Rights, that they are there for us in the event of need distinguishes our society from others. To alert us to their presence, however dormant in our own lives, tends to ensure their survival. And tends also to encourage a citizenry alert to the privileges the individual might one day need. This enjoyment, this answering of needs, can make us proud of our country—and put us in its debt. In this essay on the theme of Gratitude, I postulate that we do owe something. To whom? The dead being beyond our reach, our debt can only be expressed to one another; but our gratitude is also a form of obeisance—yes, to the dead. The points I raise will disturb some "conservative" presumptions as also some commonly thought of as "liberal." I have, in any event, the obligation to explore the social meaning of duty. Those who respond to religious guidelines will not be surprised, for example, by the Christian call to reinspect Divine commandments: "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Although religious faith is not required to prompt attention to the nature of the injunction, the intensity of the concern of some Americans is sometimes best understood by the use of religious metaphors. Emile Durkheim wrote engrossingly on the question when he spoke of the "relation of a devoted child to his parents, of an ardent patriot to his fatherland, [of a] cosmopolitan to mankind, of a worker to his class, of a nobleman conscious of his rank to the aristocracy, of the vanquished to his conqueror, of the good soldier to his army." "All these relations," Durkheim concluded, "with their infinitely manifold contents can, indeed do, have a general tenor as far as their psychic aspect is concerned—which must be called a religious key."

Durkheim might have added to his list the relation of the citizen to the community organized to protect his rights. An intensity which can be called religious characterizes the devotion shown to their community by literally millions of people who routinely sacrifice—time, money, labor—to remark that devotion; and, using their own language, methods, and skills, to requite the community. Mother Teresa characterizes her altruistic, prodigious efforts as an attempt to repay the Lord for bringing her to life, and giving her an opportunity for perpetual life by His side. The anonymous soldier who volunteers for a dangerous mission to enhance the prospects of the army that seeks to defend his nation is moved by a great passion to serve. Most service is not heroic in character—they also serve, who only stand and wait. But service is twice ennobling: it acknowledges that which deserves veneration, and satisfies the hunger of those who cannot be satisfied save by a gesture of requital. That as a nation we should encourage the requital of such young citizens is the enthusiastic premise of these pages.



All that this young novice had learned in the way of special skills before entering the monastery was to entertain modestly as a juggler.

Coming very slowly to a boil in Congress is the question of national service. It is a very old idea, by the way. George Washington spoke in favor of national service, which was commonly supposed at the time to be service in the military, it being military preparedness that was in those days most commonly needed to defend against the agents of His Majesty King George, or the redskinned agents of Chief Charging Bull. The proposition that American citizens owe something to the community that formulated and fought to establish their progenitive rights was proffered in 1910 by William James, in an essay still widely referred to as a kind of charter instrument of national service ("The Moral Equivalent of War"). The durability of the idea of national service at the very least betokens an inherent appeal. It was all so very much easier to speak about, and even to fancy, back when the tradition of public service meant the military. The Ferocity of the Warrior was readily transmuted to the Pride of the Father. In an age in which military contention absorbs less and less social energy (it has been 17 years since an American was drafted for military duty), the eye roams, under the prompting of a parched heart, for service of another kind; for the satisfaction, say, of juggling for Our Lady.

Both political parties, since the presidential contest of 1988, have declared themselves in favor of national service. Indeed, Democratic Senator Sam Nunn, acting for his party, introduced as the very first bill (S-3) in January 1989 a Citizenship and National Service Bill. What it says, to use only a few words to describe it, is that young people should be induced to give service to the nation. By no means does the bill propose that national service be limited to the military. Indeed, since the bill was introduced, because of the happy events of 1989 in the Communist bloc, it becomes apparent that we face the need for fewer, rather than for more, soldiers in the field. Accordingly, the efforts of many national-service volunteers would be directed to extra-military pursuits, of which there are a dismaying number. Dismaying in this sense: if you add up the number of young people whose services could profitably be used—say, in helping old people; in assisting teachers both in instructing children and in protecting them; in advancing environmental goals; in protecting deteriorating books in libraries—you add up quickly to more than one-half of the three million Americans who, every year, become 18 years old. The Nunn bill addresses the younger generation and says: Look, if you will agree to give us a year of your time in national service, we will pay you $10,000 beyond the pocket money you will get during your national service. This $10,000 you can use toward your college tuition payments, if you go on to college; or as a down payment on your mortgage when you get around to buying a house.

It is conceived as a grand federal enterprise, and I do not wish only for that reason to oppose it, though I do so for reasons I will elaborate. As of this writing, the Republicans have (I concede, as I'll do later in greater detail) a half-hearted substitute bill, not worth exploring. It is very much worth remarking, however, that the subject of national service, although the debate about it has not yet reached the voter's hearth, is very much there, a subject waiting to be deliberated. It is going to run into any number of hostile presumptions, among them the aversion to an idea of federally sponsored philanthropy (though the Federal Government has long since encouraged philanthropy by granting tax deductions); an egalitarian resistance to special favors for special classes of citizens (though the government has long since favored veterans with the GI Bill, which pays much of college costs); and, not least, the inertial resistance to the blight of any Grand New National Idea. I hope to confront these objections, and even to suggest that not every conceivable Grand New National Idea ought to be discarded out of hand. (Wouldn't many of us agree that it would be a Grand New National Idea to replace "The Star-Spangled Banner" with "America the Beautiful"?)

Meanwhile, it is fair to note that those politicians who have entered into the argument, and they are both Democrats and Republicans, are saying that participation in the community should take more active form than merely paying taxes, buying and selling in the marketplace, and voting (occasionally, if at all). And of course the question is necessarily raised in the context of the one question we can never get away from. I treasure the story of Congressman Rich of Pennsylvania, who sat in the House of Representatives for years and years and rose to speak in session after session, year after year, to make only the one simple comment before sitting down again: "How are we going to pay for all this?" And then one day, at two o'clock in the morning, after the House had been in session continuously for over two days and a bleary quorum was ready for the final vote—up shot the hand of Congressman Rich, resignedly acknowledged by the Speaker, to a chorus of vocal dismay. He rose and said solemnly, "April Fool!" Even on April 1, the question of cost cannot be dismissed. I reveal at this early moment that I deem it entirely manageable. But just as the question is bound to arise—how much will national service cost?—so an advocate of the idea is required to consider that cost and to explore its ramifications. In the last analysis a society has to accumulate a surplus before it gets around to thinking in terms of expenditures beyond those absolutely necessary to produce food and shelter. Without an economic surplus we are left with not even enough to afford a set of the juggler's mallets and balls.

Of course. Practical attention needs to be paid to the question of national service, but if the idea takes over the public imagination, as it has done my own, the cost will prove bearable, and its fruits beyond the reach of slide rules. And then, properly conceived, the status of the citizen in a republic, uniting privilege with responsibility, evolves into a kind of nobility no less aristocratic for being widespread and universally accessible (is there any difficulty in conceiving of a society, every one of whose members is of an aristocratic order?). Materialistic democracy beckons every man to make himself a king; republican citizenship incites every man to be a knight. National service, like gravity, is something we could accustom ourselves to, and grow to love.

Chapter One: Robert Ely

LET US imagine a personal experience, occurring a few years down the line. And let us think of normal human beings, here defined as unlikely to become stars of Hollywood, television, Congress, or Skid Row. I think of Robert Ely as a human being who might, or might not, personally engage me; certainly he would not repel me. He is Mr. Young Citizen, the kind of person who has engrossed the attention of sociologists from Staughton Lynd to Studs Terkel. Is the following narrative—carefully, scrupulously deglamorized—plausible?

Robert Ely graduated from high school while still a month or two short of his 18th birthday. Accepted by two of the five colleges he had applied to, he decided on the University of Connecticut, where he would study business administration. The tuition, even at a state college, presented a problem, but not, he calculated, an insuperable one. He would qualify for a modest scholarship, and would work part time during the school semesters and full time during the summer vacations. Under the new legislation he wouldn't qualify, unless he participated in National Service, for a federal loan, notwithstanding that his father, a postal worker invalided in his early fifties, had only his pension to rely on, supplemented by his wife's relatively modest contribution to the joint exchequer—her salary as a receptionist at a local clinic. And they had to bear the expenses of Robert's younger sister, Susan. He would need to think about it.

His parents were united in associating themselves enthusiastically with the trend that had been crystallizing during the early 1990s, and though it would have suited everyone's convenience to get on with Robert's education, he was reconciled to a year's national service.

It had been a subject of endless discussion at his high school, 85 per cent of whose seniors went on to college. Only five years earlier, a mere 10 per cent of the graduating class had submitted to the year's delay in their education that National Service entailed. But that 10 per cent—eight boys, six girls—were specially recognized at graduation as having accepted a challenge, the allure of which had grown keener in the interval leading to Robert's own graduation. In the class before Robert's, the figure had been not 10 per cent, but more nearly 50 per cent. That one-half who did not sign up for National Service were articulate about their reasons.

One senior, Mark Hemmelrich, said that he absolutely had to matriculate this coming September at the University of Arizona because he had been awarded the annual scholarship available to aspiring botanists and there was no way of knowing whether, in the succeeding year, engaging in the same competition, he would prevail against that season's entries.

Kathy Ellis's pregnancy had become all too obvious, as had, by implication, her decision not to abort her child. She spoke bluntly when the subject was raised: She had made a mistake, she was going to bear her child, and could hardly consider simultaneous altruism in behalf of others. Leave her alone, please.

Isabelle Noyes said she could not possibly put off her college education for an entire year, given that her mother's deteriorating health made it imperative that someone take on the job of bookkeeping for her father, an optician, a few years' hence. The strain on her mother's weak constitution was palpable and there wouldn't be enough income to pay for a professional bookkeeper when her mother's health finally broke down—obviously, she explained, her first duty was to her own family, and she must get on with college.

Josh Minelli was also outspoken. His prowess in basketball had brought to town several coaches from colleges with prominent teams and there was no way he could be persuaded to end the bidding match for him by announcing that he was going to take a year off "to teach dunk shots to the Patagonians," as he put it. He did not welcome extended analysis of his alternatives.

Robert recognized that others had rather compelling reasons for forgoing National Service. And if things had been as they were during his freshman year, Robert mused, he might have beaten back the pressure to "do the National Service thing," as his classmates had regularly referred to it, though the phrase was nowadays less widely used.

But not now, he reflected. It wasn't merely that he didn't have a compelling excuse—oh, he was ingenious enough to contrive *something*, certainly something more plausible than Al Trimble's excuse. (Al was an ostentatious votary of astrology, and would explain to anyone at all who inquired why, for a Sagittarius born in 1976, matriculating at college this year, 1994, wasn't a matter of choice, it was *ordained*!) The trouble was, Robert couldn't persuade himself to look very hard for an excuse.

Robert's great-aunt, as it happened, had recently moved—or rather had been moved—from the little apartment she shared with her sister-in-law to an old-people's home. Robert had always been fond of Aunt Lucy, but when Aunt Lucy's problem was explained to him, using the lace-curtain language common when talking about certain maladies, Robert said that he understood; and when the appointed day came to move her and her few possessions, Robert was there with the old family station wagon to lend a hand. Taking her from the car to the institutional elevator of Owlwood Retirement Home, he found he was being helped by a young man approximately his own age on whose hospital smock he spotted the little red telltale emblem "NS."

Might they have a cup of coffee together, Robert asked, after Aunt Lucy had been settled in? The young man looked down at his watch. "It's 11:10. If you want to wait until noon, sure; but I'm not free until then." Robert agreed, and the young orderly—his name was Carl Pepper—indicated where in the cafeteria they would meet.

They had lunch, Carl paying for his corned-beef sandwich and soup with coupons he drew from his pocket. It transpired that Carl had been at the hospital nine months and would finish his NS in time to go to college in the fall.

"Can you tell me about it?"

Yes, Carl said, he could. It was a lot of work. Twelve hours on duty every other day, which clocked in at 42 hours per week. Tough—but still, Carl said, his view of old people was now . . . different. He had known a lot of old people—his great-grandmother was still alive, as a matter of fact. "But here I see them old and also disabled. I have seen a lot of people, I mean *a whole lot of people* . . . die." He spoke of one old man who had told Carl—"in just as many words, I mean that is *exactly* how he said it, he said, one afternoon, 'Carl, I am going to die between midnight and one in the morning, and you go off duty at midnight, but I would like you with me. I want to be looking at you when I die.' "

Well, said Carl, what alternative did he have, under the circumstances? So he stayed on, and at exactly 12:45, "Mr. Muzzio looked at me and smiled just a little, and said, 'This is it,' and, I don't kid you, he just stopped breathing. I did the usual things, felt his pulse and so on, and yes, he was dead. If you can't stand to see people die, better go somewhere else."

Robert left after lunch, but only after picking up some leaflets about Owlwood Retirement Home which, Carl said, went into "a whole lot of detail but it's, you know, like reading about a school or a college. You never really find out about it until you go there."

"What exactly is it you've found out?" Robert wanted to know.

"Oh . . . a lot," said Carl, getting up from the lunch table.

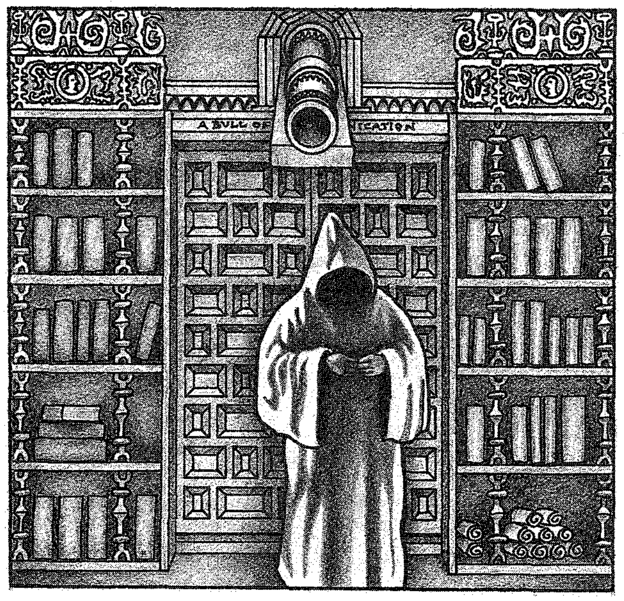
Chapter Two: The Patrimony and Civic Obligation

WE ARE accustomed to hearing it said that criminals ought to repay their "debt" to society. The term "repay" is used too narrowly. Those who do not murder, rape, or steal also owe a debt to their society, if only because it pauses to distinguish between those who murder, rape, and steal and those who do not. Call it, broadly, a debt to civilization; more distinctly, a debt to the "fatherland"—the nation-state into which we were born, or to which we repaired.

The debt we owe our civilizational patrimony is impossible to define if we set out to particularize it. If you listen, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in May of every year, to four hundred musicians performing the *St. Matthew Passion* by J. S. Bach, it becomes numbingly plain that there is simply no way in which one can "repay" the musical patrimony we have inherited. I speak of Bethlehem's annual festival, but one needn't make the pilgrimage, not at all. I first heard the *St. Matthew Passion* at age 15 at school on 78 rpm shellac records. To hear the entire *Passion* required listening to about fifty records. By the time I graduated from college I could have it all on four long-playing records. One year after graduating I heard Leonard Bernstein on television announcing that the performance he was about to conduct of the *Passion* (or was it the B-Minor Mass?—it doesn't matter) would be heard that afternoon by more human beings than had heard it cumulatively since its composition in the 1720s. Twenty years later I could have the *Passion* on a half-dozen cassettes.

And now it comes in four compact discs. They tell me that before I die it will occupy a very small part of a single disc, the rest of it presumably being given over to the balance of the one hundred hours of music that Bach wrote.

All that I need to do, as a mechanical matter, to repay everyone from Bach to the piccolo player, is to shell out 15 or twenty dollars for the four hours of music that can realize sublimity for the ear and—an important point in this context—for the mind, if the experience, appealing at once to all the senses, is synaesthetic. One correctly *struggles* to distinguish between reveling in the *Passion* and rejoicing in it, because the latter sensation awakens an extrapersonal sense of obligation for the pleasures received.



There's a bull of excommunication, signed by Pope Gregory IX. Remove a book from that library and you go to hell.

Or consider the Oxford English Dictionary. It is sensually pleasurable even to write about *that* miracle—not simply the dictionary, but its astonishing new accessibility, the lexicographical equivalent of the *Passion* on compact discs. It is expensive today, but will be less so tomorrow, I warrant; currently the whole of the OED (the original edition) can be had for $950 on a single disc. This accomplishment permits you not merely to avoid the indignity of picking up a volume and hunting down the word you are looking for, but to mobilize disparate energies of an entirely different kind in order to pursue allied or entirely different interests. You can ask your computer etymological questions, or historical and literary questions, causing it to dispatch millions of bytes of energy to scurry about several million words in order to assemble, and present to you, neatly collated, anything you wish to put together that lies within the pages of the dictionary. (How long would it take you, manually, to establish how frequently citations from the Book of Isaiah had been used?) How do you "repay" the debt one has to those mostly anonymous lexicographers who labored, and indeed continue to do so, to give us, at the touch of a finger, access to information electronically delivered that a battalion of monks working several lifetimes could not accumulate?

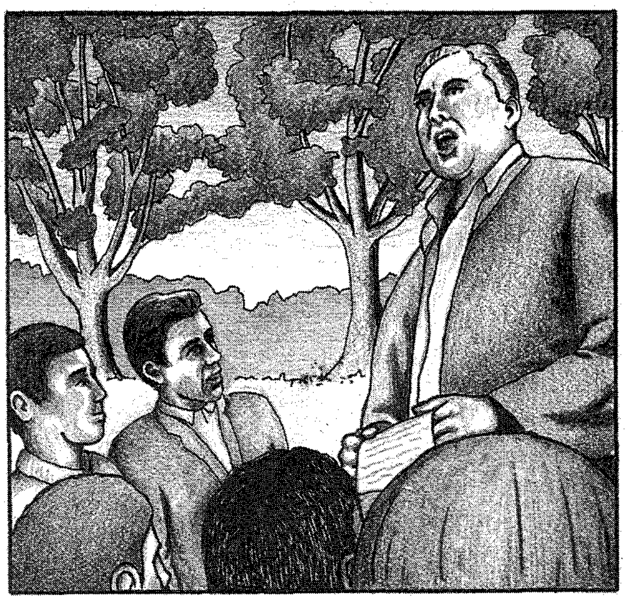
Access. Freedom. I think back to an afternoon in 1955 when I visited the University of Salamanca and was taken to its original library. Salamanca is the second oldest university in Europe, and in one of its rooms, not much larger than a barbershop, reposes the entire known literature of the West, as of the thirteenth century. The scholars and the monks could enter the library to do their studying. But a Big Bertha was there, a really big cannon to discourage them from removing from that little room any of its all-but-irreplaceable treasures. The ultimate weapon continues to hang over the arched doorway, a few lines of calligraphy, modestly framed: *A bull of excommunication, signed by Pope Gregory IX.* Remove a book from that library, and you go to hell.

It goes on. I am a sailor who does his own navigation. Stored inside a $200 instrument about the size of my hand I have the exact geographical location of 57 navigational stars, six planets, the sun, and the moon, for every second of every day between now and 2010. This instrument isn't, for me, a toy. By consulting it I have known how slightly to nudge the wheel of my sailing vessel to come upon remote little islands in obscure parts of the world. The market answer to the question, How do I repay those who made this possible? is easy: I pay the merchandiser $200.

I am less than satisfied that I have requited that debt. Or perhaps the point is that I ought to be less than satisfied.

Yes, there are the utilitarians who will tell you that we owe nothing at all beyond whatever it is we are ready to give, in exchange for what we see displayed in the market. In a biography of Salvador Dali it is recorded that, quarreling with his father when a young man, the hot-blooded artist set out in a fury to dispose once and for all of the question, "What do I owe my father?" He sought to answer the question by withdrawing during a night of passion and sending his ejaculate to his father in an envelope marked PAID IN FULL. That was a high-wire act of reductionism, but philosophically bulletproof: The debt to one's father, repaid by the biological reciprocal. In the implicit social philosophy of too many of our contemporaries one finds little that helps to explain why this is less than an appropriate, let alone tasteful, return: this discharge of one's total obligation to one's father.

No Fatherhood, No Brotherhood was Nelson Rockefeller's social philosophy (as he expressed it in public. Some called it BOMFOG—the Brotherhood of Man, the Fatherhood of God). Other attempts to express collateral relations in the shared patrimony are found here and there. Tocqueville lamented that while "aristocracy had made a chain of all the members of the community, from the peasant to the king, . . . democracy breaks that chain and severs every link of it. Thus, not only does democracy induce to make every man forget his ancestors, it hides his descendants and separates his contemporaries from him; it throws him back forever upon himself alone, and threatens in the end to confine him utterly within the solitude of his own heart." An arresting indictment of a democratic peril: That which makes a man a stranger to his father makes him also a stranger to his brother . . . and what severs the cords binding the generations also snaps the web that unites contemporaries.



The orphan. Solitary, estranged from tradition and therefore from communion: he is the figure of modern alienation, the making of the mass-man. Ortega y Gasset anatomized this avatar of modernity. Two decades ago I set out to write a book to remark the 35th anniversary of the appearance of his classic. I intended to call my little book *The Revolt against the Masses*, because I thought I saw on the social horizon in America signs of a disposition to reject the nescient aimlessness Ortega had diagnosed. The antinomian explosion that followed—we speak sometimes of the "Vietnam years," sometimes of the "kid years," or, simply, of "the Sixties"—proved I had profoundly misread the auguries.

Ortega's analysis of the mass-man, in the rubble of the ensuing social explosion, is timelier today than when he wrote it, or when I first thought to respond. I very much wish that the meaning of the word "masses" was not so fixed in the Anglo-Saxon world as the aptest word to describe what Ortega was declaiming against, because the word as we use it has either Marxist or plutocratic connotations. True, the "masses" about which Marx wrote weren't the huddled masses welcomed by the Statue of Liberty: the masses of Emma Lazarus were merely the numerous poor. The masses of Marx were the proletariat, the hollow men of the Industrial Revolution.

Not Ortega's masses. Ortega was talking about a quality of mind unrelated to factors of wealth or poverty—or, indeed, of erudition. He was talking about the disposition of modern man *to take for granted* everything he enjoys, without any sense of incurring an obligation, either to repay the old woman from whose larder he has helped himself, or even to share with others what the larder contains.

A handy analogue is the challenge of conservation. The insight has gradually crystallized in the common consciousness that a man who cuts down a tree owes the planet one seedling. In the first decades of the twentieth century, that obligation was institutionalized in the United States by various laws generally associated with the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt. The question became subtler as, with more polished instruments at hand, we developed skills to measure more impalpable abrasions against the planet than the missing tree. We began to ponder endangered species. And the finite supply of fossil fuels. And then the invisible particulates that attack the human lung and the ozone layer over the earth.

About our debt to the planet there is nowadays a considerable consciousness. A thriving social movement is concerned with conservation in the widest sense. As with almost every movement, there are advocates who go to extremes. (Admire as I did President Kennedy's Secretary of the Interior, Stewart Udall, I remember writing at the high tide of his influence that Mr. Udall sometimes left the impression that he would have arrested the development of the West rather than risk getting in the way of one meandering buffalo.) But forget fanaticism: the consolidation of a social insight is what matters.

In politics and social philosophy there is a movement which shares with conservation an etymology that is also a perception. This perception is that the past is alive in the present, and that all the effects of action and thought are amplified by concentric rings of consequence which the instruments of the utilitarian's Benthamite calculus are too crude to record. The movement, in politics, that has ramified from that radical perception is, I maintain, conservatism. The conservative movement perceives connections between the individual and the community beyond those that relate either to the state or to the marketplace. That is the point, the primary rationale, of this essay. And one need not be a conservative in other particulars to respect it.

Conservatives perceive connections between the individual and the community beyond those that relate to the state or the marketplace.

It was this essentially conservative insight that the liberal John Stuart Mill expressed when he wrote that "though society is not founded on a contract, and though no good purpose is answered by inventing a contract in order to deduce social obligations from it, every one who receives the protection of society owes a return for the benefit, and the fact of living in a society renders it indispensable that each should be bound to observe a certain line of conduct toward the rest."

The difficulty lies in defining the appropriate "return" for the benefits. That we should answer a formal call to arms when the state is in danger is all but universally acknowledged as one of those "returns" we owe to society. A second "return" is taxation. And the nexus between that which absorbs the largest single slice of our taxes (education) and the return we are giving society raises militantly relevant questions. If a citizen is expressing a "return" to his society by consenting to be taxed for the purpose of providing education, he is presumed to care that the society's children are taught and to care what it is that the society's children are going to be taught. His concern is that the children will be taught to understand the philosophical reasoning by which that seasoned citizen was himself governed when years ago he made no objection to the draft that called him to military service; and is today when he makes no objection to the tax collector who comes to get from him his share of the cost of running the schools. The schools, then, become vessels for preserving the principles that generated the disposition to sacrifice in order to make this "return" to society.

What preserves the idea beyond mere schooling? A formal attempt at requital, the citizen to the nation. The new challenge is to suggest an appropriate form, one that doesn't violate the libertarian presumption against rendering to Caesar any power Caesar does not need, and in any case ought not to want. We need to seek out the form, and to frame a policy whose ground is sunk deep in the ethos. If we succeed, democratic legitimacy comes with progressive public acceptance. This acceptance one can anticipate as the fruits of that policy become palpable and the sense of duty in the citizen is stimulated, evolving in a sense of gratitude, and is fulfilled. The citizen serene as the debtor returning from the lending institution, canceled mortgage in hand.

Chapter Three:
On Changing the National Ethos

NATIONAL SERVICE?

The term is loosely used, to cover at one end conscription for military or even social service; at another end, episodic attention to civic needs. What we have in mind is a program that seeks to meet needs undefined, or ill defined, by the market, while inculcating a prime sense of citizenship among participants.

Existing attitudes in respect of national service are tantalizing. A majority (72.8 per cent) of Americans "favor" national service, but a poll asking how many would support it if it involved a 5 per cent increase in their income tax tells us that enthusiasm for national service is tenuous, dropping as it then does to 44 per cent. Given that the idea, while popular, tends to be only superficially so, it could be best described as an idea concerning the true implications of which too few are distinctly aware, starting with an awareness that there is something absent from the national life—something which wouldn't, however, be missing if the 56 per cent were made aware of what is lost by its absence, and helped to become aware of what might be gained from its introduction.

The idea of national service needs to be popularized. Its advocates are around, here and there. Some of them are highly mobilized (one thinks of Professor Charles Moskos of Northwestern, who is the principal author of Senator Nunn's bill). There is the Greek chorus of enthusiasts for any proposal that tends to federalize human concerns—of course. But there are also legislators who believe they understand that out there is a hunger for concrete service. Young people of student age with whom I have had direct experience are divided. They are among the most idealistic of citizens, a nice impulse of age; yet they understand that national service is talking about *them.* It is impressionistic to say they are divided, and I do not have a statistic to suggest the size of the affirmative, over against the negative, ranks. That the idea appeals to the majority of Americans *is* a national statistic. That it is not (yet) a deeply felt desire is suggested by the qualification given above.

Advocates of national service believe that a growing majority of Americans show early signs of engagement with the idea. It is possible that the general public, apparently already on the way, will someday soon reach the point where it is resolutely behind the idea. If that were to happen, one might anticipate a day when, notwithstanding that national service continued to be voluntary, the sense of duty to volunteer would be felt by the typical citizen as keenly as, say, most young men felt a call to duty on December 7, 1941.

How do we move society in that self-protective direction, if the objective is that the Few who now believe determinedly in national service should become the Many, for whom national service is now only a velleity?

If we are engaged in promoting national service, we are engaged in the subtle business of trying to shape the national ethos. Somewhere along the line I have written that in my lifetime I have detected only two sea changes in national attitudes, one of them on a lesser scale, the second on a larger scale. The first has to do with the environment, the second with racial toleration. Twenty-five years ago it would not have occurred to any of the hundred or so men and women I had sailed with in the preceding years to dispose of a sailboat's garbage other than by simply dumping it in the waters we cruised about in, whether Long Island Sound, Chesapeake Bay, Biscayne Bay, or the Atlantic corridor leading to Bermuda.

Today it is virtually unthinkable that any crew member would dump refuse into the water, except perhaps when a hundred miles out to sea. And even then, special care is generally taken in handling plastic bottles—they are punctured, to ensure that they dribble down to the sea bed rather than float about, making their way back to the beaches.

During the Fifties, and intensifying in the Sixties, a sensitivity to nature was actively cultivated. The Sierra Club and its epigones, by the use of imaginatively pictured nightmares of a gutted planet—pictures given graphic life by documentaries and magazine exposés of areas of the world in which species ran the danger of extinction, in which the topsoil was eroding and rain forests disappeared—made their mark. The horror of bearing the responsibility for ushering in, however passively, a despoiled planet took a quite general hold on the imagination of men and women in America who are sensitive to ecological ethics. The point is that the number of those who were influenced greatly increased, and that this was done as a result of energetic efforts by, so to speak, lobbyists for a healthy planet.

National service cultivates an intuitive recognition that every Swiss "owes" something to his country.

A second change has to do with what one might have called workaday anti-Semitism, now virtually eradicated or, in any case, vastly diminished. No doubt the most immediate cause of this sea change was the Holocaust. I remember a perfect expression of what I am talking about. It was a private lunch. A distinguished public figure remarked casually that he would today leave the table in protest if he heard spoken such animadversions on the Jews as were routinely spoken at his father's table when he was a boy. The change does not mean (no change ever will) the end of ethnic-oriented derisive humor, even though much of it is self-consciously surreptitious in tone. It means merely that there is general acquiescence in the proposition that indifference to the rights of minorities can mutate, and during this century has done so, into genocide. National service has something in common with a sense of the intangible, but nevertheless substantial, benefits to the community that result from a lessening of the strain of social pollution which is racism.

The case for national service isn't made as neatly as the case for reclaiming the waters of Lake Erie, or of ending the quota system of college admissions. This is so because the objectives aren't in the same sense palpable (one can *see* the dirty lake, or the smog-filled air; it isn't obvious what percentage of the freshman class is Catholic, or even black; and one can't "see" an elevated national morale). We need to face the negative case for national service too—by reasoned argument, pressing the point that the *failure* to express gratitude through disinterested social exertion brings on the coarsening of the sensibilities, a drying out of the wellsprings of civic and personal virtue. It isn't easily denied that the giver is beholden—or that the giver usually receives. It is a pity that the goo-gooism of the political Twenties (that was the term used for the politics of a rather undifferentiated, self-advertising civic altruism), which evolved into the feverish search for social projects to which society might commit itself, has done so much to disparage the politics of the Bleeding Heart. Many Americans are put off by macrocosmic projects which, subjected to hard review, seem to have done more to sustain the bureaucratic than the afflicted class. Many Americans are skeptical of politically managed meliorism, as they see themselves surrounded by intensifying illiteracy, amorality, and anomie. The lessons of misspent federal philanthropy are absolutely vital when considering national service. But they do not and never can undermine the absolutely secure conviction that the man or woman who helps someone who needs help is better off for the experience. National service is not going to satisfy unless there is that residual tactile sense of having done something, for somebody or some thing. As I shall later stress, my fascination with the idea of national service derives more from my anxiety that the giver receive satisfaction than that the object of his concern receive it: happily, the two are likely to go hand in hand.

In any event: To stimulate the civic ethos is the challenge, and it is plausible to adduce every argument for doing so, including the very real threat of an erosion of national morale. And, perforce, we look about us, pondering the role that national service, in whatever form, plays elsewhere.

In Switzerland there is national service. It *is* compulsory, and it has been universally approved—the anomalous vote in the fall of 1989, which registered only 62 per cent approval, notwithstanding—by a citizenry convinced that the immunity from invasion that Switzerland has enjoyed since the time of Napoleon has been the result of an ongoing national effort to make Switzerland convertible, on a moment's notice, into a steel porcupine. This shared experience in the military has unquestionably contributed to the morale of a heterogeneous nation many of whose citizens cannot speak to one another because there is no common tongue, and whose 23 cantons exercise a degree of independence American states haven't known since the Articles of Confederation. Switzerland is at once the least politicized and the most cohesive political state in the West. As a regular resident of that country for thirty years (during February and March), I have amused myself by asking disingenuously of the first Swiss I find myself seated next to at dinner, "Oh, forgive me. What *is* the name of the president of Switzerland?" No one has yet been able to answer that question extemporaneously, such is the relative success of the Swiss in republicanizing the central government. That is the ultimate sign of national self-confidence, surely: not bothering to know the identity of the chief of state, the commander in chief.

Yes, in Switzerland the explicit focus is on military impregnability. The strategic design—or, better, the tactical design—is to make the conquest of Switzerland quite simply unappetizing to the season's European aggressor, on the grounds that to swallow Switzerland would be on the order of, yes, swallowing a porcupine. Switzerland's national service has nothing consciously to do with attacking poverty or illiteracy or unemployment, or with helping the aged. And of course there are the significant cultural and demographic differences: Switzerland does not welcome the huddled masses, has no notable minority problem notwithstanding its own ethnic pluralism; and, in Switzerland, there is no national service for women, who are not expected to perform military service—but then, in Switzerland the vote was only recently given to women, and one or two cantons still hold back. That Swiss conscription is an obligation only of men makes it even less directly relevant as a model for a voluntary civilian program of national service open to young Americans of both sexes. But the idea of a burden shared sticks in the mind, perhaps because the absence of the son, the spouse, and the father can never mean that the sacrifice is other than one shared by the mother, the wife, and the daughter; so that national military service in Switzerland is in that respect a genuinely *national* act of civic subscription.

As it stands, national service cultivates an intuitive recognition that every Swiss (man) "owes" something to his country; recognition that the great legacy of Switzerland—the oldest democracy in the world, an aerie in Europe that hasn't suffered military aggression since before our Civil War—requires, oddly, constant vigilance. The long Swiss service (17 weeks followed by three weeks every year for eight years; followed by two weeks every year for three years, until the age of 42; and then two weeks once during the following eight years) is a way of reminding the citizenry that every man needs to make a sacrifice beyond paying taxes to maintain the military.

Something keeps that remarkable republic of disparate race, language, and religion together. Suppose that, next year, the Swiss government suddenly eliminated the requirement of annual service by men older than 21. And that the following year the government eliminated altogether compulsory military service. And, the year after, abandoned the immigration laws, going on to eliminate all practical distinctions between Swiss and foreign citizenship. Before you know it, German-speaking Switzerland is attempting to impose penalties on the French-speaking Swiss, who doggedly retaliate in kind. And by the turn of the century the incredible has happened: Switzerland has become a modern Lebanon, torn by civil strife, terrorism, anarchy. Looking down on Helvetia the Swiss grandfather might indeed say ruefully to his wife, "Do you remember the day they abandoned compulsory military service?"

To emulate the Swiss example in the United States would be foolish. We do not need a universal military draft. We do need a basket of other services, which could absorb the civic energies, were they proffered, of three-plus million Americans, which energies are otherwise at best dissipated, at worst channeled into activity harmful to home and to the community—drugs, licentious sex, crime. Indeed, military service, for reasons advanced later, ought not to be confused with national service, let alone serve as a substitute.

So, the Swiss example helps us only to acknowledge that one singularly successful republic, in its own singular way, has developed an institution that certainly does one thing. It gives that republic relative military invincibility. But something quite other, it can be plausibly argued, developed: a national cohesion. A sense of civic responsibility. A constant reminder of the need to make sacrifices. A national morale at home reaching as high as the Alps. We learn not from their specific practice, but from the phenomenon, which yields its citizens a sense of satisfaction that comes to those who appease a hunger to requite to the land that nurtured them a measure of the profit they take from life in their land, and the land of their forebears.

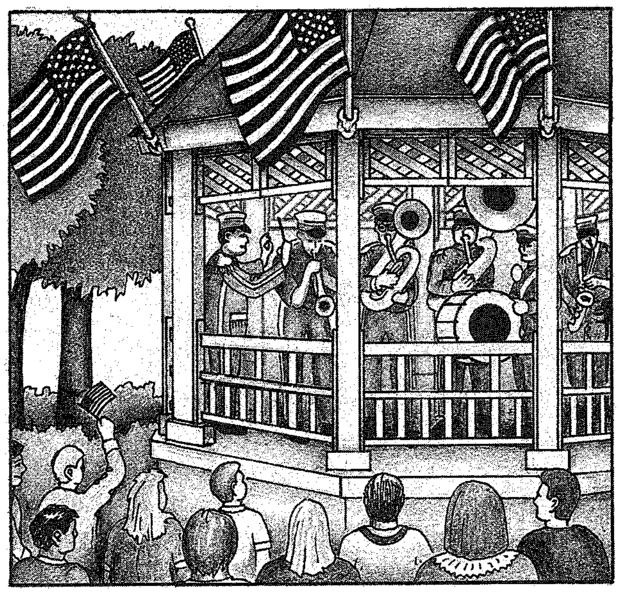
Chapter Four: Anticipating the Libertarian Argument

WE REVISIT Robert Ely, a few years later. . . . *It turned out to be so with Robert Ely, that, as Carl had put it, he would find "plenty" to think about if he signed up for his year's National Service; which he had proceeded to do some days after his meeting with Carl. He petitioned for service at Owlwood, which request was granted.*

Among those he did see die, ultimately, was his Aunt Lucy, who had suffered greatly and was much affected by occasional contact with her great-nephew. He lived at home, and on that account was relatively well off because the national service paid him $100 every week. He was qualifying for student loans while at college, and they would make just that critical difference he had at one point fretted over. And the $10,000 tax rebate, "the GI Bill of National Service," as it was commonly referred to, would help him in the early years of his professional life.

He had not needed to borrow from others, after he started college, and when in junior year he decided that he would specialize in the economics of public health, he did so with a sense that he had an inside knowledge of the special problems of older people. When, four years after he was graduated, his son was born, the godmother he chose was the matron of the wing Aunt

Lucy had lived in at Owlwood. The matron—Miss Effie, everybody called her—was happy to be of service to Robert and his wife, Helen, and the baby. She had stayed in touch with Robert during his college years and had twice persuaded him to give the introductory speech to incoming National Service volunteers. By now there were 36 of them at the Owlwood complex. Robert was not a public speaker. He studiously avoided any activity that might call on him to stand up and address a group of people. But for Miss Effie he would make the exception—and, it turned out, he hadn't minded talking out loud about the year he had spent "doing the NS thing, as we used to say at school." He said that the year had changed him. Of course, he had been asked (this was inevitable) just *how* had it had changed him? The first time he heard the question he replied that he couldn't say. But when Miss Effie called on him the second year, he felt that since the question would inevitably come up again, this time he would give some thought to how to answer it. So he did, and what he said when the question was asked was that he felt he had been "changed" in that he hadn't, at high-school age, given any thought at all to "just helping people." Now he felt he had helped "quite a few people" in "little ways," without hurting himself—the time spent, as he thought back on it, had gone by quickly, "almost like a flash, if you know what I mean." And then he said that, as he reflected on it, he himself had been helpless for a while, as an infant—"as all of you in this room were"—and somebody had looked after him, and now he and his wife were looking after their own little child, but sometime in the future—"way down the line, I hope!"—he would be helpless again, and he liked the idea that somebody might be around to volunteer to help him. And besides, he said, he'd be around "on planet earth" a few years longer than his Aunt Lucy was, at the going actuarial projection—maybe four or five years longer, and since he "liked life," he figured he owed it to somebody to say, Well, thanks for making a longer life "a little more bearable," and so he just plain "felt better" about the whole deal.



The deep wellsprings of patriotism are fed by forces that do not leave fingerprints in the market.

And yes, he didn't need to tell them that qualifying for the federal college loan had helped during the college years, so it hadn't been 100 per cent, well, "charity, or whatever you want to call it," on his part. But he was, yes, "glad" he had done it. "Grateful, in a way."

So. If it is all so neat—Aunt Lucy et al. get their young helpers, the young helpers' way through college and early life is eased financially—there is manifest satisfaction all the way around. Why doesn't the market marshal the arrangements that move us in such harmony to such ends?

This is one of the difficulties that get in the way of national service. In a price-system economy, demand and supply make contact via the medium of the dollar. If one thousand children per year develop poison ivy and that affliction is treatable by one thousand bottles of calamine lotion, then entrepreneurs will foregather, on news of the outbreak of the poison-ivy plague, prepared to produce one thousand bottles of calamine lotion. But in order to generate an economic demand for one thousand bottles of lotion, that demand needs, as the economists put it, to evolve as a "felt" demand. That is to say, there must be enough disposable money out there that parents of the afflicted children are prepared to exchange for a bottle of the lotion. If one hundred parents do not have the disposable surplus or, having it, choose not to spend it on calamine, then either one hundred children will do without calamine lotion, or else the money to buy the extra one hundred bottles will need to come in from another source: maybe a Children's Aid Society, spotting the suppurating victims of the untreated poison ivy, came in with the calamine. Who knows, the state may have added the care of poison ivy to its catalogue of official concerns. In any event, unless there is money to generate the calamine lotion, the children will do without.

The problem that most concerns analysts of free-market disposition (I am one) has to do with the means by which society establishes the value of the kind of service we are talking about. "Value," in ordinary circumstances, is best established by the unhampered probings of the marketplace. But we are here considering injecting into the marketplace an artificial enhancement of supply, intending to meet a demand which, in orthodox economic terms, is not a "felt" demand—i.e., one that can generate its own supply by reaching out and paying for it.

Individual economic analysts might be prompted to buy or sell on the basis of their own projections about the state of the national morale, from which they will reckon productivity and competitive performance. If they are relatively unanimous in their judgment, their collective decisions, combined with those of foreign investors, will affect the economy. But the market cannot, using its own resources, redress an ailing situation whose afflictions are not registered in conventional demand–supply terms.

Demoralizations, for example, come in many forms. A nation can become fatigued by endemic problems—major, to be sure: if the nation is constantly at war, or subject to plagues and starvation, national torpor threatens to set in. But minor—in the sense of less conspicuous—problems must be thought of as having an economic impact: instability of family life, listlessness at school, a growing national tendency to corruption, or hedonism; an insensitivity to suffering; a callousness that breeds ugliness of behavior. I think that one such affliction is the failure to acknowledge a running debt to one's home (biological or adopted). That is one deficiency that national service seeks to accost. It will perhaps be argued that a psychic torpor can be noticed by the market. And, yes, such signals may be there, however amorphously rendered. The occasional analyst will refer to a "national mood," which however he quickly links to bearish stock exchanges. But such signals sound too faintly and too ambiguously to be heard save with the aid of a stethoscope at the hands of an active and intuitive intelligence. Such sounds as national anomie do not sound imperatively enough to reconfigure a market whose scanning mechanisms are insufficient to define them, and which do not prescribe their own cure. The call for more calamine is absolutely distinct. The call for increased loyalty to the nation and its institutions does not travel from the objective situation to the economist's computer screen.

It is illustrative to remark here the difference between hunger, say, and loneliness. Hunger, the primal human instinct, demands satisfaction now. In exchange for sating the appetite, the hungry human being will come up with tender satisfactory to the farmer who provides the food. Loneliness is a condition not readily addressed by the market mechanism. True, some who are lonely seek escapism—in drugs, in sensation, in hectic distraction. They do not, experience reveals, find what they are looking for: the search for the happy alcoholic begins and ends with Harvey. The lonely human being is in search of one or another form of love, of companionship. These are not market commodities, issuing as they do from extra-market sources. The patriotic spirit can be ostensibly appeased by manufacturers of flags, and by bands that play the works of John Philip Sousa. But the deep wellsprings of patriotism are fed by other forces, and these do not leave fingerprints in the market. They must be investigated by the use of entirely different instruments.

The market operates, at least during the moment of the transaction, by satisfying both parties. The exchange of a pair of your shoes for a pair of my gloves leaves you better off than you were before, because you value the pair of gloves more than the redundant pair of shoes. It is manifest that some exchanges quickly sour: the happy investment in a savings-and-loan bond on Monday which on Tuesday becomes worthless.

The exchange, in such a system as would comprehend national service, isn't immediate and is not entirely predictable. Aunt Lucy derived a measure of satisfaction she would never have received, save for the service of her great-nephew Robert. And Robert found that he got satisfaction from ministering to the needs of Aunt Lucy, even as he took pleasure in ministering to others' needs. But this is the moment to underscore that it is the benefits to Robert, even more than those to Aunt Lucy, that motivate my enthusiasm for national service. So much the better that she feels better, but there are forms of national service in which there is no specific Aunt Lucy in the picture. Work done designed to improve the environment is only dimly, remotely, and perhaps even ambiguously appreciated by those sensitive to environmental change. Work done to preserve from deterioration recondite books in the Library of Congress yields satisfaction to the book mender, though he can't absolutely predict that the esoteric book whose preservation has occupied his day will in fact ever be consulted in the next century by an aberrant scholar. It is fine, splendid in fact, that national service can anticipate solid good done to other human beings in need, but that is not the governing justification of national service, in this assessment of its value. We look primarily for something other.

Now it is very easy, and very tempting, to speak primarily, even exclusively, about the good to be done by national-service participants. The argument for such service rests on the proposition that there is surplus human energy—i.e., energy not needed for subsistence—that ought to be channeled to social needs whose spokesmen cannot successfully plead their case in the marketplace. Perhaps for that reason, skeptics are afraid of an idea which they dismiss as one more act of federal intervention, sought by social activists on the prowl, injustice collectors who look for opportunities to find needs that aren't acute enough to generate economic demand, which needs can only hope to attract the attention of affluent societies. But these needs mirror, in the affluent society, a latent appetite to serve these needs; an appetite, to be sure, in part sharpened because, on learning of someone's loneliness, one would like to be instrumental in alleviating its pain; but in vital part because to do so is an experience by which one obliges those sleeping angels in one's own nature through which one develops the best kind of pride.

SOON AFTER his election, President George Bush was asked just where and what were the "thousand points of light." He was judged especially vulnerable on the point by militant defenders of several programs initiated by Presidents Johnson and Carter which President Reagan, presumably with the sanction of his Vice President, had either diminished or, in one or two cases, simply abolished. How could Mr. Bush speak of points of light when he had been associated with someone who went about dousing those lights?

To begin with, the critics of Mr. Bush assumed that a point of light was the equivalent of a federal program, an assumption quite simply unwarranted. Beyond that, Mr. Bush was ably defended by James Strock, assistant administrator for enforcement in the Environmental Protection Agency, in a spirited reply to these critics. His rejoinder (parts of which were published in *Policy Review*) said that by the time he had left the White House, Ronald Reagan had provided the impulse and the means to ignite many more than a thousand points of light. The first by diminishing inflation, interest rates, and unemployment; the second, by a national inoculation of self-confidence that dissipated the torpor associated with Mr. Carter's malaise. He gave specific figures. Some 23 million people spent, in 1988, five hours per week or more in volunteer social work of one kind or another—figures collected by an organization called Independent Sector; 57 million gave some of their time every week, if less than five hours. This being so, over eighty million Americans volunteered nearly a billion hours of their time to activity generally thought of as philanthropic, or civic-minded: a contribution worth an estimated $150 billion. There is no handy alternative to accepting the calculations of Independent Sector, a Washington-based coalition of seven hundred corporations, foundations, and non-profit organizations whose purpose is to encourage philanthropy and voluntary action. Their findings aren't counterintuitive. Do you spend five hours per week—a cumulative figure: remember, five hours can mean thirty stretches of ten minutes—doing something for somebody else, this side of duties formally written into formal institutional arrangements? (I would not think of a mother caring for her child or a husband helping to wash the dishes as qualifying as a point of Mr. Bush's light.) The figure is bracing. Eighty million people is a very high percentage of the population (246 million), so that if one excludes children (63.7 million under age 18) and the very old (12.5 million over age 75) one is tempted to perceive the substantiality of something very far removed from a chimera: a huge body, however inchoate, of unmet needs, finding its way to a huge appetite to meet their needs. This great, green pasture exists now outside the formal structures of the market and encourages the desire to augment the effort, in order further to satisfy the needy—but primarily in order to give scope to the impulses of those who desire to go to them. To help.

WHAT ARE we talking about, concretely?

You receive a letter. It is from, oh, a prisoner. He tells you why he is really innocent. In order to plead his case, he most desperately needs—some encouragement, and, if possible . . . a typewriter. Perhaps you satisfy his first request by writing to him in more than perfunctory detail, using up, say, a half-hour of your time. Perhaps, even, you give him your old typewriter. A totally discrete transaction.

What else?

I think of a personal experience. Cardinal Hayes High School in New York City is located in the Bronx and is run by the Catholic Church. A few years ago that high school looked down on an accumulation of data that cried out for action. A fresh policy was born.

It transpired that the expense of teaching the incremental student at Cardinal Hayes was much lower than the cost per student per year in the public high schools. The second datum was that students educated by Cardinal Hayes did much better, judged by any criterion, than students educated in the public high schools. That is, a (far) higher percentage of the Hayes students went on to matriculate in college; and, once in college, a far higher percentage went on to graduate.

But although the per-student costs are lower at Cardinal Hayes, they are neither non-existent nor inconsiderable, and the Catholic Archdiocese of New York had long since resolved that the parochial schools needed to raise the money they spent. In the year I was introduced to the experiment, the figure came to $1,600 per student per year for tuition. This figure contrasted with more than $3,000 per student per year in a New York City public high school. The challenge then became: How, without a tax collector at your side, do you raise $1,600 for a relatively indigent child?

The compassionate yet tough-minded administrators of the program imposed a further burden on the program they would come to call the Student/Sponsor Partnership. It was that no student for whom help would be sought could come from a household in which there were two resident parents. Let households in New York so blessed look after their children's schooling as best they could: if they chose parochial or other private schools, they would be expected to come up with the money to pay their children's tuition.

So, ironies and realities: 1) No student from an unbroken home. And then one more specification, 2) No student would be permitted to come in under the Student/Sponsor auspice who had shown extraordinary talent while at grammar school—i.e., no super-high achiever. These students, once again, could make their way into the special schools, receive scholarships, and get on using their own resources. By the same token, at the other end of the scale, no student would be admitted whose record at grammar school was so low as to suggest that he (Cardinal Hayes takes only boys; there are complementary Catholic high schools, St. Michael's Academy and Cathedral High School, that take only girls) had slight prospects of graduating.

Enter the sponsor. The idea was to reach out and find sponsors who would do two things. First, come up with $1,600 to back an individual student. Second, take a personal interest in the protégé, helping to motivate the student.

We have here an endeavor that already qualifies as national service: the adult sponsor gives cash to the school *and* takes the time to keep in touch with the student during the four years he spends at Cardinal Hayes. But there is more to it, much more.

The administrators of Cardinal Hayes needed to augment their staff with what one might call social tutors, young men who had finished college and could help to guide the sponsored student while at Cardinal Hayes by giving him practical help with his studies, by encouraging him to work to meet the standards of the school, by serving (I shrink from the term) as a Big (non-Orwellian) Brother.

During two successive years I met two young men who had volunteered to spend one year at Cardinal Hayes before going on, in the first case to law school, in the second to business school. These volunteers worked for nominal wages, doing exactly the kind of duties one would expect of a national service volunteer. It was clear from even a brief encounter that they were themselves highly motivated, intelligent, and wholly aware of the meaning—of the value—of the sacrifice they were making. That such activity is already going on outside the framework of a formal national-service program shouldn't, given the gross figures cited earlier, surprise us.

Students educated by Cardinal Hayes did much better than students educated in the public high schools.

The point is that we are looking at an arrangement that does not fit into the orthodox market schematic. For one thing, the success of the Cardinal Hayes Student/Sponsor program depends heavily on extracommercial mediation. *Someone* had to tell potential sponsors about the existence of the Cardinal Hayes program, describe its record of success; and then, by suasion of sundry kinds, persuade them to become sponsors.

One might reasonably suspect the powerful suasion is Catholicism itself. However, 95 per cent of the students entering Cardinal Hayes under the Student/Sponsor program are black or Hispanic, and a majority are not Catholics. This is worth remarking, given the natural propensity to be attracted to the plight of one's own, even as, typically, white orphans are adopted by white parents, and liaisons sprout more readily among those of common ethnic background. The special plight of the black and Hispanic young people in New York City became a part of the objective challenge of altruistically inclined men and women associated with Cardinal Hayes. One cannot know how many potential white sponsors were put off by the racial composition of the program, but we must assume that some were, human nature being as human nature is. The salient fact remains that some—many—were not.

And then there are the young college-graduate guides. I am not familiar with the means by which their cooperation was effected. Given that no sanctions that I know of were in place, the strength of their motivation must be regarded as unusual. Nor do we know how many young men simply listened to emissaries from Cardinal Hayes High School requesting that they donate a year of their time, and then walked away without signing up. What we can reasonably assume is that if sanctions were in place, sanctions of the kind we will speak of later, a much higher number of volunteers would enter the Cardinal Hayes program, and others like it. And this is a more important datum, viewed from this perspective, than the augmentation of the number of underprivileged children who make it through high school and on to college: that there should be an increase in volunteers and sponsors who desire to help. The redemption of Scrooge was more important, in *A Christmas Carol*, than the stuffed goose, or even Bob Cratchit's surprise.

That there are human needs untended by suppliers can be called an economic imperfection, but ought not to be called that because the market shouldn't be asked to perform functions for which it is incompetent. Whether a society has altruistic reserves on which it will draw to help those who need help is not a market question. And what tends to separate the liberal from the conservative is the predisposition of the liberal to conscript the whole of the community in order to help the afflicted through the medium of taxation. Where dissent is focused, conservatives tend to stress action by individual states and, preferable to that, voluntary action by individuals.

National service doesn't lend itself to conventional analysis. For this reason it pays to stress and re-stress that the market has only a tangential role, if any, in suggesting vectors of national-service concern. The idea, as viewed from the conservative perspective, is to arouse a desire which is uniquely one's own to help a society.

INASMUCH as we speak thus openly about the uses of the state to expedite a program designed to stimulate targeted human qualities, one needs instantly to face up to the charge that we are engaged in a grand manipulation of the human personality by the state. Our generation has observed the maximum enterprise of this kind, the victims of which were the Chinese people. Mao Tse-tung set out, no less, to create a New Man. Mao-man. He was to be the docile creature of the will of the state. The idea of Mao-man died, officially, at Tiananmen Square: died figuratively and literally. Tiananmen Square, followed so soon by the events in Eastern Europe, was the final, gratifying answer to George Orwell. If all the engines of Chinese Communism under Mao were insufficient to change human nature, it is unlikely that the resources of the state will ever be equal to that challenge. The state can rule, but it cannot command loyalty, let alone effect morphological changes in human nature.

It is feared by many opponents of national service that the use of state power in whatever form, even in a voluntary program, is nevertheless an effort, even if half-hearted, in that direction: an effort to change the human personality, and for that reason to be resisted categorically. In a spirited denunciation of the whole idea of national service, made at a conference to examine the question at the Hoover Institution in September 1989, my friend and ideological colleague Martin Anderson, using heated language, suggested that national service is something like Guy Fawkes inside a Trojan horse waiting to subvert American freedom. (Mr. Anderson began his paper by proclaiming that ". . . one finds the sharp fangs of coercion and compulsion, the faint whiff of envy and hatred of the young, and the ideological yearning for elements of a totalitarian society" in programs for national service.) At the same conference Milton Friedman, my hero, was quoted as finding in national service an "uncanny resemblance" to the Hitler Youth Corps.

This last occasions only the reply that by that token, *all* youth programs, including the Boy Scouts, can be likened, in the sense that they have *something* in common, to the Hitler Youth program, plus the second comment, that because Hitler had an idea, it does not follow that that idea was bad. (Albert Speer is said to have reflected, soon before his death, that it was a "pity that Adolf Hitler disliked Picasso.")

As agreed, we should always be alert, confident though the events of 1989 made us, to states which, seeking to create thousand-year Reichs, do so with greater success than Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Poland, and East Germany. But those nightmares seem remote. Some libertarians will never agree with the Founding Fathers that a responsibility of the polity is to encourage virtue directly, through such disciplines as service in the militia, reverence for religious values, and jury service—the kind of thing Prime Minister Gladstone had in mind when he proposed "to establish a new franchise, which I should call—till a better phrase be discovered—the service franchise." Opponents of national service must establish, to make their case, that national service, unlike the state militia, or jury service, or military conscription in times of emergency, is distinctively hostile to a free society.

If national service can be perverted to inculcate docile submission to tyranny, one hears that it might also be the instrument of egalitarian levelers. Mr. Anderson actually insists that those who favor national service are furtively engaged in conscripting everyone to do the "dirty work" of society. "The basic thrust of their fringe philosophical view is that all the dirty, distasteful and dangerous work in any society *should be shared equally* [italics in the original] by all the people who live in the society. No exceptions, woman or man, rich or poor, skillful or not, every single soul must do his or her share of taking out the garbage, preparing the dead for burial, cleaning toilets, guarding violent prisoners, and taking care of those sick and dying from deadly, contagious diseases, for that is the moral imperative." I fear—while, of course, applauding his instinctive hostility to egalitarianism—that if Mr. Anderson really chooses to press the moral offensive on this front, he is going to run into a biblical Gallipoli. I doubt that he really wants to do this, but he is certainly correct that national service cannot legitimately conceive of itself as an agent of the class struggle.

THE FOUNDERS of liberal society understood more clearly than some of their progeny the nature of the civic problem. Adam Smith admired Rome and the Greek republics, in which "every free citizen was instructed, under the direction of the public magistrate, in gymnastic exercises and in music." These had as their purpose "to humanize the mind, to soften the temper, and to dispose it for performing all the social and moral duties both of public and private life." When Lincoln wondered whether government by the people, of the people, and for the people could long endure, he must have been asking himself whether a republic of freemen can regenerate itself—even as Hamilton had wondered about this, only 12 years after Adam Smith had made his point. The concern of the Founding Fathers was variously expressed, during the time of Philadelphia and also later. The objective was to induce a virtuous citizenry. It was quite commonly accepted that this was likelier to happen to the extent that religious principles governed human action. But it was also accepted, as witness the call by President Washington for universal military service, that a period of civic sacrifice heightened individual disposition to loyalty, to involvement in civil affairs, and to the identifiction of one's own interests with those of the community. The Civil War, of course, fragmented the larger idea of community loyalty, and the pieces have not completely come back together, save when a Pearl Harbor, or a two-hundredth-anniversary celebration, comes around. And then there was generated, partly as a reaction against the birth of the great totalitarian societies, a suspicion of any role by the state in ventures of the sort we are here to describe. The instinctive suspicions of such as Martin Anderson are probably healthy. But they should yield to calm analysis. Much of what we observe going on in the United States, particularly among youth, so distinguished an observer cannot be tranquil about. And so one therefore appeals from Philip drunk to Philip sober to sit down, think . . . and have another look at national service. ☐

The book's succeeding chapters are: **CHAPTER 5**: "The Citizen's Obligations; The Citizen's Needs," **CHAPTER 6**: "Two Classes of Citizens," **CHAPTER 7**: "Chimeras: Wars on Poverty, Etc.," **CHAPTER 8**: "The Range of Activity," **CHAPTER 9**: "Arguments and Inducements," **CHAPTER 10**: "Dollars and Cents," **CHAPTER 11**: "A Call to Arms," **EPILOGUE**.

Stand closer to freedom than ever before.

Stand in awe.

Because that's about all you'll be able to do when the Bill of Rights arrives in your state.

This historic document is the centerpiece of an extraordinary exhibition that will capture your eyes, your ears and, most of all, your heart. You'll be enveloped by history, transported into the present, and reenter the world with a new appreciation of our freedoms.

The people of Philip Morris Companies are proud to bring you this once-in-a-lifetime event in honor of the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights.

There's no admission fee. We want everyone to come. Because in its own deeply moving way, it will be a blockbuster experience.

For more information and group reservations call: 1-800-231-7000.

See the Bill of Rights on its 50-state tour*

Barre, VT Barre BOR Complex, Oct. 10-Oct. 13, 1990

West Warwick, RI West Warwick Civic Center, Oct. 17-Oct. 20, 1990

Albany, NY New Scotland Avenue Armory, Oct. 23-Oct. 26, 1990

Manchester, NH New Hampshire Army National Guard State Armory, Oct. 31-Nov. 3, 1990

Augusta, ME Augusta Civic Center, Nov. 5-Nov. 8, 1990

New Haven, CT New Haven Veterans Memorial Coliseum, Nov. 13-Nov. 16, 1990

Boston, MA John B. Hynes Veterans Memorial Convention Center, Nov. 19-Nov. 21; Nov. 23-Nov. 25, 1990

Harrisburg, PA Pennsylvania Farm Show Complex, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, 1990

Dover, DE Dover Air Force Base, Dec. 3-Dec. 6, 1990

Baltimore, MD Baltimore Convention Center, Dec. 9-Dec. 11, 1990

Morristown, NJ Morristown Armory, Dec. 13-Dec. 17, 1990

Columbia, SC South Carolina State Fairgrounds, Dec. 20-Dec. 23, 1990

Marietta, GA Cobb County Civic Center, Jan. 3-Jan. 8, 1991

Raleigh, NC Raleigh Civic and Convention Center, Jan. 13-Jan. 15, 1991

Montgomery, AL Montgomery Civic Center, Jan. 21-Jan. 23, 1991

Tallahassee, FL Tallahassee-Leon County Civic Center, Jan. 27-Jan. 30, 1991

Nashville, TN National Guard Armory, Feb. 1-Feb. 8, 1991

Baton Rouge, LA Riverside Centroplex, Feb. 12-Feb. 16, 1991

Little Rock, AR Rick's Armory, Feb. 20-Feb. 24, 1991

Dallas, TX Fair Park, Mar. 2-Mar. 5, 1991

Houston, TX Sam Houston Coliseum, Mar. 8-Mar. 12, 1991

Oklahoma City, OK Myriad Convention Center, Mar. 16-Mar. 24, 1991

Albuquerque, NM Albuquerque Convention Center, Mar. 28-Apr. 2, 1991

Phoenix, AZ Arizona Veterans Memorial Coliseum, Apr. 9-Apr. 15, 1991

Reno, NV Lawlor Events Center, Apr. 18-Apr. 21, 1991

San Francisco, CA Fort Mason Center/Pier 2 Herbst Pavilion, Apr. 26-May 2, 1991

Los Angeles, CA To be announced, May 7-May 12, 1991

Honolulu, HI Aloha Tower, May 21-May 24; May 26-May 28, 1991

Seattle, WA Washington State Convention and Trade Center, June 11-June 15, 1991

Salem, OR Oregon State Fair and Expo Center, June 19-June 24, 1991

Juneau, AK Centennial Hall Convention Center, July 2-July 12, 1991

Boise, ID Western Idaho Fair & Exposition Center, July 21-July 24, 1991

Butte, MT Butte Civic Center, July 30-Aug. 3, 1991

Salt Lake City, UT Salt Palace Center, Aug. 6-Aug. 10, 1991

Casper, WY Casper Events Center, Aug. 15-Aug. 18, 1991

Topeka, KS Kansas Expo Center, Aug. 22-Aug. 25, 1991

Denver, CO Colorado Convention Center, Aug. 29-Sept. 6, 1991

Saint Paul, MN Saint Paul Civic Center, Sept. 13-Sept. 19, 1991

Lincoln, NE Pershing Municipal Auditorium, Sept. 23-Sept. 28, 1991

Bismarck, ND Bismarck Civic Center, Oct. 2-Oct. 6, 1991

Sioux Falls, SD Sioux Falls Arena, Oct. 10-Oct. 14, 1991

Davenport, IA River Center/Adler Theatre, Oct. 22-Oct. 27, 1991

Columbia, MO Holiday Inn Executive Center, Nov. 2-Nov. 7, 1991

Milwaukee, WI The MECCA, Nov. 12-Nov. 16, 1991

Chicago, IL Navy Pier, Nov. 19-Nov. 24, 1991

Louisville, KY Commonwealth Convention Center, Dec. 3-Dec. 7, 1991

Indianapolis, IN Indiana State Fairgrounds, Dec. 11-Dec. 14, 1991

Jackson, MS Mississippi Trade Mart, Dec. 18-Dec. 21, 1991

Lansing, MI The Lansing Center, Dec. 28-Dec. 30, 1991; Jan. 2-Jan. 3, 1992

Columbus, OH Ohio Expositions Center/Ohio State Fairgrounds, Jan. 7-Jan. 11, 1992

Charleston, WV Charleston Civic Center, Jan. 22-Jan. 25, 1992

Richmond, VA The Richmond Center for Conventions and Expositions, Feb. 5-Feb. 9, 1992

*Subject to change.

©Philip Morris Management Corp. 1990

Philip Morris Companies Inc.

KRAFT GENERAL FOODS · MILLER BREWING COMPANY · PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

AMONG OURSELVES

The Staff at Work and Play

LINDA BRIDGES

■ A while back the *New York Times* ran a piece about a venerable cigar store that was dropping its time-honored practice of storing its customers' purchases for them. Customers had been instructed to come and pick up their property for the last time. The reporter noticed a middle-aged man standing in the middle of the room, looking around disconsolately. Finally the man said to no one in particular, "I hate change, don't you?"

Those of *NR*'s staff who are temperamentally as well as politically conservative know how he felt. Our last *lustrum* (to borrow a word from Cicero and Hugh Kenner) began with Priscilla Buckley's announcement of her semi-retirement—an event less noticed by the outside world, but with as big an impact on the editorial staff as the later departure of Bill Rusher as publisher, his replacement by Wick Allison, and the arrival of John O'Sullivan as editor. (Bill Buckley's announcement of his own semi-retirement hasn't sunk in yet. Ask us in five years.)

Priscilla had kept the department and (most of) its writers in order by the simple means of being the sort of person you just hate to disappoint. She was, as Frank Meyer eloquently put it, the grease in our crankcase. (The *Washington Post*, in writing about our 25th anniversary, helpfully corrected that to "the oil in our crankcase"; the *Post* knew a lot about cars, but not much about Frank Meyer.)

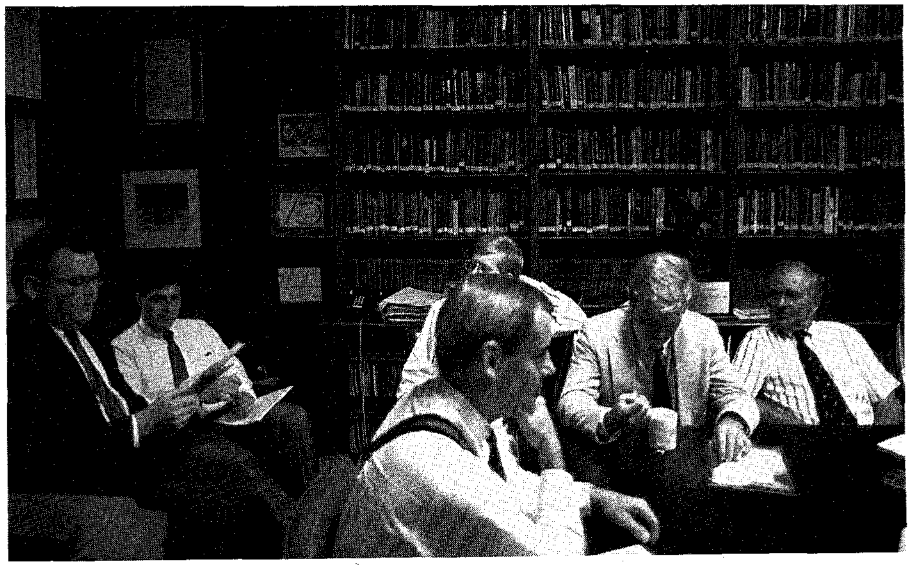
Mercifully for her successors—Rick Brookhiser followed by Linda Bridges—Priscilla is always available by phone and fax to fill in the myriad details we found we hadn't quite absorbed. Priscilla took the title of senior editor, joining Jeff Hart and Joe Sobran as the once-a-fortnight gang, coming in on the alternate Mondays and Tuesdays to confer and write editorials. Priscilla remarked that she would know semi-retirement had taken hold when she found herself sitting on a chaise longue in the afternoon with a novel and a box of chocolates. The last time we asked, the chaise longue was still in the attic, and Priscilla had embarked on the latest project, research for a documentary for the 35th anniversary party.

■ Change is in the air even before Priscilla's semi-departure. Kevin Lynch, father confessor to the editorial department, has left, after 15 years at *NR*, for Voice of America (he's now with Radio Free Europe in Munich), and has been replaced as articles editor and, if not quite father confessor, at least troop leader by Rich Vigilante, a young writer known to Rick as a colleague in the Party of the Right at Yale. (The possibilities for confusion are evident: the difference, spoken or written, between Rick and Rich is not enough to prevent havoc on the switchboard; but we survive, coming to sound almost like British public-schoolboys in our use of surnames—"Has anyone seen Brookhiser today?")

Rick as managing editor, Rich as articles editor, and Linda as executive editor form the "troika," as responsibilities are divvied up in the post-Priscilla editorial department. Rich has ambitious plans for the articles section, and finds himself quickly falling behind. Will WFB let him hire an assistant? Creating a new post is not something we do lightly, but Bill agrees that it's warranted in this case, and so Maggie Gallagher comes aboard. Her first big piece is the lead article for the 1986 campus issue, about "sensitivity" run amok.

■ The outside world marches through our pages. Nineteen eighty-six begins with a cover story by Lewis Lehrman and Gregory Fossedal, "1986: The Year of the Space Shield." We fight manfully on the subject of SDI, requiring editors who were French or history majors to master enough scientific terminology to produce "SDI Watch," with the help of the experts at the George C. Marshall Institute. And indeed, we haven't given up on SDI, even if the Bush Administration has.

Since we are not a Catholic magazine but a conservative magazine many of whose top people happen to be Catholic, we are especially pleased when Bill Buckley persuades Lutheran pastor Richard John Neuhaus to come to us as religion editor, much though we will miss Michael Novak.



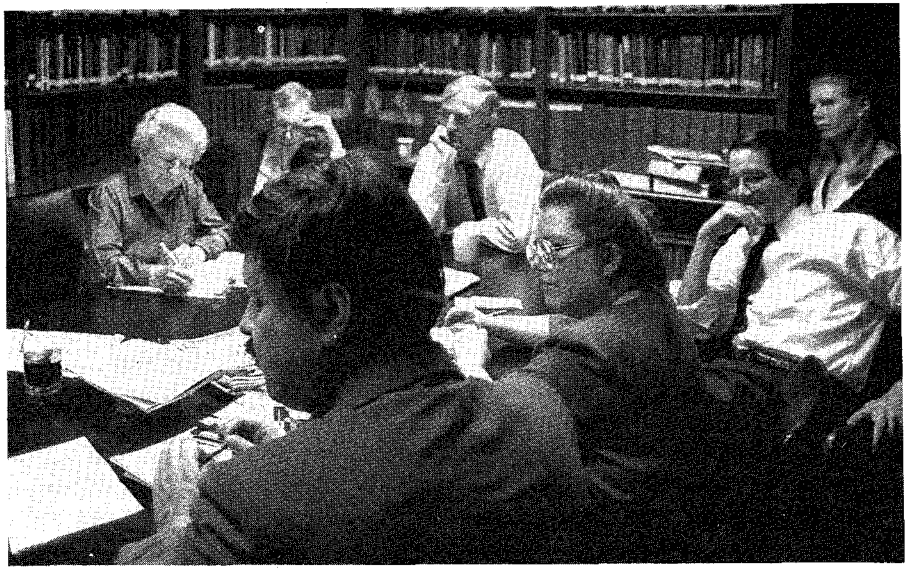
His head against the window: Bill McGurn, Washington bureau chief. Moving clockwise, Jack Fowler, Washington congressional reporter; summer assistant Tucker Goodrich (all summer assistants are only partly visible); Brad Miner (opposite); Geoffrey Morris; Jeff Hart

---

Miss Bridges has been NR's *managing editor since 1988.*

We send Pastor Neuhaus to cover the Extraordinary Synod in Rome. The copy he sends back reflects so great a congruence with traditional Catholic doctrine that we're not terribly surprised, five years later, when Mr. Neuhaus reverentially takes off his Lutheran collar and popes.

That spring, Reagan bombs Qaddafi, Chernobyl blows up (editorial paragraph: "■ The Soviet Union has finally contrived to give power to the people"), and the Philadelphia Society runs a conference on paleo-cons *v.* neo-cons (reported on for us by Jeff Hart). Summer assistant Paul Birnbaum has his hands full answering the letters on that dispute, which will be continued from then on, with Stephen Tonsor, Ernest van den Haag, Sam Francis, and numerous others weighing in.

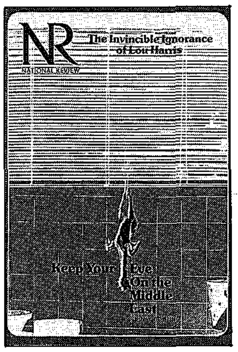


Priscilla Buckley (self-evident), John O'Sullivan, WFB, Wick Allison, Dorothy McCartney, Linda Bridges, Joe Sobran (not shown: Rick Brookhiser, Allen Randolph, Ed Rubenstein, Mark Cunningham).

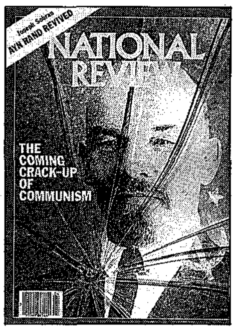
■ In September 1986 we launch a new column: Jeff Hart's "Ivory Foxhole." Two months later, Wayne Dick is reinstated at Yale (he was the student who had the poor sense of self-preservation to satirize Gay–Lesbian Awareness Days). Chilton Williamson, who has been running the Books, Arts & Manners section since George Will's departure in December 1975, is made a senior editor. He is pleased by the recognition, but wishes he didn't have to come east from Wyoming quite so often. On the production side there is a general shift upward. Anna Lieber moves across the hall as art director following Colleen Lawlor Hartman's departure, and sets to work on some classy headings and house ads; Ione Whitlock moves to Anna's old job as production editor and begins a thorough study of printing processes, enabling her to do many things that associate publisher Ed Capano had had to handle before; Pete Garvey, a master of deadpan humor, comes upstairs from the circulation department to take Ione's old job as production coordinator.

The year ends with a whimper that will soon explode with a bang: the Republican defeat in the Senate, and the first rumors of Iran–Contra. That controversy leads to some fine pieces by Rick Brookhiser explaining that the Administration would not have been tempted by Ollie North's wild scheme if Congress had not been so feckless; but we would sooner not have had the mess, even if we would then have missed Rick's pieces.

■ While Iran–Contra picks up steam outside, within these precincts an even longer and more acrimonious debate is going on. It had been set in motion by the death three years before of art director Jimmy O'Bryan. Jimmy had been designing our covers for as long as we had had covers designed—or rather, as he liked to put it, he *executed* the cover designs Bill Buckley scrawled out on a sheet of yellow copy paper. These covers were not always to everyone's taste. Take the photograph of a dead chicken hanging, head down, in front of a half-opened Venetian blind: fine photograph by Jan Lukas, with fine color treatment by Jimmy, but what was it supposed to mean as a magazine cover? Don't you understand? WFB replied, raising not one but two eyebrows. That's *not* Israel, whose neck is *not* being wrung.


NR
NATIONAL REVIEW
The Invincible Ignorance of Lou Harris
Keep Your Eye On the Middle East

Nonetheless, these covers had a flavor that we missed. Various artists tried to recapture it—Colleen Lawlor Hartman, Richard Erlanger, John Donnelly, Anna Lieber, Charles Bork. They produced some fine covers along the way, but they just weren't Jimmy.

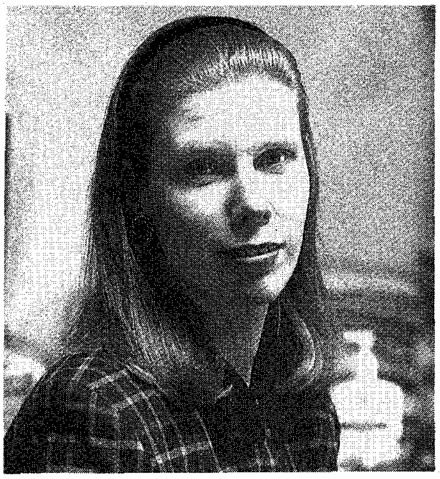


So matters stand when Wick comes aboard full time. He proposes, and Bill accepts, an experiment on a new tack. While attempting to keep the wit that distinguished the WFB/JO'B team, we will add a bit of mainstream slickness to appeal to newsstand buyers. A design company called Pentagram is hired, both for covers and to produce a radical redesign of the interior of the magazine. "Back to the future," we call it, since although type and art are chosen in accord with Eighties fashion, the essential outlines are taken from the early days of the magazine, c. 1959.

Pentagram produces some of our favorite covers: Ronald Reagan with his face blending into the map of Europe; V. I. Lenin behind a shattered pane of glass. But eventually logistic considerations lead us to put the covers into the hands of our new art director, Paul Hebert, who is that rarity, a fully qualified art-school graduate who is a conservative. Besides his expertness, Paul brings deep reserves of patience to cover conferences, as Wick, John, and Ed Capano put up and bat down suggestion after suggestion, often coming back and embracing the original idea after all.

■ July 1987: Robert Bork is nominated for the Supreme Court. The office is a nest of Bork fans, and whenever we have a minute, we flip on the little television (a gift years ago to Priscilla from departing staffers

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAN LUCAS



Dorothy McCartney, research director, and assistant to editor, with neither of her hats on.

Barbara Devlin and Vicki Marani) to watch the hearings, monitoring our blood pressure at regular intervals. We don't win the prophet-of-the-year award for our editorial prediction ("Robert Bork will be confirmed as a Supreme Court Justice, make no mistake about that"). As with Iran–Contra, the battle yields some fine analysis, particularly a cover piece by Rich Vigilante (beautiful cover portrait of Bork by Ken Marlow); and as with Iran–Contra, we would have forgone even that cover if we could instead have had Justice Bork on the Supreme Court.

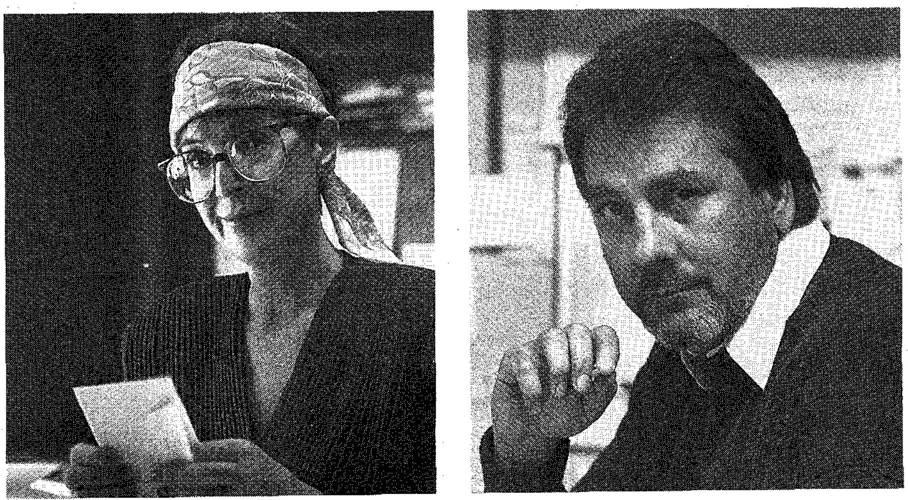
■ Nika Hazelton, coming to the office one day to meet Priscilla for lunch, happens to arrive just as gales of giggles emanate from three distinct areas on the second floor. (Everyone has just received a copy of Bill Rusher's memo explaining that we will not observe Presidents' Day, given our reservations about Mr. Lincoln, but we will observe Washington's Birthday on the same date.) Nika draws herself up and declaims majestically: "What *is* all this unseemly frivolity? When do you get any *work* done?"

But there is always sadness amidst the laughter, and one of our saddest announcements ever appears in that Bork issue: "James Burnham, R I P." There are other deaths these five years of people who mattered to NATIONAL REVIEW—to name just a few, Mabel Wood Naft, Clare Boothe Luce, Karl Wittfogel, Larry Beilenson, Bill Brady, John Kreuttner, Francis Russell, Alice-Leone Moats, Mary Gauerke, Roger Allan Moore, Fernando Valenti—*requiescant in pace.*

But none of these deaths strikes as deeply at the heart of the magazine as Jim Burnham's. WFB had called Jim, in his tribute to him at our 25th anniversary dinner, "the dominant intellectual influence in the development of this journal," and we decide that we can do no less than devote an entire, longer-than-normal article section to him. Our one fear is that in the two dozen appreciations we have solicited, there will be too much overlap.

Not at all, as it turns out: whereas stories told about Willmoore Kendall, say, tend to be remarkably alike, different people's Burnham stories are each appropriate to the person telling them; he brought out the best, and the particular, in everyone.

■ From late 1987 through 1988, *NR* sees its most concentrated shift of personnel ever. Rich Vigilante departs, winding up at the Manhattan Institute where he has just (October 1990) launched a new magazine (*NY: The City Journal*). Maggie Gallagher becomes acting articles editor; editorial assistant Mark Cunningham, one of the last surviving Camel smokers, moves across the hall as her assistant; and Geoffrey Morris, recruited from Stan Evans's National Journalism Center, comes aboard in Mark's place. Lacey Washington, a former editorial assistant who is about to go to medical school (an *NR* first), comes back for a year as copy editor while we sort ourselves out. David Klinghoffer had arrived as our 1987 summer assistant, and will stay for two more years as Chilton's assistant, until the *Washington Times* starts noticing his byline and hires him away as a film reviewer. And early in 1988 Trish Bozell (a younger sister of Bill's and Priscilla's) comes aboard to supervise the special projects undertaken in conjunction with Russell Kirk's educational Reviewer; she will later take on a portion of our proofreading, by fax and FedEx from her Washington home.



WFB's "retirement" is very much semi-. The indispensable Frances Bronson will still have to answer three phone calls simultaneously, while Tony Savage masters the latest version of WordStar.

Meanwhile, Rick has privately told WFB several months back that he finds he is writing less and enjoying it less; he intends to step down as managing editor—and thus to take himself out of contention as WFB's eventual successor. A search is quietly put in train, and turns up the name of John O'Sullivan. He will take the new position of editor, with Linda becoming managing editor. And at about the same time, Bill Rusher's long-threatened departure becomes imminent, and Wick is named to succeed him.

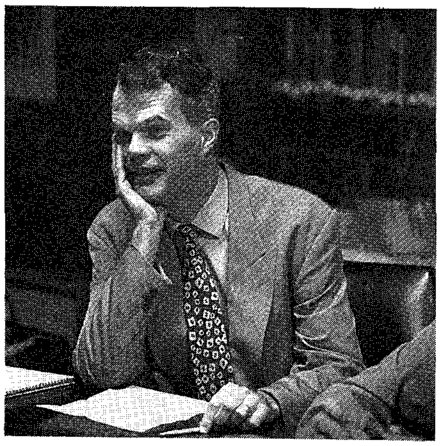
But it will be August 1988 before John can pry himself away from 10 Downing Street, December before WAR hands over the reins to Wick. And lots is happening in the meantime. Cort Kirkwood (one of Rich's finds) writes a piece on Jim Wright, one of the first exposés of the scandal that will drive the Speaker out of town. And David Glasner submits a scary piece on the S&Ls; if his warning had been heeded then (April 1988), how many billions could have been saved? Priscilla Buckley goes to Hungary and returns with a report of changes there which, if it had been turned in by anyone less level-headed and experienced, we would have flatly disbelieved. Ed Rubenstein begins writing his Right Data column; it takes a while to find its proper format but is now—to judge from our editorial mailbag—one of our most popular features. John Roche starts writing regularly for us, producing a slashing cover story on Bobby Kennedy. Neal Freeman returns as an offbeat Washington columnist, while John McLaughlin retains the regular Washington beat, and Chris Baldwin—in exile from Dartmouth for "vexatious oral exchange"—handles the editorial end of the BuckPac campaign against Lowell Weicker. John O'Sullivan arrives, and is immediately whisked down to New Orleans for the Republican convention, where the *NR* party organized by Christine (Mrs. Wick) Allison is a tremendous hit.

Rose Flynn, treasurer extraordinary, practicing forgery for creditors.

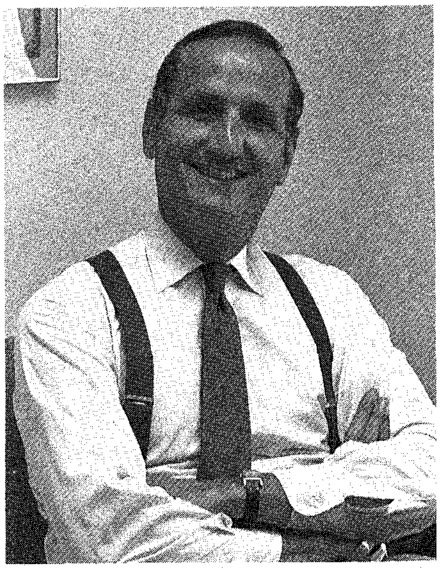
■ Returning to New York, John follows the old maxim, If you want a job done efficiently, give it to the busiest person you know. John unerringly picks Dorothy McCartney—research director for NATIONAL REVIEW, plus being personally in charge of *Firing Line* research, WFB's book research, WFB's column research, plus filling in for the indispensable Frances Bronson on the rare occasions when Frances takes a vacation—to be his administrative assistant. Dorothy is heard at times to sigh, "It's hard working O'Sullivan hours in the evening and Buckley hours the next morning" (there's about a three-hour time difference between the two—and that's irrespective of which continent they're on at the time). But she copes, with the help of Mary Edson—whose typing, proofreading, and reading of the JO'S *and* WFB handwritings are matched only by her sense of organization—and of the staff in the library: John Virtes, an expert on domestic politics; Russell Jenkins, who can come up with the call letters of the new Soviet submarine at the drop of an Exacto knife; and Micheal Flaherty, a recent Tufts graduate in history and English, replacing Joe Vetter, now at Fordham for graduate work in political science.

■ One change, dreaded by some, devoutly wished for by others, is averted. The building in which *NR* has resided since 1958, a nine-story turn-of-the-century apartment building, is sold, and we're told we will have to move. Bill Rusher and the resourceful Rose Flynn, who has been our bookkeeper longer even than WAR has been our publisher, constitute the search committee, whose task is to find quarters no smaller and no more expensive than our current ones, and—very important, this—within walking distance of Paone's Restaurant.

Bill and Rose prowl around lower Park Avenue rejecting buildings—this one would be more suitable for Mike Milken before the fall; at that one, the secretaries' offices resemble the *cachots* of the Chateau d'If—when fate smiles and the new owner tells us he *wants* us to stay. The range of reactions is summed up when JO'S receives a visitor one day, an Englishman who has spent some time working in New York. The guest says, "Do you know, this is the first time I've ever been in a New York office that wasn't in one of those steel-and-glass monstrosities. You *must* keep this at *all costs*." Linda cheers, Dorothy sneers, and John laughs indulgently.



Rick Brookhiser pondering vacation to Egypt (they went to California).



Associate publisher Ed Capano. Another idea in the works.

■ The election is over; the results are in. For two or three issues thereafter, all editorial copy comes through rubber-stamped: BUCKPAC KILLS! One of our proofreaders grumbles: "What clown is stamping all the copy?" Turns out it is WFB, in an access of anti-Weickerian elation.

And incidentally, George Bush is elected President:

> ■ The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW heartily congratulate George Herbert Walker Bush on his ascendancy. . . . We respect Mr. Bush's accomplishments, admire his courage, and (where relevant) delight in his company. . . . But we remind the President-elect that *NR*'s function, as a journal of opinion, is to attempt to speak the truth, to criticize as well as to encourage, reproach as well as applaud. The years ahead will be busy—for both of us.

See this issue's budget editorials, "The Week."

■ President Reagan will soon be departing from Washington, and his favorite magazine wants to give him a nice sendoff. Wick wonders if John could invite Margaret Thatcher to write an appreciation; after due consideration, he does, she agrees, and the result is the cover story in a jam-packed Christmas issue: Irving Kristol on why the public square shouldn't be naked (though exchanges in it should be tactful); Tony Lejeune on the decline of the detective novel; the annual Aloïse Buckley Heath piece; . . . it is one of the staff's favorite issues.

Managing editor Linda Bridges, with trusty Royal standard, her back to computer.

Followed by what now appears to be our most prescient issue. The phrase "The Coming Crack-Up of Communism" was, like the Burnham title on which it was based, intended as a sort of hortatory statement. And the piece inside by Radek Sikorski, who had just been brought in by John as our roving correspondent, has been borne out more quickly than any of us imagined. "The Soviet empire," he wrote, "will not come down in a big thrilling crash. . . . To be sure, the Soviet Union is an invalid . . . , but instead of a heart attack, it will perish of AIDS or, more accurately, of leprosy, in which bits of the victim's body progressively fall away . . ."

That same issue reports on a bittersweet event: our going-away party for Bill Rusher. Perhaps because WAR used to complain so heartily when WFB insisted on holding an editorial dinner on his boat, it is decided to hold the party on—a boat. But this is a nice big boat that doesn't toss and pitch, even when we finish up by sailing out into the harbor to pay our respects to Lady Liberty.

We are sad to see Bill Rusher go, but he assures us he will stay in touch from the new C^3 (command, control, and communications) center he is having installed in his San Francisco apartment. Bill went straight from handwriting his work for Claire Wirth to type, to manning his own word processor *cum* modem (a sample of the results appears on page 58).

The following issue has the staff wondering how much more editorial ingenuity it can take. This issue contains *both* nine pages of "Advice to the President," most of it good, much of it untaken, from such as William Bennett, Paul Johnson, Charles Murray, Ed Koch, Vladimir Bukovsky; *and* the Social Climber's Guide to Washington—an extravaganza of almost-too-true-to-be-funny social advice coordinated, and written in large part, by Tom Bethell. JO'S takes particular delight in the Up-and-Down the Roller-coaster game:

> You are invited by Mrs. Bush
>   to chair a literacy panel. **UP**
> Phyllis Schlafly is your co-chair.
>   **DOWN**

or

> Mike Wallace calls. **UP**
> And he wants you to appear on
>   *60 Minutes*. **UP**
> But he's evasive about
>   the topic. **DOWN**
> He calls back: the camera crew
>   is outside your office.
>   **GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL**

■ Perhaps the most pervasive change in our everyday lives is: meetings. Things that used to be decided in the morning phone call from WFB to Priscilla are now the subject of the Wednesday morning meeting (that's Wednesday morning O'Sullivan time —it's usually held Wednesday afternoon), which runs into the short-term meeting, which runs into the cover conference. Mark Cunningham, who has remained assistant articles editor under John, keeps track of the long-term list (all those articles we have accepted or are considering); Geoff Morris, who has been named assistant managing editor, keeps track of the short-term scheduling.

Special-projects director Lisa Nelson: a quiet moment between Eastern Europe and the anniversary party.

Assistant managing editor Geoffrey Morris. "Only fifty more pages to go."

Meanwhile, Wick and Ed Capano are holding meetings to run their various promotion and ancillary activities. As a result, the third-floor conference room, which for twenty years has been a sleepy backwater except on magazine Monday and Tuesday, is now the scene of conversations like "Are you here for our meeting?" "I don't know—which meeting is your meeting?"

On the other hand, not every gathering of two or more people is a meeting. Barbara Amiel, in town to finish the research for her essay "Feminism Hits Menopause" (Nov. 24, 1989), sticks her head into John's office and quickly retreats with a murmured, "Oh, I'm so sorry; I didn't mean to interrupt your meeting." John, Dorothy, and Linda chorus, "This isn't a meeting."

"It isn't a meeting?" she replies, looking from one to another of them.

"No, no," says John. "We're just working."

■ In March 1988 a discreet little notice appears in "Notes & Asides":

THE EDITORS AND DIRECTORS
ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
THAT PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN
HAS AGREED TO SERVE
AS A MEMBER OF THE BOARD
OF NATIONAL REVIEW

JO'S and Linda decide to ask WFB if he thinks our newest board member would return Mrs. Thatcher's favor and write a piece on the occasion of her tenth anniversary as prime minister. WFB does; RR agrees, and delivers an article that makes it clear that a secure man, unlike the Pinterite wimps in the London intelligentsia, finds no contradiction between the Iron Lady's womanliness and her toughness.

■ A new feature is inaugurated and an old friend returns. JO'S is planning to launch "On the Scene." As we're pondering the contents of the first section, Linda gets a call from John Coyne, who had been our staff writer back in '69–'70, before being lured away by Spiro Agnew. John hasn't written for us for some while, and he calls now to say that he would like to cover the Chicago mayoral election. JO'S gives him the go-ahead, and JC gets "On the Scene" off to a hilarious start with "A Wet Mayor or What?" —a disquisition on Richard Daley's "Chicago-speak," in which "What you want is a mayor that" comes out as "You want a what mayor," interpreted by the press as, "You want a white mayor."

"So I won't even mention my sister Priscilla," says WFB at the party, "nor pause to say that without her my 35 years at NATIONAL REVIEW *would have been intolerable."*

A couple of weeks later, John calls to say that if we still want the piece on Henry Regnery that he was assigned to write years ago, he's now eager to do it. Linda's whoop of delight (she can't wait to tell Bill and Priscilla) would have reached Chicago without the phone line. Three issues later "Henry Regnery: A Public Private Man" appears.

We restore our old practice, fallen into abeyance, of a Spring and Fall Books Issue. The first one includes reviews by Richard Pipes on *glasnost*, Hugh Trevor-Roper on the Third Reich, and Joe Sobran on Whittaker Chambers's pre-Hiss journalism, and an essay by Kingsley Amis.

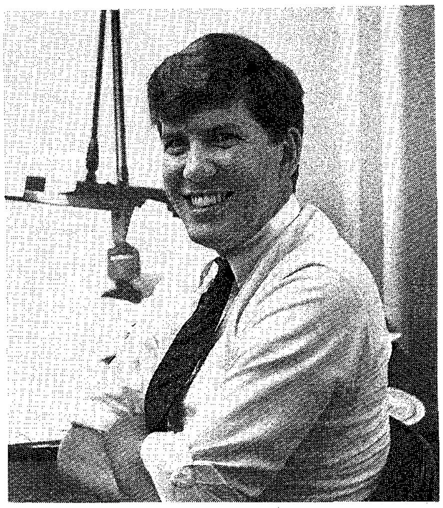
In one fortnight in June 1989, the news events include the first semi-free Polish elections in fifty years, the death of Khomeini, and Tiananmen Square. We desperately want an "On the Scene" from China, but how to find someone to write it? Mark contacts friends of friends, and eventually comes up with the name of George Jochnowitz, who is over there studying and teaching. We are a bit nervous about contacting someone in the dragon's lair, but he and the article arrive home in one piece each, and we begin a pleasant association.

■ Since Nora Wayson left her post as NR's receptionist and switchboard operator to go to nursing school, we had wandered through a number of short-lived successors. During this period we receive some memorable phone messages, like the one for Chilton saying that one of his reviewers wants to talk about evil and war. (Readers will find a book review by the late Mr. Evil & War in this issue, p. 125.)

Rose keeps on interviewing new prospects and finally comes up with Alison Schmertz, cheerful, competent, and frequently seen in the company of mail clerk Kevin Longstreet, a devotee of heavy-metal rock music (everyone has to have one flaw).

■ Earlier in the year, when John McLaughlin announces that his television commitments will force him to step down as our Washington columnist, Wick and John hire Bill McGurn away from the *Asian Wall Street Journal* and upgrade the Washington office, making Bill a full-time employee with a small staff. They will contribute some hard-hitting material, including pieces by Bill and by Susan Mandel on Ted Kennedy's Civil Rights Act, the Americans with Disabilities Act, the Clean Air Act, and other attritions of American liberty. If their warnings have not always been heeded, they will at least have a (gloomy) portfolio of we-told-you-so's.

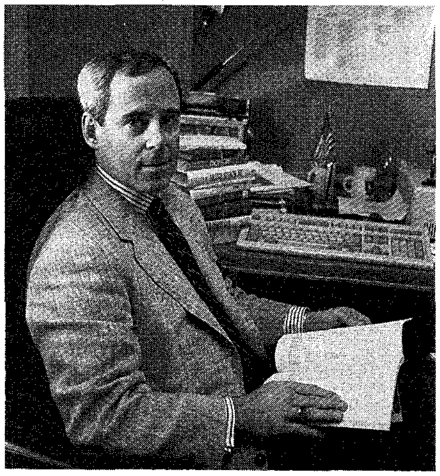
■ One part of Wick's plan to put the magazine on a sound financial footing involves the installation of an extensive new computer system, in which the typesetting equipment will be linked to a network of PCs throughout the office, and, via modem, to our Washington bureau as well.



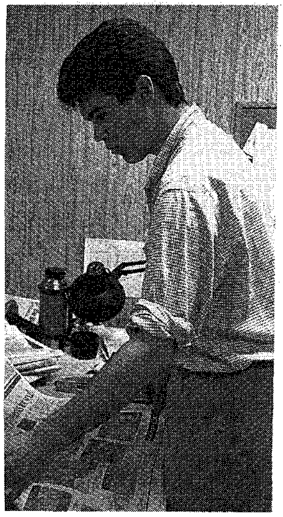
Art director Paul Hebert: "They like the cover!"

The project is put into the hands of Lisa Nelson, our new special-projects director, who knows little about computers but a great deal about how to get things done. Lisa is joined in her field trips by Linda (chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee to Send the Twentieth Century Back to the Factory, but who has taken a few bytes of computer knowledge in self-defense) and, as we come closer to a decision, by Ed Capano.

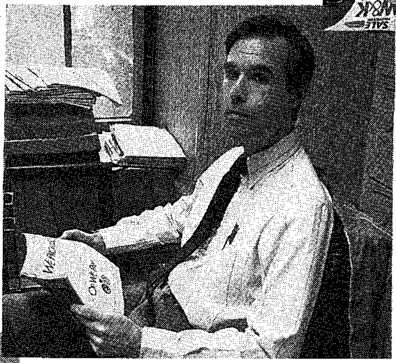
Eventually a system is chosen, bought, and installed—only seven weeks late, and nearly ready to go. Lisa is biting her nails. Linda, who has been through two previous computer installations, starts quoting illustrations of Stan Kelly-Bootle's "Law of Voltaire–Candide," e.g., "This six-month delivery setback will allow us to refine our flowcharts and build a computer room."

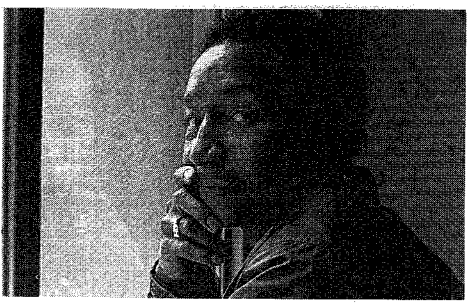


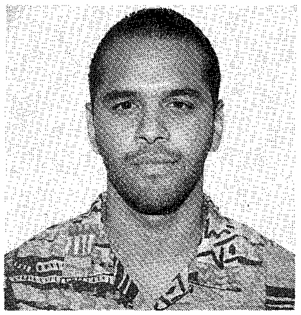
Brad Miner, literary editor: "The thousand-word review fits most writers like a straitjacket."



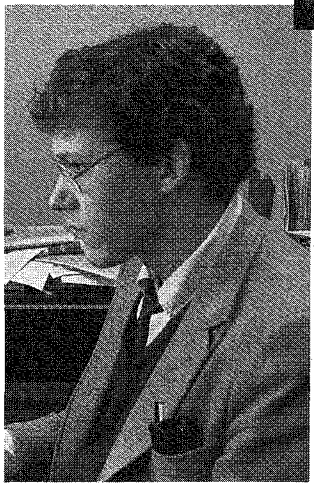
Librarian John Virtes (below), researchers Micheal Flaherty (right) and Russell Jenkins (left).





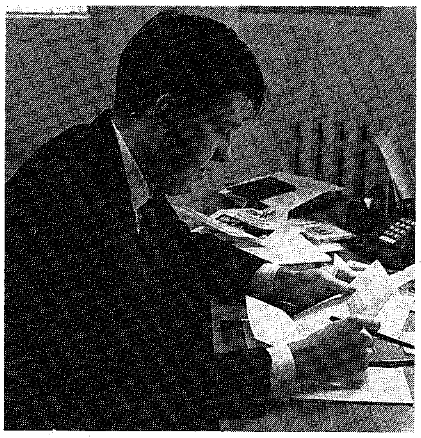


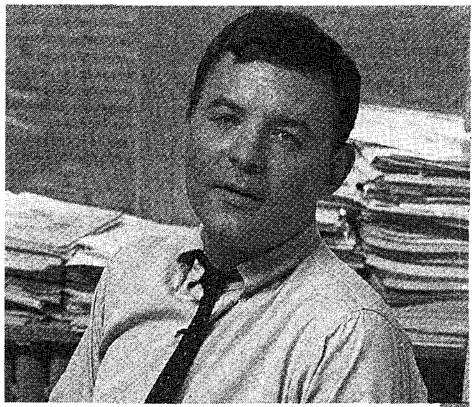
Editorial secretary, mainstay Mary Edson (below); Ron Williams (above), security; and Charles Hernandez (left), business services.



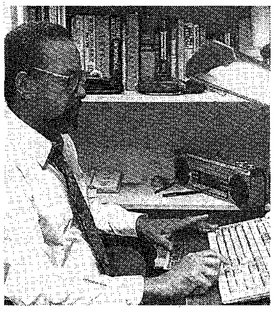
Mark Cunningham, (left), asst. articles editor, preparing "On the Scene."

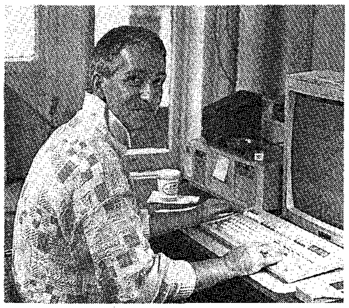
Allen Randolph (right), editorial assistant, editing one of the many fine letters to the editor.

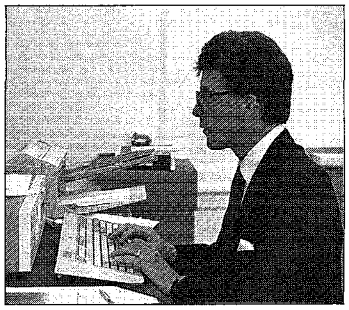




Ed Rubenstein (above), economic analyst: "Are my Data Right?"







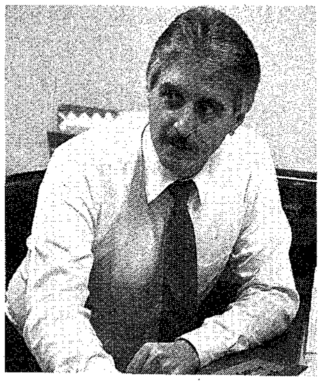
Left to right: Michael Watkins and Michael Ashton , typesetting and layout. Dan Merritt, marketing director.

■ As freedom starts arriving in Central Europe, computers start arriving at 150 East 35th Street. The two Michaels—Michael Watkins, our 25-year veteran, who started out as an editorial typist and has come through three generations of in-house computer typesetting, and Michael Ashton, who came on board as a temporary eight years ago—buckle down to learn the new commands, along with Paul, who will need the system for page makeup and design, and the editorial staff across the hall: Linda, Mark, Geoff, David, and our two summer assistants, Craig Lerner and Will Mount (son of longtime *NR* associate Ferdinand Mount).

Finally, the last piece of equipment arrives and it's all systems go. Only problem is, it's 11 A.M. of a Thursday, first pages are due at the plant tonight, and nothing has been dummied. It winds up taking Michael A. and Paul one hour and 45 minutes to dummy "On the Right," a task that the previous fortnight had taken art associate Pat Sarch ten minutes to do with paper, scissors, and straight pins. By 11 P.M., everyone is exhausted except John (for whom it is 8 P.M.). It takes only four more nights of this to produce the magazine—the ugliest and most typo-filled issue we have ever sent out. We apologize to the authors whose work we have presented so unappetizingly (Bill von Dreele has called to ask hesitantly whether his poems are *always* going to look that way in the new design), and settle down to take stock. Memos fly, meetings are held, and already the next issue looks better, the following one better yet. We decide we've survived.

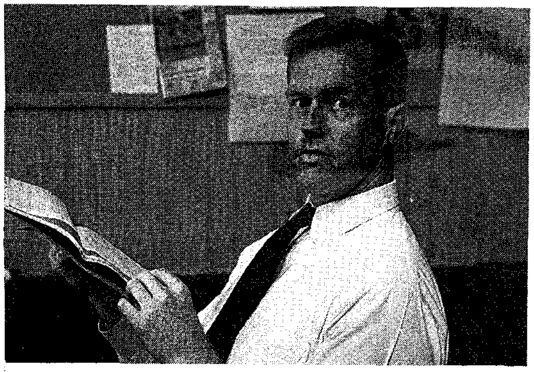
■ But it is Brad Miner, not Chilton Williamson, who has to convey his colleagues' apologies to aggrieved reviewers. Chilton is finding it increasingly difficult to juggle his book writing with his administrative work for us; simultaneously he is approached by *Chronicles*' Tom Fleming to come and handle their book section.

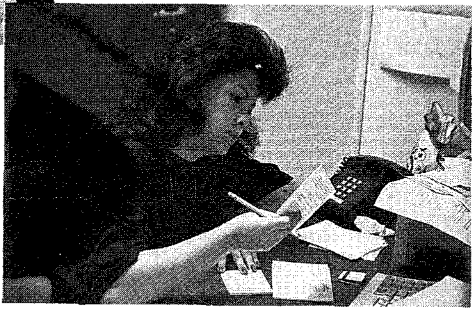
Once again the search mechanism goes into gear. Wick and Ed already have it in mind that *NR* should launch a book-publishing enterprise; they are seeking someone who has both serious book-publishing experience and liter-

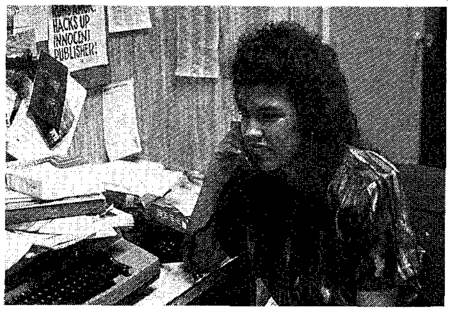


Business: Arthur Stetzner (below), fund director; Jerry Pellecchia (above right), assistant to the treasurer; James Kilbridge (above left), chief financial officer.

Two legs of NR*'s triad: Jason Ng, circulation manager, Sylvia Wolinsky, circulation director.*







Counterclockwise: Josie Salcedo and Annette Cuttitta, research and switchboard relief. Alison Schmertz, switchboar Kevin Longstreet, mail clerk.

Matthew Scully (above), assistant literary editor. Assistant to publisher and classified sales director Dorian Robbins (left).

ary taste. That plus conservatism is not the easiest combination to find, but Brad Miner fills the bill. He comes on board for a leisurely apprenticeship, culminating in a trip out to Wyoming, where Chilton takes him on a horseback camping trip up into the mountains that leaves him gasping both from the altitude and from the beauty of that grand and severe country.

We will have Brad's undivided attention for all of, oh, six months—whereupon the book-publishing venture really does take off with the college guide (soon to be available). Brad's assistant now, replacing David Klinghoffer, is Matthew Scully. Matthew's experience is mostly in newspapers, but he picks up the niceties of magazine editing, and is able to take more and more of the load off Brad.

Meanwhile, now that Geoff is in charge of coordinating the editorial department's efforts with those of the art and typesetting room, we need someone to replace him on the letters-to-the-editor desk. Allen Randolph, a classmate of Geoff's from Hobart College, is the chosen victim; he is perhaps our only junior staffer ever who has had more than a summer's experience in the real world of business before joining our nearly academic halfway house. Of this semi-academic status, Craig Lerner kindly remarks that he has never before been among a group of wordsmiths who were so free of backstabbing and petty intrigues. Being told this in the middle of our computer conversion, John ruefully comments: "It may be that we're all too overworked to intrigue."

■ There's much more to remember—two symposia orchestrated by Milton Friedman; the flying trip through Central Europe and Moscow by two dozen *NR* editors, directors, and supporters this summer—but time and space have both run out, Geoffrey firmly announces, and so the account of another five years ends—but wait a minute, Wick wants to know if we shouldn't . . . No, says Geoffrey, this issue is closed.

And next issue we begin another five-year cycle, wondering if it can possibly be as full of incident and excitement as the one just ending. ☐

NR Turns Thirty-five

"Another issue of NATIONAL REVIEW *has gone to bed, and you acknowledge—the thought has ever so slowly distilled in your mind—that the time comes for us all to go to bed, and I judge that mine has come . . ."*

Professor Milton Friedman
The Honorable Henry J. Hyde
The Honorable Willam E. Simon

Cordially invite you to
a party, celebrating the

35th
ANNIVERSARY
1955 · 1990

THE MENU

Smoked salmon
with red caviar

Chicken pot pie
à la Pat (Buckley) and Chef John Doherty

Waldorf-Astoria
Triple Chocolate Mousse Cake

Demitasse

1989 McDowell Chardonnay
1988 Domaine Du Potet Regnie

Special thanks to:
Philip Morris, USA
and
Absolut Vodka

THE PROGRAM

Tom Selleck
Master of Ceremonies

Richard John Neuhaus
Invocation

Henry J. Hyde

Jack Kemp

Tom Wolfe

Bobby Enriques
10 minutes at the piano

Wick Allison

"35 Years of National Review"
—A Documentary—
(50 minutes of memories &
fun-and-games & God bless America)

George F. Will

John O'Sullivan

William F. Buckley Jr.

Eugene V. Clark
Benediction

Photographs by Jan Lukas and Helena L. Martemucci

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

". . . and gift us with that lightheartedness of those who know that every cause of ours that is good is Yours before it is ours."

Father of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Jesus, accept, we pray, our gratitude for this magazine and for the devoted company of those living and dead who set its course through these 35 years. In humbling the pretensions of the worldly wise, prevent us from being puffed up in our own conceits. Constrain us, we pray, from the loveless truth that wounds and from the mindless love that deceives. And gift us with that lightheartedness of those who know that every cause of ours that is good is Yours before it is ours.

TOM SELLECK

You should know that the dinner you are about to eat has been very carefully selected by Pat Buckley. My informants tell me she has only a few rules, but they are very strictly applied. The first rule is that there are to be only three courses. The second rule is that the wine bottles should be left on the table: Pat Buckley has privatized the wine list. Her third rule is that the third course, the dessert, has got to be something you will enjoy so much that you will feel a little ashamed for having eaten it. . . .

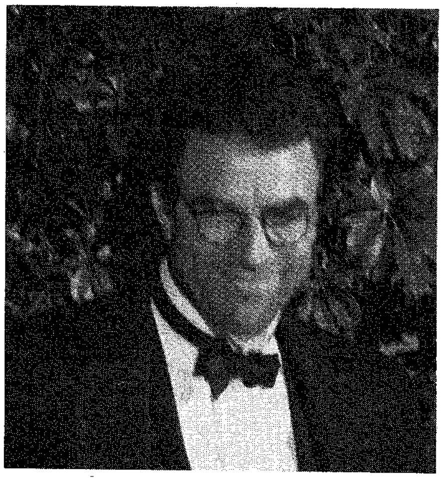
This is a celebration, all right, but it is a celebration of a very serious achievement, which is what NATIONAL REVIEW has given to the United States every two weeks for 35 years. I remember reading the first issue. I was two years old. It had an indelible effect on me. I grew a mustache after the second issue was read to me. There wasn't any other way at that age of frightening away all the liberals I was mobilized by NATIONAL REVIEW to guard against. . . .

WICK ALLISON

We have heard from a number of people. As you know, things are getting rather hot and heavy in Washington [with the budget] but we start at the highest level: "I am delighted to send my warmest greetings to all those gathered in New York City for the 35th-anniversary celebration of NATIONAL REVIEW. It is a special pleasure to congratulate its founder and my good friend Bill Buckley, as well as Priscilla Buckley, publisher Wick Allison, editor John O'Sullivan on this happy occasion. The course of public opinion and policy-making in America has been profoundly influenced by NATIONAL REVIEW. Fortunately, Bill Buckley has not pulled punches at any point in his distinguished career, and America is all the better for it. Barbara joins me in saying best wishes for an enjoyable evening and every future success. God bless you. George Bush."

And from Vice President Dan Quayle: "NATIONAL REVIEW demonstrates that it's possible to be serious and funny, complex and simple, reverent and iconoclastic, all at the same time, and it has managed to unite all these opposite principles while standing firm for conservatism and for articulating a distinctive vision. It's one of the indispensable journals of our time."

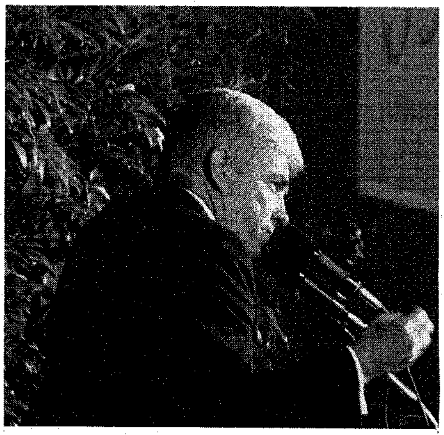
And finally, from Representative Henry Hyde, who is on the floor at this moment—the floor of the House, that is, not of this dinner: "I am mired in the slough of despond on Capitol Hill, trying to reach a budget agreement with those unruly creatures called Democrats. Turning water into wine would be easier. I have used the word 'exultant' just once in my life, . . . but permit me to say that I am exultant at NATIONAL REVIEW's 35th anniversary. You and yours are indispensable to our nation."



Selleck: "I remember reading the first issue. I was two years old. I grew a mustache after the second issue was read to me . . ."

JACK KEMP

Who would have thought that in the short five years since *NR*'s thirtieth anniversary, we would have seen the collapse of the Berlin Wall, the reunification of Germany, the collapse of the Warsaw Pact, the collapse of socialism and indeed what Gorbachev said at Stanford was the end of the cold war? Mr. Gorbachev said at Stanford University in June that the cold war is over—it doesn't matter who won. Ladies and gentlemen, only a loser could stand in the locker room and say it doesn't matter who won. We won. It was not the arms as much as it was our ideas and our ideals. We must never forget that. . . . The mayor of Moscow wants to give the public housing to all the residents free and establish the right to private property in Moscow with a free-enterprise zone. I want to announce here tonight, I'll be damned if I am going to let the mayor of Moscow have a free-enterprise zone before we get one in New York. If we are to make the democratic capitalist ideal work in Eastern Europe, we've got to make it work in East Harlem and East L.A. and East St. Louis. . . .



"I'll be damned if I am going to let the mayor of Moscow have a free-enterprise zone before we get one in New York . . ."

I've made some endorsements today. I've endorsed Newt Gingrich's plan to cut capital-gains tax rates to 15 per cent. I've endorsed David Duke's opponent in Louisiana. I hereby tonight endorse Herb London for the governor of the state of New York. . . .

To me, this is not the time to say, "Come home, America." This is the time to say, "*Pax Americana*." Not an empire based on conquests of territory, but the ultimate empire, an empire based on the ideas and the ideals for which the founders fought.

God bless NATIONAL REVIEW for seeing it all so clearly 35 years ago.

TOM WOLFE

After I finished four years at Washington and Lee University and went on to graduate school at Yale, I met my first Marxists, and I remember how often they talked about the "freight train of history." Now I should say these were not really Marxists. They came from out of what Jean-François Revel has called a "Marxist mist." Revel, who at the time was a socialist, came to this country at the heyday of the New Left movement. His American friends on the Left had been telling him for several years that the dark night of fascism was descending upon America. He returned to France and wrote a book called *Neither Marx nor Jesus*, in which he said, "In America, I discovered one of the great mysteries of astronomy. The dark night of fascism is forever descending in America, but it only touches ground in Europe."

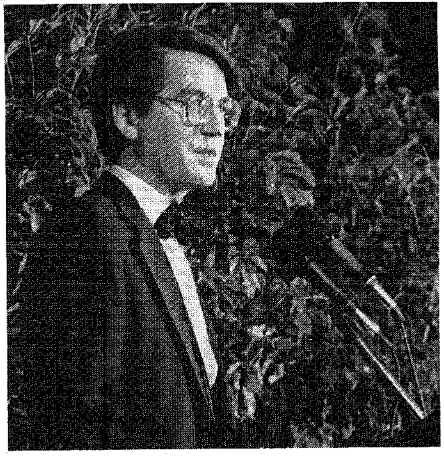
"Now I should ask you, should we be here tonight gloating? Well, why not? I see no harm whatsoever in one fine night of gloating revelry."

Selleck on Bobby Enriques: "He has been called the greatest living jazz pianist, and I'm prepared to believe it. Why else would he be here?"

Well, on November 9, 1989, a date that I think the children of the twenty-first century will be forced to memorize the way they do 1066, 1492, or 1776, the freight train pulled in. That was the day of the breaching of the Berlin Wall, and aboard that train, in car after car, was the intellectual and moral baggage of the folk who are in this room tonight. And I think a good half of that train belonged to Bill Buckley.

I happened to have been at Yale as a graduate student when Bill Buckley published *God and Man at Yale*. I was still at Yale when he founded NATIONAL REVIEW in 1955. It's difficult tonight as we are gathered in these magnificent halls to remember how Bill Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW were regarded in the late Fifties and the early Sixties, and well into the Seventies. Bill was not called a "conservative," at least within my hearing—that might have been used in print now and again. He was not even called an ultra-conservative or an arch-conservative. He was known as a reactionary. And the word reactionary meant a devil-figure.

I have never seen a more lonely soldier fighting harder than Bill Buckley—and, for that matter, his platoon. And it seemed like just a platoon at NATIONAL REVIEW. I think it is a tribute to what Bill Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW have done to think of what the word reactionary means today. I am sure many people in this room found tremendous entertainment earlier this year when we saw the scene in Daniel Ortega's campaign headquarters when it became absolutely clear that Mrs. Chamorro had won and that the entire edifice of the last Marxist–Leninist paradise was coming crashing down around everyone's head. In that room were quite a few newspaper reporters from the United States. And a significant number—not all, by any means, but a significant number—in full sight of everyone, were crying into their bandannas. Now, when I say crying, I am not talking about a few tears, I am talking about snuffling, boo-hooing, hawking into these bandannas. Now, why bandannas? It was because the bandanna had become the symbol of the Ortega election campaign. For the purpose of the election campaign,



Allison, reading from President Bush's telegram: "The course of public opinion and policy-making in America has been profoundly influenced by NATIONAL REVIEW *. . ."*

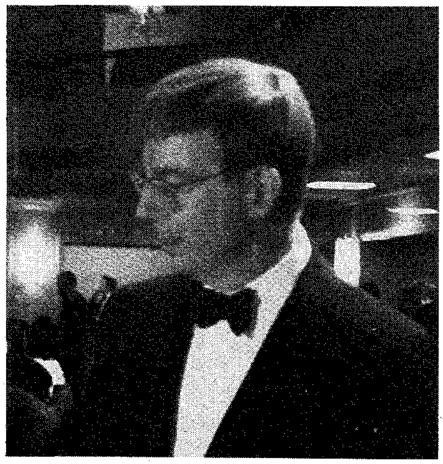
Daniel Ortega became a peasant, a *campesino*. His symbol was the bandanna, and he was seen riding mustangs, bandanna waving in the wind, across the collectivized *fincas* of Nicaragua. And these young Americans, no doubt highly educated, were crushed. They were emotionally and psychologically destroyed by the phenomenon of this great figure, this great movement and this great cause, Marxism–Leninism, coming to absolute ruin on our own continent. And that was why we were treated to this hilarious spectacle of the antics of young reactionaries. And after all, what is a reactionary? A reactionary is someone who clings desperately to an exhausted, outmoded, and discredited mode of life.

And so we can tonight look all around us, not in this room, but in the halls of journalism, wherever they may be, and see reactionaries at every hand: *The Nation* magazine, king and queen of the reactionaries; *The Progressive*, the *New Statesman*, *The New Left Review*. Just think of what it means that the world in 35 years has reached this remarkable pass, nudged in no small part by Bill Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW to spin toward this final course. Now, I should ask you, should we be here tonight gloating? Well, why not? I see no harm whatsoever in one fine night of gloating revelry in tribute to a man and a magazine that have done so much not only to advance but to safeguard the cause of individual freedom and the sanctity of the human soul.

At this point the documentary prepared by WFB and PLB is shown, with narration by voice-over artist and NR'*s Gimlet Eye, Keith Mano.*

GEORGE F. WILL

It was a wonderful documentary. It needs a title. And the title should be, *The Rebirth of a Nation*. It has been well said that the dust made by exploded myths makes a beautiful sunset. We have all seen the sunset over the rubble of Communism. It came, it seemed, almost on little cat feet, and the collapse of Communism was so swift and so complete that the revisionists are already at work spreading the poisonous misunderstanding that the collapse was inevitable. That is not true. The Berlin Wall did not collapse of its own weight. It collapsed like a soufflé under the weight of counterideas. It collapsed as part of Europe's second Reformation, a reformation this time without a Luther, without a charismatic and intellectual leader, a reformation brought about because certain ideas were in the air. Lech Walesa is a great man, doubtless a fine electrician; no Luther.



". . . it lit the little spark that became the huge explosion that produced the sunset. NATIONAL REVIEW *is itself a thing of beauty."*

But the ideas were in the air because someone put them there. They were put there by Margaret Thatcher, they were put there by Ronald Reagan. But before they could be put there, they had to be argued and preserved, perfected and burnished, and that was the responsibility of writers. The more time I spend in journalism and in politics around the world of affairs, the more convinced I am not only that ideas have consequences, but that only ideas have lasting consequences.

Another lesson of the extraordinary 12 months we have just lived through, a heartening one, is that people are not meat. The harder you pound them, the tougher they get. The entire totalitarian project, for forty-some years in Eastern Europe, for seventy-some years in the Soviet Union, was based on the premise that you could socialize consciousness, that you could nationalize mind. Again it turned out that even a nation of intellectual autarky is porous to ideas finely enough expressed, fervently enough advocated. And so after 45 years of trying to plant Marxism with bayonets in Eastern Europe, it turns out that there were more Marxists on the Harvard faculty than there were east of the Elbe River.

Now, Harvard has its virtues, but I am a graduate of a more exacting school. I am a member of a rambunctious fraternity called the NATIONAL REVIEW alumni association. I could not mention all the members of that group—Dan Oliver, John Coyne, Kevin Lynch, Chilton Williamson—many have been mentioned here tonight.

It is, as I say, an exacting school, and one that is in its way humbling. What Henry Adams said of the succession of Presidents, from Washington, Adams, and Jefferson through Grant—that is, that it disproved the theory of evolution—could, I regret to say, as well be said of the succession of journalists from William Buckley through his professional children. Still it is the case that the American journalism profession has a social geology, layer upon layer of sediment, of people pulled into the profession by the attraction of careers worth emulating, and there are throughout America and beyond our shores—Ferdinand Mount on the *Daily Telegraph* is one example—people approximately my age, some a little older, many younger, who were pulled into the profession by the example of William Buckley. We were able to practice the profession as we did because we went to the Academy for Writing on 35th Street. It was an exacting academy where we learned that it was not only possible, it was tremendous fun to fuse passion and precision in our writing.

It wasn't always easy. You could often emerge from a meeting with the editors where your prose had been sliced and filleted and flayed, and you would feel much as the man did who

Pat Buckley's third rule, Tom Selleck explained, is that "the dessert has got to be something you will enjoy so much that you will feel ashamed for having eaten it."

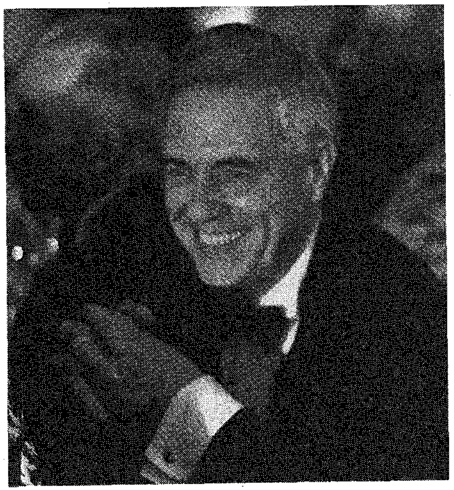
emerged from church after a particularly censorious sermon on the Ten Commandments. He sighed and muttered to himself, "Well, at least I haven't made any graven images."

But most of all, what we learned, I think, from NATIONAL REVIEW was that all society rests on opinion, which means all society rests on shifting and shiftable sands, and therefore there are no final victories. I think we all know that our agenda is still full. The world is a dangerous place, and the cultural and political problems of the United States do not recede.

But tonight is a night not for tomorrow's agenda but for taking stock and giving credit. And I would like to give credit where it is certainly due: to the little magazine that lit the little spark that became the huge explosion that produced the sunset. NATIONAL REVIEW is itself a thing of beauty—the flamingo in the farmyard of American journalism.

NATIONAL REVIEW was begun in 1955 as a candle in a gale. It's very hard to recapture the atmosphere of the 1950s today. In the 1950s an American was arrested in an American city for disturbing the peace. A witness testified that the gentleman arrested was, and I quote, "using abusive language, calling people conservatives and all that." In the 1950s a New York street gang, casting around for a particularly terrifying name, passed over such obvious choices as the Dragon's Teeth or the Avenging Angels and called themselves, with simple, bloodcurdling simplicity, the Conservatives.

It was not a propitious moment when NATIONAL REVIEW began its voyage on the choppy sea of American controversy. There were two books on the best-seller list at the moment NATIONAL REVIEW was born. One was *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*, deploring the miasma of conformity in America. The other was *The Power of Positive Thinking*. It took an enormous act of positive thinking to challenge the sea of liberal orthodoxy into which NATIONAL REVIEW sailed, tacking at first into an extremely daunting wind. NATIONAL REVIEW, to the astonishment even of its friends and the terror of its opponents, changed the way the wind blew.



His Honor, James L. Buckley, up from the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals to survey his old turf as sainted senator from New York.

It is simply the case that NATIONAL REVIEW is the most consequential journal of opinion ever. There is not, I think, a scintilla of hyperbole in that judgment. Think about it. For two generations it has been the beating heart of the movement that has transformed America. It has changed first the ideas and then the politics and ultimately the policies of the most important nation the world has ever known. And this change, this journey up from liberalism, was necessary to winning the most important war ever waged, the fifty-year war against the totalitarians. For that reason it is the most important magazine of opinion ever. Because history is the history of mind, and it will be impossible to write the history of the twentieth century of the modern world without dwelling at length and respectfully on the history of NATIONAL REVIEW.

And so it is that as a citizen and as an alumnus, I thank the editors, particularly Priscilla and Bill, and I thank all those who write for it and all those who support it, but most of all, I thank all those from sea to shining sea who read it, for all that they've done to make this night and the next 35 years possible.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

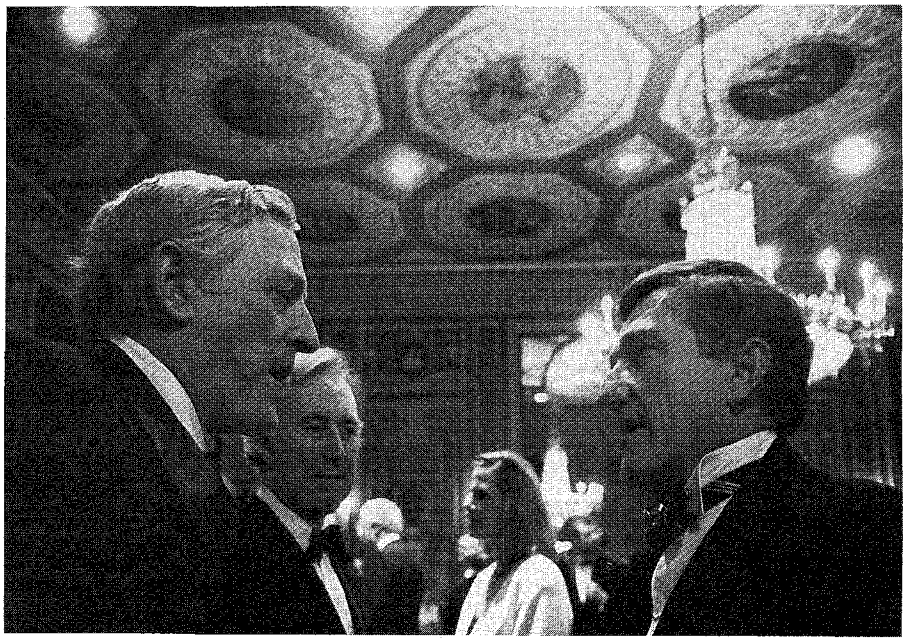
I gather that when Bill Buckley recruited an Englishman to come over to the United States to edit the principal conservative magazine here and indeed in the world, there were one or two people who were understandably somewhat concerned that I might give NATIONAL REVIEW too British a tone, spelling defense with a *c* and referring to Americans as "them," calling for a worldwide imperial *pax Americana*, that kind of thing. Of course the British actually don't think calling for a *pax Americana* is a very British thing to do. They don't think it's an American thing to do either. They think that the American thing to do is having a *pax Americana* while calling for something else. . . .

"The British don't think that calling for a pax Americana *is a very British thing to do. . . . The American thing to do is to have it while calling for something else."*

All I will say about any editorial influence that I will have in the next few years, as we celebrate the triumph of the ideas that NATIONAL REVIEW was founded 35 years ago to advance, is to quote the words of F. E. Smith: "There are still glittering prizes to be won by those who have stout hearts and sharp swords." Our hearts are stout and our swords are not returned to their scabbards. But I will now yield to the stoutest heart and the sharpest sword of all.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

There are too many men and women to whom I am indebted to make it feasible to enumerate them. So I won't even mention my sister Priscilla, nor pause to say that without her my 35 years at NATIONAL REVIEW would have been intolerable. You will be glad to know that I shan't mention any more people whom I intend not to acknowledge, with the exception of Henry Hyde: who else could simultaneously do in a short telegram the work of Bill Simon and Milton Friedman? And Jack Kemp, who rouses the cheerleader in me. And my old friend George Will, whom I revere even though I am the only living American who hasn't read his book on baseball. This was a conscientious decision,



Former Secretary of the Navy John Lehmann, discussing the defense budget.

made only because aware as I am of his capacity to communicate, I simply can't afford to contract yet another enthusiasm: I just don't have the time. Not even in the days after the next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW goes to bed, which will be the last issue I'll superintend.

I suppose that if there is a single occasion on which a professional will be indulged for speaking personally, it is when he *retires*. (If that isn't the case, then NATIONAL REVIEW will establish yet another precedent.) When my father first saw the offering circular with which in 1954 I traveled about the country attempting to induce American capitalists to invest in our prospective journal, my father spotted only one sentence that disturbed him. I wrote in the offering circular that I pledged to devote ten years of my life to NATIONAL REVIEW. My father, who was very . . . formal about personal commitments, told me he thought this exorbitant: "Ten years is simply too long," he said. "Suppose you decide you want to do something else with your life?"

Well, the warning became moot, because there never was anything else around seriously to tempt me. For the fun of it I divulge that in 1970 I was approached by a very small delegation of what one is trained to call "serious people" whose proposal was that I should run for governor of New York, that I should expect to win the election and position myself to run for the Presidency. I was nicely situated to say two things: the first that anyone who had run for mayor of New York and got only 13 per cent of the vote shouldn't be too confident about winning an electoral majority in a general election. And I finally silenced my friends by adding that I didn't see how I could make the time to run for governor, given my obligations to NATIONAL REVIEW. My friends couldn't understand my priorities. But I was very content with them.

Casper Weinberger, former Secretary of Defense, relaxing now that he has won the cold war.

Oh yes, I won't cavil on that point. The magazine has been everything the speakers tonight have so kindly said it was—is. It is preposterous to suppose that this is so because of my chancellorship. How gifted do you need to be to publish Whittaker Chambers and Russell Kirk, James Burnham and Keith Mano? But yes, the journal needed to function. Somehow the staff and the writers had to be paid—if an editorial note is reserved for me in the encyclopaedias, it will appear under the heading, ALCHEMY. But the deficits were met, mostly, by our readers; by you. And, yes, we did as much as anybody with the exception of—himself—to shepherd into the White House the man I am confident will emerge as the principal postwar political figure of this century, and he will be cherished, in the nursery tales told in future generations to young children, as the American President who showed the same innocent audacity as the little boy who insisted that the Emperor wasn't wearing any clothes at all, when he said at a critical moment in Western history—about the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—that it was an evil empire. It is my judgment that those words acted as a kind of harmonic resolution to the three frantic volumes of Solzhenitsyn. The *Gulag Archipelago* told us everything we needed to know about the pathology of Soviet Communism. We were missing only the galvanizing summation; and we got it, in the Mosaic code: and I think that the countdown for Communism began then.

I owe you all an account of my exercise of my fiduciary authority in handling the journal you have sustained. I am, speaking now the language of corporate America, its owner: The stock of NATIONAL REVIEW, which commercially is about as valuable as Confederate bonds, is mine. My resignation as chief executive officer will give me the opportunity to receive the mag-

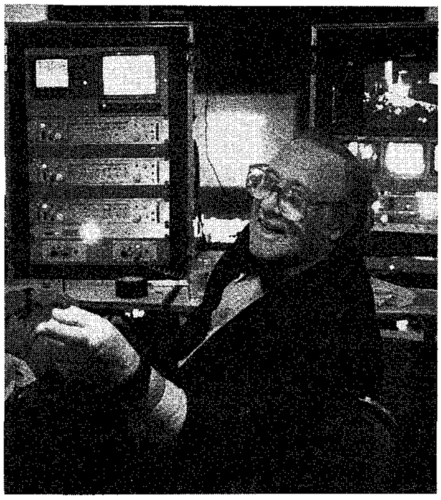
Father, son Christopher, daughter-in-law Lucy. Gemütlichkeit.

Bach whiz Rosalyn Tureck, with editor JO'S, publisher Wick Allison.

azine in the mail, as you do, with no specific knowledge of what I'll encounter between its covers, save for my own continuing editorial contributions in my new role as editor-at-large. It is my plan, at some point in the future, to deed my stock to a successor. The highest tribute I can pay to Wick Allison and to John O'Sullivan is that I am turning over to their management a property to the health and hygiene of which I have devoted practically the whole of my adult lifetime. It is inconceivable to me, having watched them in operation for over a year, that I have made a mistake. Still, I elect not to risk being designated at some point in the future as another King Lear. While I am still intact, I'll be there to judge the continuing performance of NATIONAL REVIEW, conscious that I owe, to all the readers who have sustained it, an obligation that cannot be lightly discharged, and won't be.

Since you were so kind as to ask about my personal plans, I disclose that I intend to continue to be active on other fronts. Early this week I performed a harpsichord concerto with the North Carolina Symphony, and resolved with the full acquiescence, I am certain, of the orchestra and the audience, that I will not devote my remaining years to performing on the keyboard. One month from today I will set out, with my companions, on a small sailboat from Lisbon, headed toward Barbados via Madeira, the Canaries, and Cape Verde, 4,400 miles of decompression at sea, the cradle of God: inevitably, a book will come out of this. But on reaching the Caribbean, unlike the Flying Dutchman I will jump ship, to get on with other work. I have not scheduled the discontinuation of my column, or of *Firing Line*, or of public speaking, or of book writing. But these activities by their nature terminate whenever the Reaper moves his supernatural, or, for that matter, democratic hand, whereas NATIONAL REVIEW, I like to think, will be here, enlivening right reason, for as long as there is anything left in America to celebrate.

And, of course, it will always crowd my own memory: 2,750 fortnightly issues of NATIONAL REVIEW. The hour is late, nearing five in the afternoon of press day, and the printer's messenger is already there waiting, so we move into the board room, the only room at NATIONAL REVIEW in which more than four people can fit, and Priscilla reads out the editorial lengths, and I mark them down on the paleolithic calculator I bought in Switzerland in 1955, and Linda checks to see that I have got the right count. We have 1,259 lines of editorial copy but space for only 718. We absolutely need to run something on the subject of Judge Souter's testimony, but I see we can't afford the 78-line editorial I processed earlier in the day. "Rick, would you shorten this?"



Producer Warren Steibel from the control tower, deploying his unruly troops.

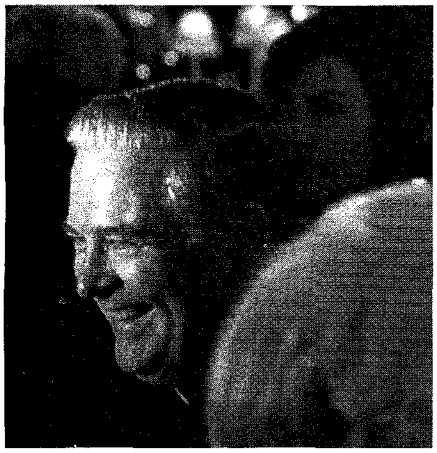
"To what?" he asks, as matter-of-factly as a tailor might ask what the new waistline is to be.

The copy is spread about the room, occupying every level surface, and you walk about, counterclockwise, turning face down any editorial that can wait a fortnight to appear, and subtracting on your little calculator its line-count from the rogue total. I need to cut 541 lines. First your eyes pass by the editorials and paragraphs that deal with domestic issues, Priscilla having grouped them together; then those that deal with foreign countries or foreign policy; then the offbeat material. You look down at the calculator, having made the complete circle of the room and returned to where you began. It shows 854 lines, and so you start the second counterclockwise circuit, the killer instinct necessarily aroused: you have *got* to cut another 136 lines. "Jeff, shrink this one by ten lines, okay?" At NATIONAL REVIEW the editors always say okay, when a deadline looms.

So it is done, down to line-length. And then you ask yourself: *Which paragraph is just right for the lead?* The rule: It has to be funny, or at least piquant; directly or obliquely topical; engaging of the broader imagination. I remember one from years and years ago: "The attempted assassination of Sukarno last week had all the earmarks of a CIA operation. Everyone in the room was killed except Sukarno." And, during the days we feuded almost full-time, "Gerald Johnson of *The New Republic* wonders what a football would think of football if a football could think. Very interesting, but not as interesting as, What would a *New Republic* reader think of *The New Republic* if a *New Republic* reader could think?" Last week there wasn't anything absolutely, obviously pre-eminent, but ever since it came up on the dumbwaiter at 2 P.M. from Tim Wheeler's fortnightly package, this one, about colors, had burrowed in the mind . . . Time is very short now. Okay, we'll lead with it. It reads,

> ■ Iraq and the budget are as nothing compared to the firestorm following the retirement of maize, raw umber, lemon yellow, blue grey, violet blue, green blue, orange red, and orange yellow, and their replacement by vivid tangerine, wild strawberry, fuschia, teal blue, cerulean, royal purple, jungle green, and dandelion, by the makers of Crayola crayons.

Nice, no? Orson Bean used to say that the most beautiful word-combinations in the language were "Yucca Flats," and "Fernando Llamas"; although Whittaker Chambers, along with Gertrude Stein, preferred Toasted Suzie is my ice cream.

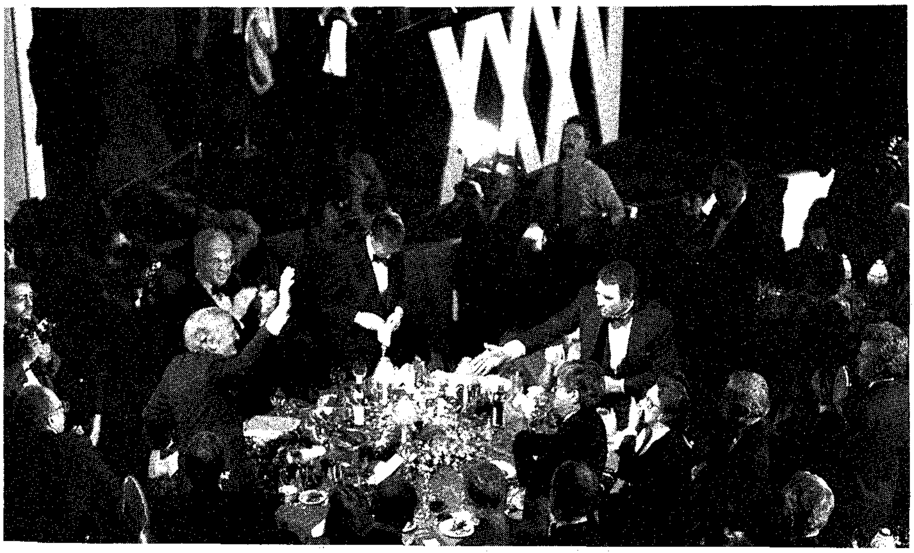


From Monsignor Clark's benediction: "Bless . . . their intelligence and elegance and brilliance, saving their modesty by causing them to remember the source of their every gift."

And then you need the bottom eyecatcher, the end paragraph, traditionally very offbeat; usually non-political, but not necessarily. You knew which would be the end paragraph the moment you laid eyes on it, early in the day—another by Tim, whose reserves of mischief are reliable—and now you find it and designate it as such. It reads,

> ■ This week's invention is a sort of miniaturized bug zapper, battery-powered, to be inserted in the cervix for contraception and, the inventor hopes, prophylaxis. If you aren't shocked by this, you will be.

The editorials are now in order, and the line-count is confirmed.



WFB waves good-bye.

Another issue of NATIONAL REVIEW has gone to bed; and you acknowledge—the thought has ever so slowly distilled in your mind—that the time comes for us all to go to bed, and I judge that mine has come, and I leave owing to my staff, my colleagues—my successors—my friends, my muses, my God, an unrequitable debt for having given me so much, for so long. Good night, and thanks.

EUGENE CLARK

As You have said, Lord, we cannot change a hair or add a cubit, but to our delight, You create and You enhance. Thank You, Lord, for what You have created and magnified in our cherished magazine, the ideals and insights that have led to its many successes.

Bless our founding father and all whom he loves, his sometime associates now in Your hands, the whole complement of NATIONAL REVIEW 1990. Let readers and young leaders notice, if you will, the intelligence and elegance and brilliance and high-mindedness of Your servants at NATIONAL REVIEW, saving their modesty by causing them to remember the source of their every gift. Bless the nation and those in arms and bless tonight's good company of properly grateful friends. Amen. ☐

NR READER

Big Sister Is Watching You

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

DECEMBER 28, 1957

SEVERAL years ago, Miss Ayn Rand wrote *The Fountainhead*. Despite a generally poor press, it is said to have sold some four hundred thousand copies. Thus, it became a wonder of the book trade of a kind that publishers dream about after taxes. So *Atlas Shrugged* had a first printing of one hundred thousand copies. It appears to be slowly climbing the best-seller lists.

The news about this book seems to me to be that any ordinarily sensible head could possibly take it seriously, and that, apparently, a good many do. Somebody has called it: "Excruciatingly awful." I find it a remarkably silly book. It is certainly a bumptious one. Its story is preposterous. It reports the final stages of a final conflict (locale: chiefly the United States, some indefinite years hence) between the harried ranks of free enterprise and the "looters." These are proponents of proscriptive taxes, government ownership, labor, etc., etc. The mischief here is that the author, dodging into fiction, nevertheless counts on your reading it as political reality. "This," she is saying in effect, "is how things really are. These are the real issues, the real sides. Only your blindness keeps you from seeing it, which, happily, I have come to rescue you from."

***Atlas Shrugged*, by Ayn Rand (Random House)**

Since a great many of us dislike much that Miss Rand dislikes, quite as heartily as she does, many incline to take her at her word. It is the more persuasive, in some quarters, because the author deals wholly in the blackest blacks and the whitest whites. In this fiction everything, everybody, is either all good or all bad, without any of those intermediate shades which, in life, complicate reality and perplex the eye that seeks to probe it truly. This kind of simplifying pattern, of course, gives charm to most primitive storytelling. And, in fact, the somewhat ferro-concrete fairy tale the author pours here is, basically, the old one known as: The War between the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness. In modern dress, it is a class war. Both sides to it are caricatures.

Tim Bower

The Children of Light are largely operatic caricatures. Insofar as any of them suggests anything known to the business community, they resemble the occasional curmudgeon millionaire, tales about whose outrageously crude and shrewd eccentricities sometimes provide the lighter moments in boardrooms. Otherwise, the Children of Light are geniuses. One of them is named (the only smile you see will be your own): Francisco Domingo Carlos Andres Sebastian d'Antonio. This electrifying youth is the world's biggest copper tycoon. Another, no less electrifying, is named: Ragnar Danesjöld. He becomes a twentieth-century pirate. All Miss Rand's chief heroes are also breathtakingly beautiful. So is her heroine (she is rather fetchingly vice president in charge of management of a transcontinental railroad).

So much radiant energy might seem to serve a eugenic purpose. For, in this story as in Mark Twain's, "all the knights marry the princess"—though without benefit of clergy. Yet from the impromptu and surprisingly gymnastic matings of the heroine and three of the heroes, no children—it suddenly strikes you—ever result. The possibility is never entertained. And, indeed, the strenuously sterile world of *Atlas Shrugged* is scarcely a place for children. You speculate that, in life, children probably irk the author and may make her uneasy. How could it be otherwise when she admiringly names a banker character (by what seems to me a humorless master-stroke): Midas Mulligan? You may fool some adults; you can't fool little boys and girls with such stuff—not for long. They may not know just what is out of line, but they stir uneasily.

THE Children of Darkness are caricatures, too; and they are really oozy. But at least they are caricatures of something identifiable. Their archetypes are Left-Liberals, New Dealers, Welfare Statists, One Worlders, or, at any rate, such ogreish semblances of these as may stalk the nightmares of those who think little about people as people, but tend to think a great deal in labels and effigies. (And neither Right nor Left, be it noted in passing, has a monopoly of such dreamers, though the horrors in their nightmares wear radically different masks and labels.)

In *Atlas Shrugged*, all this debased inhuman riffraff is lumped as "looters." This is a fairly inspired epithet. It enables the author to skewer on one invective word everything and everybody that she fears and hates. This spares her the plaguy business of performing one service that her fiction might have performed, namely: that of examining in human depth how so feeble a lot came to exist at all, let alone be powerful enough to be worth hating and fearing. Instead, she bundles

---

Mr. Chambers, the author of Witness, *was an* NR *senior editor at the time of this review.*

them into one undifferentiated damnation.

"Looters" loot because they believe in Robin Hood, and have got a lot of other people believing in him, too. Robin Hood is the author's image of absolute evil—robbing the strong (and hence good) to give to the weak (and hence no good). All "looters" are base, envious, twisted, malignant minds, motivated wholly by greed for power, combined with the lust of the weak to tear down the strong, out of a deep-seated hatred of life and secret longing for destruction and death. There happens to be a tiny (repeat: tiny) seed of truth in this. The full clinical diagnosis can be read in the pages of Friedrich Nietzsche. (Here I must break in with an aside. Miss Rand acknowledges a grudging debt to one, and only one, earlier philosopher: Aristotle. I submit that she is indebted, and much more heavily, to Nietzsche. Just as her operatic businessmen are, in fact, Nietzschean supermen, so her ulcerous leftists are Nietzsche's "last men," both deformed in a way to sicken the fastidious recluse of Sils Maria. And much else comes, consciously or not, from the same source.) Happily, in *Atlas Shrugged* (though not in life), all the Children of Darkness are utterly incompetent.

So the Children of Light win handily by declaring a general strike of brains, of which they have a monopoly, letting the world go, literally, to smash. In the end, they troop out of their Rocky Mountain hideaway to repossess the ruins. It is then, in the book's last line, that a character traces in the air, "over the desolate earth," the Sign of the Dollar, in lieu of the Sign of the Cross, and in token that a suitably prostrate mankind is at last ready, for its sins, to be redeemed from the related evils of religion and social reform (the "mysticism of mind" and the "mysticism of muscle").

That Dollar Sign is not merely provocative, though we sense a sophomoric intent to raise the pious hair on susceptible heads. More importantly, it is meant to seal the fact that mankind is ready to submit abjectly to an elite of technocrats, and their accessories, in a New Order, enlightened and instructed by Miss Rand's ideas that the good life is one which "has resolved personal worth into exchange value," "has left no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous 'cash-payment.'" The author is explicit, in fact deafening, about these prerequisites. Lest you should be in any doubt after 1,168 pages, she assures you with a final stamp of the foot in a postscript: "And I mean it." But the words quoted above are those of Karl Marx. He, too, admired "naked self-interest" (in its time and place), and for much the same reasons as Miss Rand: because, he believed, it cleared away the cobwebs of religion and led to prodigies of industrial and cognate accomplishment.

For this issue we have chosen nine classic reviews from *NR*'s past, with particular emphasis on the first five years. In explanation of otherwise inexplicable omissions, we note that no writer was included in this section, either as subject or as reviewer, who appears elsewhere in this issue.
—LB

THE OVERLAP is not as incongruous as it looks. *Atlas Shrugged* can be called a novel only by devaluing the term. It is a massive tract for the times. Its story merely serves Miss Rand to get the customers inside the tent, and as a soapbox for delivering her Message. The Message is the thing. It is, in sum, a forthright philosophic materialism. Upperclassmen might incline to sniff and say that the author has, with vast effort, contrived a simple materialist system, one, intellectually, at about the stage of the oxcart, though without mastering the principle of the wheel. Like any consistent materialism, this one begins by rejecting God, religion, original sin, etc., etc. (This book's aggressive atheism and rather unbuttoned "higher morality," which chiefly outrage some readers, are, in fact, secondary ripples, and result inevitably from its underpinning premises.) Thus, Randian Man, like Marxian Man, is made the center of a godless world.

At that point, in any materialism, the main possibilities open up to Man. 1) His tragic fate becomes, without God, more tragic and much lonelier. In general, the tragedy deepens according to the degree of pessimism or stoicism with which he conducts his "hopeless encounter between human questioning and the silent universe." Or, 2) Man's fate ceases to be tragic at all. Tragedy is bypassed by the pursuit of happiness. Tragedy is henceforth pointless. Henceforth man's fate, without God, is up to him, and to him alone. His happiness, in strict materialist terms, lies with his own workaday hands and ingenious brain. His happiness becomes, in Miss Rand's words, "the moral purpose of his life."

Here occurs a little rub whose effects are just as observable in a free-enterprise system, which is in practice materialist (whatever else it claims or supposes itself to be), as they would be under an atheist socialism, if one were ever to deliver that material abundance that all promise. The rub is that the pursuit of happiness, as an end in itself, tends automatically, and widely, to be replaced by the pursuit of pleasure, with a consequent general softening of the fibers of will, intelligence, spirit. No doubt, Miss Rand has brooded upon that little rub. Hence in part, I presume, her insistence on "man as a heroic being" "with productive achievement as his noblest activity." For, if Man's "heroism" (some will prefer to say: "human dignity") no longer derives from God, or is not a function of that godless integrity which was a root of Nietzsche's anguish, then Man becomes merely the most consuming of animals, with glut as the condition of his happiness and its replenishment his foremost activity. So Randian Man, at least in his ruling caste, has to be held "heroic" in order not to be beastly. And this, of course, suits the author's economics and the politics that must arise from them.

FOR POLITICS, of course, arise, though the author of *Atlas Shrugged* stares stonily past them, as if this book were not what, in fact, it is, essentially—a political book. And here begins mischief. Systems of philosophic materialism, so long as they merely circle outside this world's atmosphere, matter little to most of us. The trouble is that they keep coming down to earth. It is when a system of materialist ideas presumes to give positive answers to real problems of our real life that mischief starts. In an age like ours, in which a highly complex technological society is everywhere in a high state of instability, such answers, however philosophic, translate quickly into political realities. And in the degree to which problems of complexity and instability are most bewildering to masses of men, a temptation sets in to let some species of Big Brother solve and supervise them.

One Big Brother is, of course, a socializing elite (as we know, several cut-rate brands are on the shelves). Miss Rand, as the enemy of any socializing force, calls in a Big Brother of her own contriving to do battle with the other. In the name of free enterprise, therefore, she plumps for a technocratic elite (I find no more inclusive word than technocratic to bracket the industrial–financial–engineering caste she seems to have in mind). When she calls "productive achievement" man's "noblest activity," she means, almost exclusively, technological achievement, supervised by such a managerial political bureau. She might object that she means much, much more; and we can freely entertain her objections. But, in sum, that is just what she means. For that is what, in reality, it works out to. And in reality, too, by contrast with fiction, this can only head into a dictatorship, however benign, living and acting beyond good and evil, a law unto itself (as Miss Rand believes it should be), and feeling any restraint on itself as, in practice, criminal, and, in morals, vicious (as Miss Rand clearly feels it to be). Of course, Miss Rand nowhere calls for a dictatorship. I take her to be calling for an aristocracy of talents. We cannot labor here why, in the modern world, the pre-conditions for aristocracy, an organic growth, no longer exist, so that the impulse toward aristocracy always emerges now in the form of dictatorship.

Nor has the author, apparently, brooded on the degree to which, in a wicked world, a materialism of the Right and a materialism of the Left first surprisingly resemble, then, in action, tend to blend each with each, because, while differing at the top in avowed purpose, and possibly in conflict there, at bottom they are much the same thing. The embarrassing similarities between Hitler's National Socialism and Stalin's brand of Communism are familiar. For the world, as seen in materialist view from the Right, scarcely differs from the same world seen in materialist view from the Left. The question becomes chiefly: who is to run that world in whose interests, or perhaps, at best, who can run it more efficiently?

Something of this implication is fixed in the book's dictatorial tone, which is much its most striking feature. Out of a lifetime of reading, I can recall no other book in which a tone of overriding arrogance was so implacably sustained. Its shrillness is without reprieve. Its dogmatism is without appeal. In addition, the mind which finds this tone natural to it shares other characteristics of its type. 1) It consistently mistakes raw force for strength, and the rawer the force, the more reverent the posture of the mind before it. 2) It supposes itself to be the bringer of a final revelation. Therefore, resistance to the Message cannot be tolerated because disagreement can never be merely honest, prudent, or just humanly fallible. Dissent from revelation so final (because, the author would say, so reasonable) can only be willfully wicked. There are ways of dealing with such wickedness, and, in fact, right reason itself enjoins them. From almost any page of *Atlas Shrugged*, a voice can be heard, from painful necessity, commanding: "To a gas chamber—go!" The same inflexibly self-righteous stance results, too (in the total absence of any saving humor), in odd extravagances of inflection and gesture—that Dollar Sign, for example. At first, we try to tell ourselves that these are just lapses, that this mind has, somehow, mislaid the discriminating knack that most of us pray will warn us in time of the difference between what is effective and firm, and what is wildly grotesque and excessive. Soon we suspect something worse. We suspect that this mind finds, precisely in extravagance, some exalting merit; feels a surging release of power and passion precisely in smashing up the house. A tornado might feel this way, or Carrie Nation.

WE STRUGGLE to be just. For we cannot help feeling at least a sympathetic pain before the sheer labor, discipline, and patient craftsmanship that went to making this mountain of words. But the words keep shouting us down. In the end that tone dominates. But it should be its own antidote, warning us that anything it shouts is best taken with the usual reservations with which we might sip a patent medicine. Some may like the flavor. In any case, the brew is probably without lasting ill effects. But it is not a cure for anything. Nor would we, ordinarily, place much confidence in the diagnosis of a doctor who supposes that the Hippocratic Oath is a kind of curse. □

Premature Anti-Communist

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

MAY 23, 1956

WHEN SOCIALISM was still an untried dream, nobody paid much attention to the motives which brought people to its ranks. Those who were interested in freedom thought they could get along with the people who had a yearning for tidiness, or "planning." The natural-born anarchists thought they could manage the power hunters; the lovers of life feared nothing from those who were attracted to Marxism as a way of canalizing their pathological hatred of life.

The Theme Is Freedom, by John Dos Passos (Dodd, Mead)

The moment that socialism became a power system, however, it was written in the stars that the lovers of freedom, the natural anarchists and the yea-sayers, would suffer a vast disillusionment. If they had only come to their senses in a body, they might have gone on to form a new movement to provide themselves with a basis of mutual support. But those who came to socialism in search of freedom were impelled to quit one by one, in a ragged sequence which left each backtracking rebel feeling friendless and alone. The émigrés from the world of Communism have never had much power to help each other.

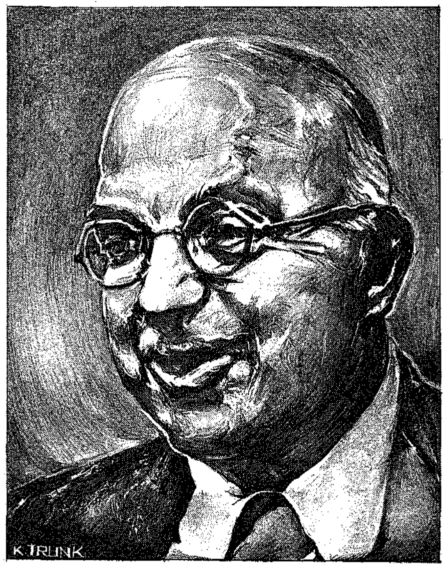
The main reason for this frustration is, of course, the nature of "liberal" so-

Mr. Chamberlain, author of A Life with the Printed Word, *has been an* NR *contributor since the magazine's inception.*

ciety, which is profoundly influenced by Communist and fellow-traveler gossip without knowing it. Liberals have invariably picked off each rebel against socialism, giving ever-renewed currency to the myth that anyone who grows up sufficiently to change his mind is a black dog, or a "reactionary." They picked off Benjamin Stolberg in the early Thirties, with Heywood Broun carrying out the hatchet job. They picked off Whittaker Chambers and others by sneering at their "instability," or by whispering innuendos against their "morals." And they knocked off John Dos Passos by averring that he had lost his skill as a writer.

In this curious book called *The Theme Is Freedom*, Mr. Dos Passos sets forth the fever-chart of his own disillusionment with Communism, and with socialism of any kind. This book consists of a series of old Dos Passos articles taken from books and the tattered back numbers of defunct or barely surviving magazines. In each case Mr. Dos Passos, who is the most honest of men, has left his original wording intact. But he has interspersed his old material with a new running commentary in italics. For the most part the new commentary endeavors to explain how the face of tyranny has changed over the years. In some cases it really has changed, and Dos Passos proves it; in other cases he was palpably the victim of his own short-sightedness about capitalism, a short-sightedness which he willingly admits whenever he recognizes it.

It will be extremely interesting to watch what the liberals make of this book in the light of the Khrushchev–Bulganin repudiation of Stalin and the general Western European "socialist" rediscovery of the validity of the profit motive, as recently reported by Miss Barbara Ward in the *New York Times*. For Mr. Dos Passos, as it turns out, merely erred by being "premature" in discovering things that virtually everybody else has since discovered. But even in their anti-Communism the liberals are still affected by the stories which Communists have circulated. I doubt I will ever live to see the day when the latest breeds of anti-Communist have the decency to make amends to people like Benjamin Stolberg and John Dos Passos, who saw the Abominable Snowmen when it was really dangerous to see them.



Katherine Trunk

Dos Passos originally got into the "radical movement" by way of the Sacco–Vanzetti case. Part Portuguese in his own origins, he was drawn to the poor Massachusetts anarchists from the Mediterranean world who had obviously been "framed" during the anti-foreign hysteria of the early Twenties. Dos Passos spoke of Vanzetti as sharing "the hope that has grown up in Latin countries of the Mediterranean basin that somehow men's predatory instincts, incarnate in the capitalist system, can be canalized into other channels, leaving free communities of artisans and farmers and fishermen and cattlebreeders who would work for their livelihood with pleasure, because the work was itself enjoyable in the serene white light of a reasonable world." If he were to write that over again, Dos Passos would leave out the crack about the capitalist system, for he now knows that men's "predatory instincts" can be "incarnate" in any system whatsoever. But for the rest of it Dos Passos would let his defense of Sacco and Vanzetti stand; he still thinks they got the rawest of raw deals.

The Sacco–Vanzetti case, however, opened Dos Passos's eyes to the nature of the Communists themselves: he watched them trying to use the martyrdom of the good shoemaker and the poor fish peddler to the ends of achieving total power for themselves in a radical movement that would ultimately have no use for anyone who distrusted the Big State. At first Dos Passos couldn't believe what he saw. But a trip to Russia in the late Twenties increased his uneasiness. He kept trying to put off the day when he would have to make a personal decision, but his Russian expedition ended in a "real funk for fear they wouldn't let me leave the last few days I was in Moscow . . . the last impression I came away with was fear, fear of the brutal invisible intricate machinery of the police state."

The disillusion with the Communists became complete when Dos Passos went to Spain during the Civil War to help work on a documentary film designed for propaganda uses in America. Just as Carlo Tresca had predicted they would, the Communists took over the shaping of the film. Dos Passos was horrified to discover that the Spain of "well-intentioned men" had no chance against the Fascists on the Right and the Communists on the Left. He returned to America with a will to believe in the New Deal, only to discover that Franklin Roosevelt had "ceased listening." A trip to England in 1946, when the Labor Party was in power, completed the rout of all of Dos Passos's socialist opinions.

What bothers Dos Passos today is that socialism "has retained a sort of negative hold on the mind of the educated classes . . . that makes it hard to induce them to examine any divergent ideas." "Our college population," he says, "isn't exactly socialist, but its hackles rise if you try to clear any of the socialist preconceptions out of the way in order to discuss industrial society from some different point of view."

What Mr. Dos Passos has come up against is the great inertia of liberal society. Though this society has blamed its petrification on a "terror" allegedly unloosed by Joe McCarthy, it had really stopped thinking long before Joe was ever elected senator. Dos Passos tries valiantly to move this society, but it will have none of him because he is no longer certified as a lib-

BOOKS ON CASSETTES

- The Conservative Classics
- Unabridged Recordings
- Purchase & 30 Day Rentals
- Books by Buckley, Gilder, Sowell, Muggeridge, Paul Johnson, Friedman, Hayek, Tocqueville, Kirk, Mises, Podhoretz, Kistol, Neuhaus, Rusher, Twain, & scores of others.

SPEAKING IN PUBLIC
Buckley's Techniques for Winning Arguments and Getting Your Point Across
Reid Buckley

CLASSICS ON TAPE
P.O. Box 969, Ashland, OR 97520

- For Free Catalog, Call

1 (800) 729-2665

eral himself. The liberals do not stop to reflect that it was they themselves who withdrew Mr. Dos Passos's certification for no reason beyond the desire to propitiate a Communist force which everybody now professes to hate. □

A Purpose outside History

WILLMOORE KENDALL

MARCH 2, 1957

FORGET IT often though we do, *the* issue at stake between conservatives and liberals is that between Revelation and "Reason." And there are two strategic errors the conservative must not make in the continuing debate about that issue (I say debate not discussion because the liberal, as a matter of settled practice, *refuses* to discuss).

Israel and Revelation, by Eric Voegelin (Louisiana State University Press)

The first is to let the liberal substitute for the real problems as to the status of revealed truth his own question-begging restatements of them—that is, to turn the debate into one about "values" or "value judgments." The second is to compromise his insistence that the status of those truths turns exclusively on whether or not they *were* revealed—directly, by the One God, to His creature man—as the conservative does when he acquiesces in the liberal notion that revelation is a matter of "private" "religious" conviction, and so should never be mentioned in polite company. Both errors are now habitual with most American conservatives; both are fatal to the conservative cause.

Conservatism has, on such a showing, been poorly served by the political literature of recent decades. The textbooks from which our college students learn what little they are ever to know about politics tacitly equate the separation of church and state with the separation of religion and politics. Revelation, therefore, is never so much as mentioned in them; the "conflict" between Revelation and "Reason" is tacitly resolved in favor of the latter; right becomes anything in the way of law or principle that emerges from the decision-making process laid down in the Constitution; and commitment to the Decalogue is reduced to a "value preference," in the same category with a fondness for Bel Paese cheese.

The rare student who takes an "advanced" course in political theory does, to be sure, finally hear of revelation and its possible relevance to politics; but what he learns is that some sinister fellows like Augustine and Thomas Aquinas once tried to "enslave" "Reason" to some alleged truths that had to be accepted because they had been handed down from on high—as also that Modern Man, having seen through the whole notion of truths handed down from on high, is on his own with what Burke calls his "private stock of reason." The liberals have, in a word, had things all their way.

Alan Nahigian

I am going to resist the temptation to say that this book will, by reclaiming for revelation its rightful ascendancy over political thought, speedily alter all that, and point modern man down the path that leads to political sanity. The book has yet to meet the test of scholarly criticism in a score of "fields"; it is only the first volume of a five-volume work; many students of politics will refuse to read it, or dismiss it as inconsequential *because* of its attitude toward revealed truth; and before it can have much influence it must change minds that belong to men who would greatly prefer to keep on thinking what they now think, and what their teachers thought before them.

But if the next four volumes prove worthy of this one, if the book's scholarship is as sound as it appears to be, and if erudition and logic and wit and sweet reasonableness can sway men's minds, then I think it might rally the generation of scholar-politicists that *might* rescue modern man from the futility, the fury, and the destructiveness of modern politics. The book offers to conservatives, in a word, a ray of hope; and it will behoove them to steep themselves in it, to cherish it, and to gird themselves for battle against the liberal hatchetmen who will as a matter of course be told off to discredit it.

When men establish a government, according to Professor Voegelin, they analogically repeat "the divine creation of the cosmos," and thus, within their existential limitations, participate in the "creation of cosmic order itself." The kind of order they create, therefore, depends upon their relatedness to God, which in turn depends upon a) the extent to which He has revealed Himself to them, and b) the response to His revelation; and from this it follows that, from the political scientist's point of view, the first important event in world history was the leap from mere existence into "consubstantiality with the being of which [man] is a creaturely part"—a leap that occurred with Moses' experience of revelation. For the revelation to Moses—whether an historical, flesh-and-blood Moses or a symbolic representation of Israel's experience of order is, he thinks, inconsequential—was only the beginning of a progressive disclosure of divine will of which the entire Old Testament, correctly read, is an account.

Previous readings of the Old Testament, Professor Voegelin shows us, have been incorrect because the critics have approached it without a theory as to how in his literary creations man "represents" to himself his experience of order. The first task for the scholar-politicist becomes, accordingly, that of developing such a theory, and his second that of reinterpreting the crucial sections of the Old Testament in the

Mr. Kendall, author of The Conservatives Affirmation, *was a founding editor of* NR.

light of that theory. So reinterpreted, it takes on new and ever-deeper meaning as regards the proper ordering of society, and, finally, its deepest meaning, which is that man—*all* men, not merely the people of Israel, and all men as *individuals*, not *collectivities*—move through History, under God, for a purpose outside History. And, so reinterpreted, it yields up the breathtaking implication that any attempt to order society as if man did *not* live under God, or as if the purpose of ordering society were *within* History, is impious, doomed to be punished by destruction, and so self-defeating. The breathtaking implication, in a word, that all modern political theory is an attempt to square the circle.

In *Israel and Revelation* we have, then, 1) a distillation of wisdom about the ordering of society from sacred scriptures that previous historians of political theory have simply ignored, 2) the articulation and fleshing out of a theory (the "theory of symbolic forms") that enables us to find political wisdom where before we have seen only cosmology or theology or poetry, 3) an attempt to rescue world history from the chaos of meaninglessness to which, for our generation anyhow, it has been reduced by Spengler and Toynbee, and 4) an invitation to accompany the author on a journey—through the remaining literature of politics—that promises to be the most exciting intellectual adventure of our time. Because of 2), the author mines out of 1) a message that, insofar as one had previously understood it at all, one had associated with the New Testament; enriches it by baring its roots in the fertile soil of experience; and doubly enriches it by showing us how it can have its roots simultaneously in experience and in revelation. For revelation, we understand at the end, is not the less revelation because its truths can be explained "anthropologically"—that is, in terms of the "need" for it generated in man by his history.

To say more than that to the prospective reader of *Israel and Revelation* would be to rob him of one or another of the most unforgettable moments he has ever spent over a book—and to impair the satisfaction, intellectual and aesthetic, with which he will read its concluding lines:

> The Ethiopian eunuch of the queen, sitting on his cart and reading Isaiah, ponders on the passage: "Like a sheep he was led to the slaughter." He inquires of Philip: "Tell me, of whom is the prophet speaking? Of himself, or of someone else?" Then Philip began, . . . and starting from this passage he told him the good news about Jesus.

So let me leave it at that. ☐

Chesterton Everlasting

EVELYN WAUGH

APRIL 22, 1961

***Chesterton: Man and Mask,* by Garry Wills (Sheed and Ward)**

THE publishers claim for *Chesterton: Man and Mask* that it is a book of which Chesterton would have approved. There is certainly nothing in it—except perhaps the disparagement of Belloc—likely to cause positive offense, but it has two features which might have displeased its subject. First, its genesis. It is the thesis for a doctorate. The writing of theses has become a very prominent part of the American educational process, not only by aspiring doctors but, it seems, at high schools. Research is no longer confined to recondite subjects and foreign texts; popular modern work is investigated with equal zeal and greater ease. The fashion bears hard on contemporary writers, particularly if they are Catholics, for there are not a great number of modern Catholic writers in English and it is natural for Catholic teachers to direct their pupils toward them. Even the dimmest are beset by importunate adolescents: "I have chosen you for English. Please tell me what first influenced you to write." Chesterton did not live to suffer from the craze but he is a writer of the modern world to this extent, that it is a grave reproach to suppose that his work needs elucidation. A writer who cannot make his meaning clear to his own generation

---

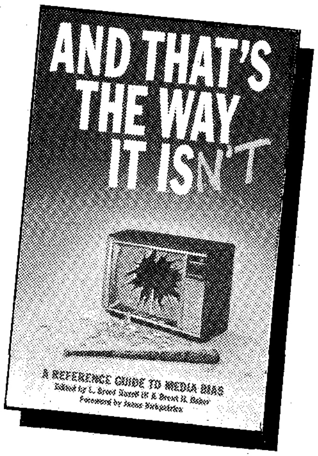
At the time of this review, Mr. Waugh was just finishing his World War II trilogy.

"Settles once and for all the question of media bias in America." -- Mona Charen, former speechwriter for President Reagan.

From the publishers of ***MediaWatch***, a new book. ***And That's the Way It Is(n't)*** provides 350 pages of summaries, excerpts and reprints of more than 45 studies that demonstrate the media's liberal bias. Finally, a one-stop resource containing all the facts and figures, examples and quotes you'll need to prove the media's bias to your friends and colleagues.

"This book ought to be assigned reading in every journalism school in America. Every conservative should buy one and mail it to an anchorman." -- Elliott Abrams, former Assistant Secretary of State.

"...lays out the statistical proof of the media's distortion of the news in overwhelming quantity, neatly organized by topics, lavishly supported with names and quotations, and crisply illustrated with simple bar graphs." -- William Rusher, former *National Review* publisher.


AND THAT'S THE WAY IT ISN'T
A REFERENCE GUIDE TO MEDIA BIAS

$14.95, including shipping and handling. To order by Visa or MasterCard, call 1-800-346-BIAS (346-2427)

Or send check (Va residents add 67 cents sales tax) to:
Media Research Center Book
111 S. Columbus St.
Alexandria, Va. 22314

and its immediate successors is a bad writer. Chesterton, of all men of our times, wrote especially for the common man, repeating in clear language his simple, valuable messages.

A second cause which Chesterton might have for complaint is Mr. Wills's literary style. It is not uniformly bad. Indeed, again and again he shows himself capable of constructing a grammatical, even an elegant, sentence. But not always; and the jargon of the lecture room keeps slipping in—"existential," "dialectic," "normative," "experiential," "complementarity"—in a way which would have set the teeth on edge in the head of the old journalist.

Chesterton was notoriously inaccurate; Mr. Wills thinks willfully so. He not only applauds but emulates this trait. It would be tedious to pick out all his errors. Let two suffice. He says that the author of the "Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine" wrote "nothing but the shortest poems." In his brief account of the Marconi scandal he introduces three mysterious characters named "Isaac and Samuel Rufus and Henry Isaacs," whom the astute reader may tentatively identify as Rufus and Godfrey Isaacs and Herbert Samuel.

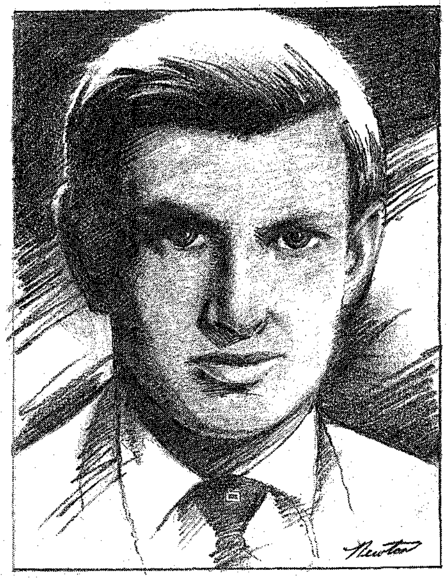
These criticisms made, one can turn to Mr. Wills's virtues. He is a young man without the dandyism proper to his years, but he is also free of adolescent prurience. The title *Man and Mask* raised apprehensions of an attempt at exposure. It has become commonly accepted nowadays that any man's idiosyncrasies of appearance or manner are a disguise deliberately adopted to conceal some fear or vice. *Persona* is one of the cant terms of modern criticism, and modern critics regard it as their function to strip their subject of its protective mask. They should take notice of Max Beerbohm's "Happy Hypocrite." The mask, the style, *is* the man.

Mr. Wills to his great credit shows no inclination to expose Chesterton. There are questions which do titillate curiosity: What, if any, were his homosexual adventures at the Slade? To what extent, if at all, was he ever in danger of becoming a serious drunkard? The obesity which he bore like a *panache* must have been morbid. The physical health of an artist, like his financial means, is something which a critic may reasonably consider an influence on his work. How much was Chesterton, how much Belloc, really driven by financial need to the overproduction which oppressed them both? How much was it the product of a nervous restlessness and sloth? For profusion can be slothful. It requires more effort to do a small thing really well than to do many things carelessly. Mr. Wills, with commendable restraint, denies himself the investigation of these problems. He concerns himself very little with the events and circumstances of Chesterton's life. He has contented himself with a study of his written work and has been assiduous in pursuing it in all its huge ephemeral bulk.

There used to be (and I daresay there still is) a company of ladies at the Hollywood film studios whose task it was to tell stories to the directors and producers who lacked the aptitude of reading. They used to peruse all the literature of their time, contemporary and classic, and spin a comprehensive yarn to the assembled company. Now and then they would strike a spark from those flinty imaginations and a voice would proclaim: "That's for me. Go buy it."

Mr. Wills has performed a similar service for Chesterton. He has read everything and he presents us with a conscientious, if clumsy, précis. He begins his book by suggesting some questions that require solution. He then plods through his work, taking it book by book, poem by poem, essay by essay, and telling us what it is about. At the end he honestly admits failure. "This book," he admits, "opened with a series of questions which, when I wrote the first pages, I hoped in some measure to answer. Now I know that is impossible."

As a small boy I possessed a book called *The Conjuror at Home* which opened with the valuable advice: "Never tell your audience in advance what you propose to do. It may not come off." Mr. Wills might have heeded this advice. If he had said in his opening chapter: "I propose to read everything Chesterton ever wrote and prove that I have done so," we should have applauded his stamina. If his examiners merely required evidence of hard reading, he deserved his doctorate *cum laude*, for Chesterton's output was vast, as is also (it comes as a surprise to this reviewer to learn) the volume of critical studies written about him. It is hard to conceive that Mr.



Michael Newton

Wills's exegesis will greatly illumine the general reader.

For him, as for this reviewer, Chesterton is primarily the author of *The Everlasting Man*. In that book all his random thoughts are concentrated and refined; all his aberrations made straight. It is a great, popular book, one of the few really great popular books of the century; the triumphant assertion that a book can be both great and popular. And it needs no elucidation. It is brilliantly clear. It met a temporary need and survives as a permanent monument. Besides this, Chesterton wrote a number of memorable and delightful verses, notably *Lepanto*. He was a lovable and much loved man abounding in charity and humility. Humility is not a virtue propitious to the artist. It is often pride, emulation, avarice, malice—all the odious qualities—which drive a man to complete, elaborate, refine, destroy, renew his work until he has made something that gratifies his pride and envy and greed. And in doing so he enriches the world more than the generous and good, though he may lose his own soul in the process. That is the paradox of artistic achievement.

It was a happy chance that Chesterton lived before the era of television. His gifts, his amiability, his very simple eccentricities would have tempted him to become one of the great performers on that damning machine. He lived on the edge of the chasm. Men still had to express themselves in writing until Chesterton was too well habituated to literature to learn new tricks. Living today his words would be lost, his prestige prodigious, and his renown brief. □

THE WORLD & I
COMMUNISM AND CAPITALISM
How Can They Meet?
THE MAPPLETHORPE CASE
TRENDS IN JAPANESE POPULAR MUSIC
VOLUNTEERS: THE HEARTBEAT OF AMERICA
SACRALIZING THE SECULAR
Furniture as Sculpture

THE WORLD & I

The Magazine For Thinking People

"... one of the most extraordinary magazines in America ..." Dictionary of Literary Biography

CURRENT ISSUES
NATURAL SCIENCE
BOOK WORLD
CULTURE
THE ARTS
LIFE
PHOTO ESSAYS
MODERN THOUGHT

Unprecedented
Dazzling design, vital information, unparalleled variety, more than 100 articles in each issue! **The World & I** is an encyclopedia of reliable reporting, expert opinion, and fascinating ideas -- all accented by over 450 magnificent photographs and reproductions.

Complete
With eight editorial sections, **The World & I** provides in-depth coverage of important news events; the latest developments in science, the arts, and philosophy; knowledgeable reviews of books you'll want to read; and more. It is the magazine for thinking people.

Authoritative, beautiful, enjoyable
The World & I's writers challenge the commonplace. Noted statesmen, critics, and scholars give **The World & I** a unique literary and topical prominence. It's also one of the most beautiful and enjoyable magazines to be found, with a wealth of brilliant full-color images to please the eye.

Extraordinary value
A better literary value for the money would be hard to find. **The World & I** pays for itself many times over in quality reading and as an investment in knowledge and education.

Send for your FREE preview copy!

*"**The World & I** is an extraordinary assemblage of scholarly and cultural articles that is interesting, readable, and very well illustrated. ... This great publication must play a leading role in creating our future."*

Sir John Eccles, Nobel Laureate
in Physiology and Medicine, 1963

*"**The World & I** is one of the most original concepts in American journalistic history. The contents amply live up to the title: They combine cosmic reach with thoughtful explorations of the nature of man."*

Robert Nisbet, Historian
Albert Schweitzer Professor of the
Humanities emeritus, Columbia University

"In the age of the shrinking attention span and the encapsulation of TV news, this worthy survey of current issues and cosmopolitan ideas is a blessing for serious readers."

Ray Cline, Chairman
U.S. Global Strategy Council

The World & I Risk-free Guarantee

Just call toll-free **1-800-822-2822** or mail in the order form provided and we will send you the next issue totally risk-free. If you are not totally satisfied with it, simply write "cancel" on the invoice and owe nothing. **(The trial issue will be yours to keep!)**

detach here and return

R.S.V.P. **Yes,** I want to order a risk-free trial subscription to **The World & I** as indicated below and receive the next issue as my trial copy.
*Offer good in U.S. only. (For first-time U.S. subscribers only)

☐ **12 months for $60** ☐ Bill me ☐ VISA/MC
☐ AMEX
☐ **6 months for $35** ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ CHECK

(Regular cover price $120 per year)

*For fastest service, call toll-free **1-800-822-2822** or mail this coupon to:*

Name (please print)
Card Number
Address
Expiration Date
City, State, Zip
Signature

THE WORLD & I
2800 New York Avenue NE, Washington, DC 20002

AOXAPV

35

The Economics of Freedom

HENRY HAZLITT

SEPTEMBER 25, 1962

Man, Economy, and State: A Treatise on Economic Principles, by Murray N. Rothbard (Van Nostrand)

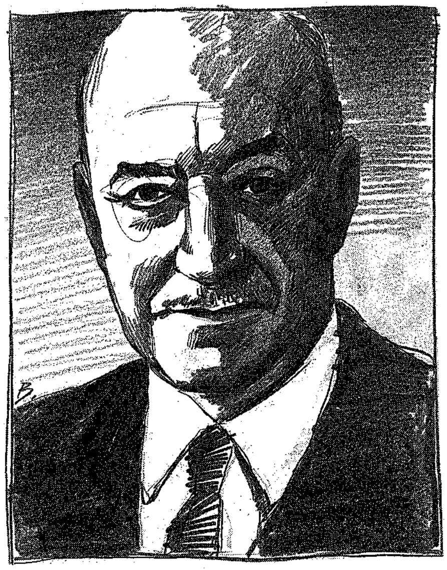
ONE OF the unhappy casualties of World War I was the old-fashioned treatise on economic "principles." This was a work not too technical to be read by the intelligent layman, on the one hand, nor, on the other, like current textbooks, a choppy and oversimplified compilation of currently fashionable doctrine. One of the last of the species was Frank W. Taussig's *Principles of Economics*, first published in 1911. The spirit of that book was revealed in a passage from the preface: "I have tried in this book to state the principles of economics in such form that they shall be comprehensible to an educated and intelligent person who has not before made any systematic study of the subject. Though designed in this sense for beginners, the book does not gloss over difficulties or avoid severe reasoning. No one can understand economic phenomena or prepare himself to deal with economic problems who is unwilling to follow trains of reasoning which call for sustained attention. I have done my best to be clear, and to state with care the grounds on which my conclusions rest, as well as the conclusions themselves, but have made no vain pretense of simplifying all things."

It is the announced purpose of Murray Rothbard's *Man, Economy, and State* (two volumes running to a total of one thousand pages) to write in this spirit and "to fill part of the enormous gap of forty years' time." And he has succeeded. He has given us a work in the tradition of Taussig, Wicksteed, Fetter, Knight, and Mises, a comprehensive study of *principles*, which treats economics as a coherent edifice, not a fragmented study of "utility," "monopoly," "international trade," "labor," "agriculture," "public finance," and "linear programming." Such a unified edifice, as Rothbard explains, can be built only by treating economics as a deductive science using verbal logic. For "if economics proceeds by deductive logic grounded on a few simple and evident axioms, then the corpus of economics can be presented as an interrelated whole to the intelligent layman with no loss of ultimate rigor."

This was the method of the "Austrian" economists. It is the method of Ludwig von Mises. In fact, Rothbard, a former student of Mises, frankly takes off from *Human Action*: "From now on, little constructive work can be done in economics unless it starts from *Human Action*. . . . In one sense, the present work attempts to isolate the economic, fill in the interstices, and spell out the detailed implications, as I see them, of the Misesian structure."

What contributions has Rothbard made to the structure? He indicates some of them in his own preface. His book begins by deducing the entire corpus of economics from a few simple "axioms": "the Fundamental Axiom of *action*—that men employ means to achieve ends"; that "there is a *variety* of human and natural resources"; and that "leisure is a consumers' good." He is not afraid to be old-fashioned enough to begin with "Crusoe economics" before he takes up interpersonal relations, and barter before he takes up indirect exchange through money. One of the features of his consumption-and-production theory is

> the resurrection of Professor Frank A. Fetter's brilliant and completely neglected theory of *rent*—i.e., the concept of rent as the hire prices of a unit service. *Capitalization* then becomes the process of determining the present values of the expected future rents of a good. The Fetter–Mises pure time-preference theory of interest is synthesized with the Fetter rent theory [and] with the Austrian theory of the structure of production.


Tim Bower

Rothbard also expounds "a completely new theory of monopoly—that monopoly can be meaningfully defined only as a grant of privilege by the state, and that a monopoly price can be attained only from such a grant. In short, there can be no monopoly price in a free market."

So far I have adhered to Rothbard's own summary. But I am not sure he has done full justice to his own contribution. For example, I do not recall any book (with the possible exception of the works of Mises, Fetter, and Böhm-Bawerk) that gives so full a recognition to the inherent and omnipresent (but neglected) role of time, not merely in the explanation of interest, but in all economic activity. Rothbard constantly emphasizes time as an indispensable factor in all production, and as a necessary but "scarce" means to all our ends.

On a score of other major points, also, he contributes lucidity and light: his excellent description of the enormous benefits of a money economy over one of direct exchange; his explanation of why a separate theory of "international" trade is unnecessary and why the "balance-of-payments problem" for a nation is no different from that for an individual; his rigorous exposition of a *pure* time-preference theory of interest; his mordant exposure of labor-union fallacies; his beautiful explanation of why the free market, far from being "anarchic" or "planless," is the only organization under which true economic balance and order are possible.

What does Rothbard's book give us that Mises's does not? The question can best be answered by a comparison. The chief difference between Mises and Rothbard is that the latter, treating at much less length some of the basic problems that Mises has explored more thoroughly, devotes a much larger part of his work to the refutation of opposing doctrines: some as found in the older works, such as those of Henry George, Veblen,

---

Mr. Hazlitt, author of Economics in One Lesson, *has been an* NR *contributor since 1960.*

Marshall, Fisher, Schumpeter, and Knight; but more particularly those found in the literature of the last 25 years—in the Keynesians, in the "mathematical economists," in W. W. Rostow, in Galbraith.

It is in the controversial part of his work that Rothbard is most stimulating. With the statistical and mathematical economists he is unsparing. He points out the arbitrary and unscientific nature of all index numbers, as well as the emptiness or deceptiveness of the equations in which the mathematical economists deal: "*In human action there are no quantitative constants.* As a necessary corollary, all praxeological-economic laws are qualitative, not quantitative." His exposure of the chief Keynesian doctrines is thorough, and his criticism of Galbraith is devastating.

IN DISCUSSING a book of such importance, with an instructive challenge on nearly every page to some "orthodox" or "unorthodox" doctrine, it seems ungrateful to call attention to flaws. Yet in a structure of thought of which the foundations are so carefully laid, and in the midst of an otherwise brilliant and penetrating discussion, Rothbard will suddenly announce some extraordinary conclusion based on a fragment of abstract doctrinaire logic. Examples are his sharp contrast between copyrights and patents, and his implication that the former might well be granted in perpetuity and the latter not at all; his conclusion that repudiation of government debt is no great evil: that it even has the advantage of making future government borrowing more difficult; his opinion that libel and slander ought not to be illegalized, and that even blackmail "would not be illegal in the free society. For blackmail is the receipt of money in exchange for the service of not publicizing certain information about the other person. No violence or threat of violence to person or property is involved."

It is hard to explain these aberrations. They are in such sharp contrast to the rest of the book that they seem almost as if stuck in by another hand. But they are practically all in the legal and political, rather than in the economic, field. The nearest I can come to a rational explanation of them is to assume that when Rothbard wanders out of the strictly economic realm, in which his scholarship is so rich and his reasoning so rigorous, he is misled by his epistemological doctrine of "extreme apriorism" into trying to substitute his own instant jurisprudence for the common-law principles built up through generations.

I mention these lapses because I am certain that victims of his devastating refutations, trying to discredit so much that is brilliant and original and profound, will cite them with relish and with the implication that the rest of the book can be ignored. But it cannot be ignored. It is in fact the most important general treatise on economic principles since Ludwig von Mises's *Human Action* in 1949. ☐

Legal Libertine

L. BRENT BOZELL

NOVEMBER 18, 1961

Justice Holmes, Natural Law, and the Supreme Court, by Francis Biddle (Macmillan)

SHOULD the tide ever turn sufficiently for the friends of Western civilization to be in a position to write its history, it is a good guess that Oliver Wendell Holmes will take his place as one of the chief villains of the piece—the man, among Americans anyway, who was as responsible as any other for almost bringing the structure down. The single contribution of this strange little book by Francis Biddle is to remind us *why* this is so.

I say a strange book because there is no apparent reason why it was written—why Biddle, once Holmes's secretary, once Franklin Roosevelt's attorney general, ever a dedicated partisan of Holmesian jurisprudence, imagined he would be advancing his hero's cause by several dozen pages a) repeating admiringly the Justice's most extravagant and vulgar attacks against Natural Law and the idea of eternal verities, and b) insisting that the wisdom contained in these aphorisms would have completely carried the day had it not been for the opposition of all Roman Catholics—concretely the Jesuit priests who teach at Catholic law schools! The manifest absurdity of suggesting that only "Catholics say that [general principles] come from God, and have a validity entirely independent of their human acceptance," and so disagree with Holmes that such principles "are derived from the consensus of the community," need not be commented on here beyond noting that Biddle's whole presentation rests on that assumption, and asking: What *strategy*, political or otherwise, could Biddle conceivably have had in mind in insisting on this silly lie?

But back to Holmes, and what Biddle tells us, accurately enough, about his true significance. Conservatives are used to thinking of Holmes as an enemy, but more often than not for the wrong reasons. We may note four attitudes frequently attributed to Holmes that should not be.

He was not a Jacobin—either in taste or temperament, or in his views about the social and economic order. As Biddle puts it: "He was an aristocrat. . . . He did not prefer . . . a world with a hundred million bores in it to one with ten." But more: "He had little sympathy with the sufferings and failures of mankind, and no urgent desire to change their lot. He . . . did not believe in the Christian precept to love thy neighbor as thyself, which was the test of the meddling missionary."

Nor, as a judge, does he deserve his reputation as a partisan of social and economic reform. His famous dissents to the "liberty of contract" interpretation of the due-process clause did not reflect any sympathy with the social legislation which that interpretation often overturned, but rather his view (quite correct in this reviewer's judgment) as to the freedom the Constitution allowed legislative bodies in the matters in question. He was not a civil-liberties zealot. Holmes's fame in the area rests on his authorship of the "clear and present danger" test for free-speech cases, but both his friends and his foes often forget that Holmes used the test, except for his dissent in the *Adamson* case, to send leftist agitators to jail. Moreover, the formula

---

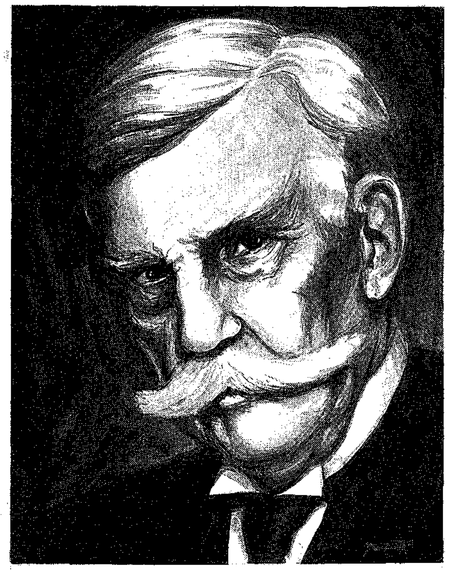
Mr. Bozell, a founding editor of NR, *is the author of* Mustard Seeds.

allowed far more leeway to government security measures than current statements of it would suggest: according to Holmes, it does not have to be shown that the *United States* is in clear and present danger—that the government is about to be overthrown—but only that some "substantive evil" is in imminent danger of occurring which Congress is constitutionally empowered to prevent.

He was not a "judicial legislator," as we have come to know the breed. He thought a lot of law-making would inevitably creep into judicial decisions, but this would not be his doing. "[The] Sherman law," Holmes once said, "is damned nonsense, but if my country wants to go to hell, I am here to help it." Moreover, he was usually willing to find the "community consensus" in its laws and Constitution, eschewing the latter-day practice, applauded by Biddle, of looking for it in, e.g., the "mood" of the community.

Nor was he a cynic, a believer in might-makes-right, as many have inferred from his definition of a "legal right." "Just so far as the aid of the public force is given a man," Holmes said, "he has a legal right, and this right is the same whether his claim is founded in righteousness or iniquity." But all this says is that a "right," in order to be a *legal* "right," must be enforceable; it does not deny that other rights might exist that are not legally enforceable, or that there are transcendent standards for determining whether a given legal right is "righteous" or "iniquitous." The fact that Holmes himself went on to deny both of these things does not detract from his contribution to methodological clarity in the matter.

HOW THEN to account for Holmes being the idol of so many liberals, the lion of the law schools for a generation? The answer is that he emancipated the law from metaphysics. By force of personality and trenchant, epigrammatic expression, Holmes provided the most powerful sanction this country had yet produced for the philosophical libertinism that throbbed in the breast of every son of the Enlightenment and lacked only respectability in order to become the dominant view of the American intelligentsia. Holmes was an atheist, skeptic, relativist—and so: a thoroughgoing positivist. He waged unrelentingly his war against the Natural Law—the idea that objective standards of right and wrong exist independently of human preferences—in letters and in conversation, and also in the tone and *dicta* of his judicial opinions; and so successfully that Mr. Biddle feels entitled to distinguish those who accept Holmes's doctrines from those who do not by referring to the former as "normal Americans."


Joseph Borzotta

Let us listen to Biddle's statement of the positivist creed, if for no other reason than to get before us the going standard of "normality." "Holmes's beliefs," he writes, "are neither radical—for our day and age—nor disturbing":

> the belief that men make their own laws; that these laws do not flow from some mysterious omnipresence in the sky . . . that since morality is human in its origin and its end, men should be permitted to discover what is for them desirable . . . that the justification for any rule of law is that it helps to bring about a desired social end; that law must follow the needs of man; that all doctrine must be adjusted to these needs . . . and finally that we cannot think beyond the reach in time of our own society, so that the claim of a special code to respect is not that it represents first principles but simply that it exists and is the one to which we have become accustomed.

"There can never be a reconciliation," Biddle adds, "between the dogmatic [read religious] mind and the free [read positivist] mind." He is right. The former makes freedom possible since it insists, within the dictates of the Natural Law, on the inviolability of freedom. The latter affords an open invitation to totalitarianism. "[The] suggestion that there is a higher lawgiving power than the State," as Biddle puts it, "is against everything that Holmes stood for." It is also against everything Moscow stands for, and much of Washington. This is why the West is at the lip of the cliff. □

The Co-Inherence

W. H. AUDEN

JANUARY 31, 1959

The Image of the City and Other Essays, by Charles Williams, selected by Anne Ridler (Oxford University Press)

PERHAPS one should warn readers unacquainted with Charles Williams that his *The Image of the City* is not about Town Planning. Williams uses the word City in its original sense, which the French *Cité* retains, of the human community in all its aspects, our family, political, and economic life.

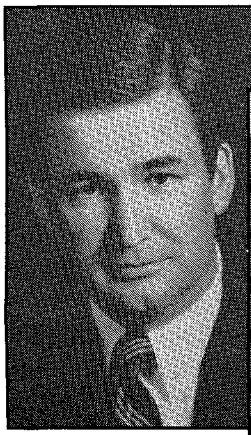
It is a collection, made by a friend and one-time pupil, of what are called, often unjustly, "fugitive" pieces, essays, reviews, editorial introductions which Williams would probably not have written if somebody hadn't asked him to or he had been blessed with a private income. But, as every writer knows, being given a subject to write on can often stimulate thought and imagination so that what at first seemed a purely hack job can turn out to be much more interesting than the writer anticipated.

Mrs. Ridler has grouped them under six headings: Literary Subjects, The Incarnation, The City, Pardon and Justice, Exchange and the Affirmative Way, and On the Arthurian Myth, the last being concerned with Williams's own cycle of poems on that subject. The literary essays are, perhaps, the slightest, but there is something inter-

---

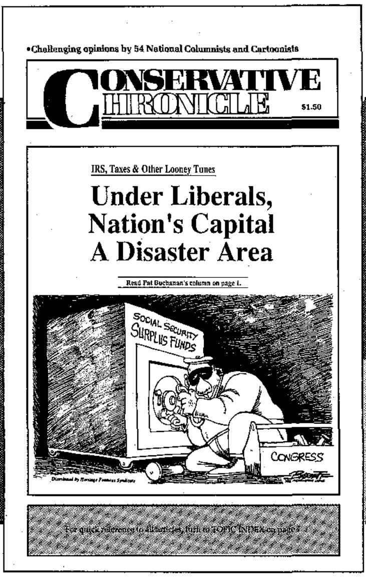
At the time of this review, Mr. Auden was Professor of Poetry at Oxford University.

Great Ideas.
Great Minds.



Pat Buchanan

James Kilpatrick



•Challenging opinions by 54 National Columnists and Cartoonists

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE $1.50

IRS, Taxes & Other Looney Tunes

Under Liberals, Nation's Capital A Disaster Area

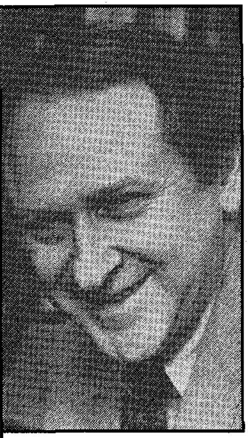
Read Pat Buchanan's column on page 1.

SOCIAL SECURITY SURPLUS FUNDS

CONGRESS

For quick reference to all articles, turn to TOPIC INDEX on page 4

William F. Buckley



William Safire

Over 28 columnists and 24 cartoonists featured weekly in the Conservative Chronicle!

Now, every week read Pat Buchanan, Edwin Meese, William Safire, James Kilpatrick, William Buckley, William Rusher, Charley Reese, Donald Lambro, Joseph Sobran – altogether over 28 nationally-acclaimed columnists and 24 cartoonists with conservative appeal.

The Conservative Chronicle, a 32-page tabloid, is packed with the great opinions of our country's finest conservative minds. Find out what they are saying every week about the nation's economy, morality, foreign affairs and Washington affairs, education, and a host of other topics of timely importance. All columns published in full. **All 52 issues for only $36.00.**

You'll also enjoy the wit and humor of the Conservative Chronicle's featured cartoonists, including Steve Kelley, Mike Shelton, Ranan Lurie, Jerry Barnett, Bill DeOre, Jeff MacNelly, Henry Payne, Tom Gibb and Dick Wright.

Don't miss this great line-up of conservative leaders. Call toll-free or mail coupon and take advantage of this exceptional value. Handy topic index in each issue. Money back guarantee!

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE

Toll-free service:
800-888-3039
Phone hours: Monday-Friday 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. CT

Conservative Chronicle
Box 11297, Des Moines, IA 50340-1297

Yes, I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $36.00 (add $20.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.

Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Bill me
☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AX Exp. date ______
Card # ______
Name ______
Address ______ Apt. # ____
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

esting to be found in all of them. Though a very different kind of person with a very different prose style, as a critic Charles Williams reminds me in more ways than one of Dr. Johnson; he has the same interest in those aspects of literature in which aesthetics and morality are inseparable, his judgments show the same refreshing common sense, and, in his own way, he has the same gift for epigrammatic statement.

> Landor was himself [as his first biographer, Forster, remarked] apt when he had power to become tyrannical—with the highest motives. The motives of other tyrants did not seem nearly so high.

> They [religious dramatists] might, in fact, take up the business of defining, with intense excitement, the nature, habits and mode of operation of Almighty Love, infusing into their excitement a proper skepticism as to its existence at all. It is not dogma that creates narrowness; it is the inability to ask an infinite number of questions about dogma.

Williams was a prolific writer and tried his hand at nearly every form—poetry, drama, fiction, history, essay—but it may be said that he had only two themes, which are summed up in two of his favorite quotations, one from Juliana of Norwich: "I saw full assuredly that our Substance is in God, and also I saw that in our sensualitie God is"; the other from St. Anthony of Egypt: "Your life and your death are with your neighbor."

A devout and orthodox Anglican, he directed a lifelong polemic against the heresy of Manichaeism into which, consciously or unconsciously, Christians who cannot or do not wish to take the other "natural" alternative, atheistic humanism, always have been and always will be tempted to fall.

For to think of spirit and matter as irreconcilably hostile, to attribute the evil we do and suffer to the weakness of matter, to think that a good God could not have created matter (either it must be co-eternal with Him and He can only do the best He can with such rotten material, or it has been created by an evil God), must, after all, seem to both our common sense and our moral conscience alike very plausible. To begin with, our immediate consciousness of our own existence is dualistic; everyone feels that his or her *I* is different from and very often at odds with his body and its demands. Further, if God did not create the world, then the intolerable question is avoided: "How can God be good when He permits such appalling evil and suffering, including the suffering of the innocent?"

The orthodox Christian view is, of course, what Williams says it is.

> Matter, certainly, is by definition the opposite of spirit. It is apparently as far the opposite of God (leaving will and morals out of the question) as God chose to create. But it did not therefore become less significant of Him than that less technical opposite which is called spirit. We have, in fact, only lost proper comprehension of matter by an apostasy in spirit. Matter and "nature" have not, in themselves, sinned; what has sinned is spirit, if spirit and matter are to be regarded as divided. That they so easily can be is due perhaps to that lack of intellectual clarity produced by the Fall.

But it is one of Charles Williams's greatest virtues as an apologist that he never pretends that the orthodox view is easy to believe. . . . In fact, I think he would almost go so far as to say that, but for the Crucifixion, it would be *morally* impossible for us to believe either in the Incarnation or in the Divine origin of the world.

> This then has seemed to me now for long perhaps the most flagrant significance of the Cross; it does enable us to use the word "justice" without shame—which otherwise we could not. God therefore becomes tolerable as well as credible. Our justice condemned the innocent, but the innocent it condemned was one Who was fundamentally responsible for the existence of all injustice—its existence in the mere, but necessary, sense of time, which His will created and prolonged. . . . We can hardly be in a state of guilt toward something which is not in bearable relations with us. The Crucifixion, restoring these relations, restores very much more. It permits repentance because it enables us to mean something by sin. Without that act, the infliction on us of something terribly like injustice would have made nonsense of any injustice on our side.

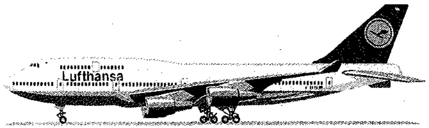
Williams would also argue, I think, that the fact that Christ suffered in the flesh as we do is the proof that the joys of the flesh have a validity of their own and that the soul ought not to be allowed, far less encouraged, "to reduce the body to its own shadow."

This enables him to be equally understanding of that other kind of heretic who, like D. H. Lawrence, would exalt the flesh and the unconscious at the expense of conscious spirit. A vocabulary of four-letter words may be inadequate, but no more so than a vocabulary of uplift words. In an essay on Wordsworth's lines, "the human form / To me became an index of delight," Williams, in a way that Lawrence, surely, would have appreciated, points out that it is not only what we are pleased to call the "noble" members of the body which figure in that index. "So even with those poor despised things, the buttocks. There is no seated figure, no image of any seated figure, which does not rely on them for its strength and balance. They are at the bottom of the sober dignity of judges; the grace of a throned woman; the hierarchical session of the Pope himself reposes on them."

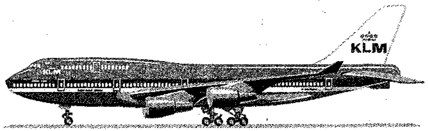
AS IN THE relations of the individual to himself, so in the City, in his relations with others, the co-inherence of sensuality and substance is a given fact, not a matter of choice. To be embodied is to be dependent upon others and to have others dependent upon oneself, willy-nilly. If the choice were ours, we should no doubt co-inhere only with those we like, or rather with the pleasing images we make of our friends and lovers and so often mistake for their real selves. In her notebooks, Simone Weil defines love as "the belief in the existence of other human beings." Nothing is harder. If we love another very much, we may allow him or her some right to say "I," but never quite as much right as we assume for ourselves, and when it comes to those who, justly or unjustly, we feel to be our enemies, to admit their equal reality is outrageous. Yet the Infamy with which the City cannot compromise is born precisely in the thought that we can choose by whom we shall be nourished.

> There is but one dichotomy; that between those who acknowledge that they live from the life of others, including their "enemies," and those who do not. It is in this sense that we must "forgive" our enemies. And the moment the dichotomy is admitted, it immediately becomes a temptation. Whoever does not admit it is regarded as an "enemy" and we deny that we can possibly live and be nourished by *him. He* at least is alien? No.

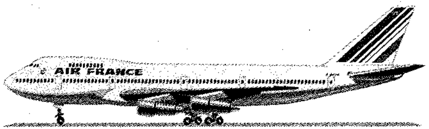
The Trump Shuttle Lets You Earn Free Trips On All These Airlines.



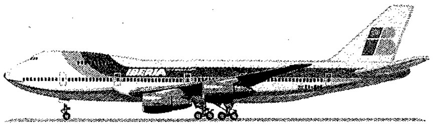
Lufthansa



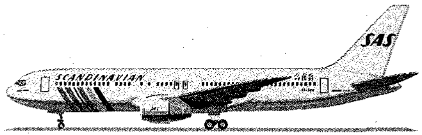
KLM

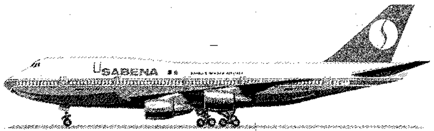


Air France

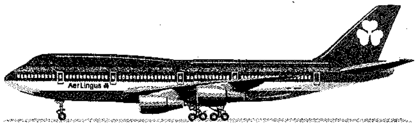


Iberia


SAS
SCANDINAVIAN
SAS

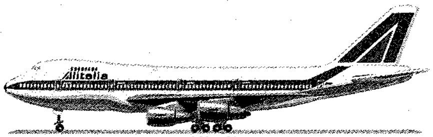


Sabena

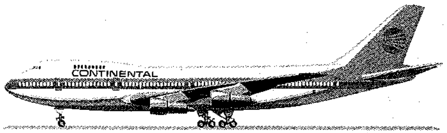


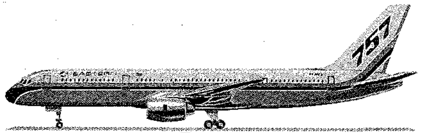
Aer Lingus

Cayman Airways
Cayman Airways



Alitalia

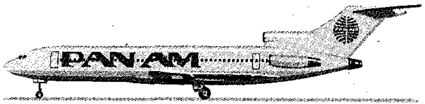

CONTINENTAL
Continental



Eastern

The Trump Shuttle

The Other Shuttle Lets You Earn Free Trips On All These Airline.



Pan Am

THE TRUMP SHUTTLE℠

Earn 1,000 OnePass℠ miles for every flight through 1990. For more information, call your professional travel agent or 1-800-247-8786 © 1990 The Trump Shuttle, Inc.

> Terrible humility! We derive from those we denounce; "though they slay me, yet will I trust in them."

And, whenever we start thinking about forgiveness or unselfishness or tolerance, there is the temptation, as Williams reiterates time and time again, that we shall think of the actions they imply only in the active voice. As he wrote in another book: "Many promising reconciliations have broken down because, while both parties came prepared to forgive, neither came prepared to be forgiven."

In a piece written in 1938, Williams says: "It is comparatively easy to be kind; unfortunately kindness is not enough. Nothing is enough which leaves the lover in a condition of conscious superiority over—Hitler." Twenty years later the proper names for our fear and disapproval have changed; our obligation has not.

To end this review on a lighter, though related, note, I cannot resist requoting a remark by Charles Williams which Mrs. Ridler quotes in her excellent introduction. Talking of the "quiet affection" between man and wife which is supposed to replace their first romantic rapture, he said: "It isn't affection and it is not at all quiet, but the description has to serve." ☐

The Lincoln-Douglas Debates

RICHARD M. WEAVER

JUNE 21, 1958

JUST one hundred years ago Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were stumping Illinois for the office of United States senator. They made a total of 83 appearances before the voters of that state, seven of which were in the form of joint debates. Now, on this anniversary of that famous contest, the University of Chicago Press has performed a service in bringing these debates to the public in a new and scholarly edition. In addition to complete texts, the volume contains an introduction by its editor, Paul M. Angle, and many illuminating sidelights from newspaper accounts of the time.

Created Equal? The Complete Lincoln–Douglas Debates of 1858, edited by Paul M. Angle (University of Chicago)

The prospective reader should be cautioned, however, not to raise his expectations too high. Despite the important place they hold in American political history, these clashes are not of uniformly high forensic quality. A large amount of time was taken up with incrimination and recrimination. Each candidate charged the other with being party to a "conspiracy." Lincoln claimed that Douglas had entered into a conspiracy to make the institution of slavery national, by inserting a provision in the Nebraska Bill which would remove the restriction imposed by the Missouri Compromise and eventually make it unconstitutional for any state to prohibit slavery. Douglas claimed that Lincoln had entered into a conspiracy with certain leaders to dissolve the old Party and the Democratic Party by "abolitionizing" them, in return for which he was to get a seat in the Senate. These charges were aired and parried at nearly every meeting.

There is no doubt, however, about the real issue, which was what to do about slavery. And though he won the election, there is no doubt that Douglas got the worse of the argument. In the final debate he was reduced to the demagoguery of attacking Lincoln's record in Congress on the Mexican War ten years earlier. In intellect Douglas was not even a little giant. Lincoln, on the other hand, was a master of argument, and his method was one that Douglas was peculiarly unfitted to cope with.

I would suggest that it is from the methods of the two men that the philosophic historian and the student of public affairs can learn most. It is apparent from the first that Lincoln was primarily a dialectician, engaged in trying to define certain terms. Douglas was replying to him as a rhetorician, and a rather poor one at that. In this role Douglas allowed himself to be caught doing the one thing which any person with a good logical mind is most studious to avoid: he allowed himself to be caught playing around in the excluded middle.

The law of logic says that between two contradictories there is no middle ground. And Douglas kept trying to steer away from any commitment. The question was: What is the Negro? Is he a man? Is he a slave? Is he a free and equal citizen? Douglas would never say. As far as argument goes, any one of these alternatives would have been better than the position he took, which was that every state and territory had the right to answer the question in its own way, and that there the matter must rest. The nature of the Negro was therefore for him purely a matter of political determination.

Lincoln, on the contrary, took a stand, though it was a very limited one, and I do not doubt that many of his admirers will be surprised to learn how conservative he was on the race question. In replying to Douglas in the debate at Ottawa, he declared:

> I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two which in my judgment will probably forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality, and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I, as well as Judge Douglas, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position.

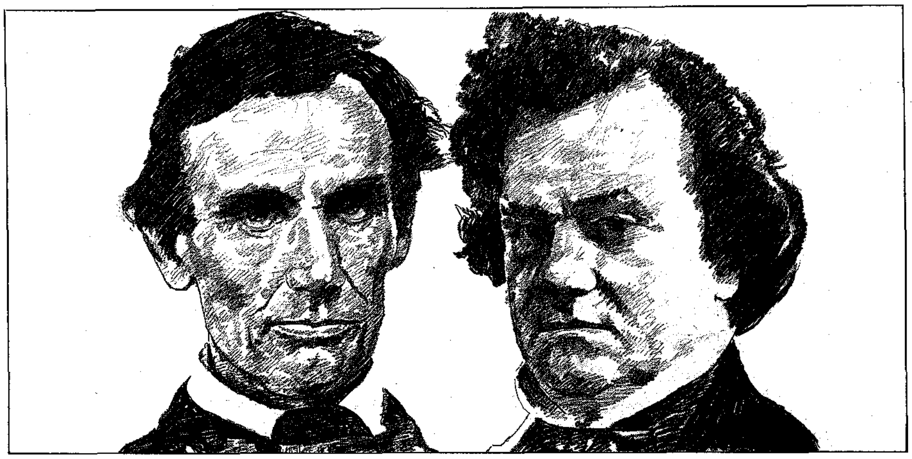
Earlier, in a speech at Springfield, he had said: "What I would most desire would be a separation of the white and black races."

Lincoln's definition was simply that the Negro was a creature entitled to the fruits of his own toil. That, he argued insistently, was the definition implied by the Declaration of Independence, and his object was to place slavery where he thought the Founders of the Republic had placed it, namely, in a position pointing toward ultimate extinction.

SINCE Lincoln was willing to say what he thought the Negro was, and Douglas was not, the argument as argument could have but one outcome. Minimal as his definition was, it gave Lincoln a position from which he could attack and defend. Douglas had no defense except rhetori-

---

Mr. Weaver, author of Ideas Have Consequences, *was an* NR *contributor from the magazine's inception until his death in 1963.*



Alan Nahigian

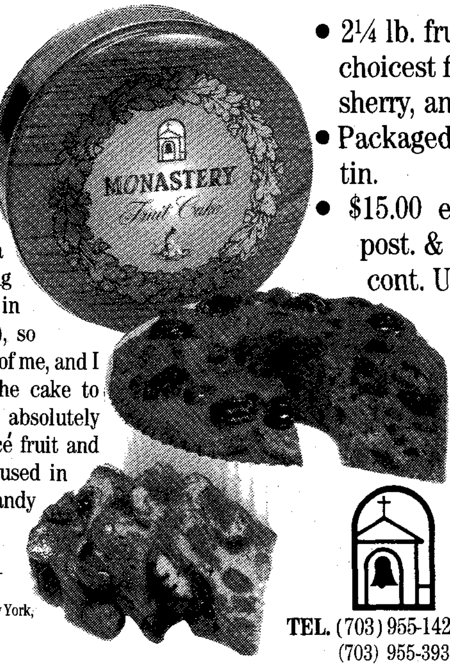
cal appeals to a vague abstraction called "popular sovereignty" and to the prestige of the Supreme Court, which had just handed down the Dred Scott decision. Douglas's apostrophes to this as "the law of the land," to be regarded as final and unquestionable, sound curiously like those being used today to protect the "desegregation" order from attack. Lincoln had no such reverence for this "law of the land" and said expressly that he expected to get it changed. "Somebody has to reverse that decision, since it is made, and we mean to reverse it," he asserted.

Lincoln did provide Douglas with one opening which the latter exploited with a degree of success. This was his famous statement to the effect that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Douglas was quick, if not very skillful, in pointing out that such doctrine, if pushed to its logical limit, is the principle of despotic government. "Uniformity is the parent of despotism the world over, not only in politics but in religion," he answered. Lincoln had to spend a lot of time in subsequent speeches digging himself out of that one, explaining that "it would be foolish for us to insist on having a cranberry law here in Illinois, where we have no cranberries, because they have a cranberry law in Indiana, where they have cranberries."

The issue was a potent one, of course, because it involved the idea of nationalization and the extent to which a state composed of many units should centralize its laws. Despite his disclaimer, Lincoln never made a very convincing case for states' rights. Douglas, on the other hand, never sounded very convincing in his real or pretended moral indifference to slavery, which he expressed by saying that he did not care whether slavery "was voted up or voted down." And furthermore, Lincoln was protected by the very limited claim he made for the Negro, which would allow the states to make about any regulations for him they chose as long as his bondage was removed.

No case, of course, is 100 per cent one way, and if Lincoln was the better controversialist, Douglas was the better prophet. I believe, moreover, that these facts are very closely related to their respective characters as dialectician and rhetorician. It is the work of the dialectician to form definitions and to work out their logical implications. It is the work of the rhetorician to take cognizance of prevailing values and of the urgency of historical forces. Douglas had said in a speech at Chicago: "Mr. Lincoln advocates boldly and clearly a war of sections, a war of the North against the South, of the free states against the slave states—a war of extermination—to be conducted relentlessly until one or the other shall be subdued. . . ." Lincoln said that anything like that was very far from his conception. Yet it was only a few years until the prophecy was fulfilled. If Lincoln was the better logician, Douglas had the better intuition of the situation.

What if Lincoln had been opposed then and in 1860 not by a third-rate rhetorician, but by a great one (who must by definition be also a pretty fair dialectician)? What if he had been opposed by someone of the caliber of Patrick Henry or Daniel Webster, who might have realized for the people with irresistible vividness the danger in the explosive forces which had built up? It is only speculation, but Lincoln might have polled considerably less than the 40 per cent of the vote he received nationally, and the United States might have missed having its most mythogenic President. □



MONASTERY FRUITCAKE

A Special Gift... Unduplicated In The Bakery Profession (Even by Grandmother)

NIKA HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

One of the things I enjoyed most at Christmas this year was a simply wonderful fruitcake, made by Trappist monks in Virginia. It has a world of fruit in it (nothing like the all-too-scant fruit in most commerical cakes), so that greed got the better of me, and I kept stealing back to the cake to sink my teeth into that absolutely heavenly mixture of glacé fruit and nuts, with everything soused in brandy (and very good brandy too) . . .

National Review, January 22, 1990. Reprinted by permission of *National Review*, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016.

- 2¼ lb. fruitcake made of choicest fruits, nutmeats, sherry, and brandy.
- Packaged in a special gift tin.
- $15.00 each plus $3.50 post. & handl. (Outside cont. U.S., addtl. post.) VA res. add 68¢ tax, **VISA, MC or CHECK.**

Call, write or FAX:
Monastery Bakery
Holy Cross Abbey
Route 2, Box 3870-N
Berryville, VA 22611
TEL. (703) 955-1425 **FAX** (703) 955-4006
(703) 955-3933

A New Voice

HUGH KENNER

JULY 19, 1974

HERE ARE no sonnets for an idle hour. Stark, terse, hard-bitten, cunningly disequilibrated—tiptoe, in fact, on the needlepoint of our century's anguish—these poems speak to and for the thwarted Tamburlaine that lurks in the psyche of urban America. Make no mistake, ours are not easy times. Old certainties dissolve. On every front—ecology, government, Russia, Raquel Welch—we face both ways while poet Nixon speaks for all of us:

MIXED EMOTIONS

I still have mixed emotions on it.
I don't know.
I don't know.

I have been one way one time
one way another.

By contrast, how quintessentially *English* was Tennyson's "This way and that dividing the swift mind," a genteel stab at a comparable authenticity. Mr. Nixon has nothing for the ear of Queen Victoria: no periphrasis, no effete pentameter. The American idiom beats in his *Threepenny Opera*, which in frank concession to our decade's theme, inflation, is entitled "One Million Dollars":

We could get that.
On the money,
If you need the money,
You could get that.

You could get a million dollars.
You could get it in cash.
I know where it could be gotten.
It is not easy,
But it could
Be done.

The Poetry of Richard Milhous Nixon, compiled by Jack Margolis (Cliff House Books)

American, this, alike in its unsleeping self-reliance and in its acknowledgment of engulfing reality.

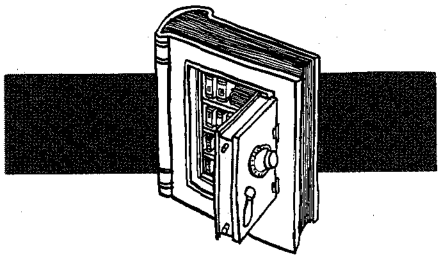
Reality: that is Mr. Nixon's note. He will have us dodge nothing. One of his most laconic lyrics, "Let's Face It," arrays bitter words down the page like bars of iron, bitten off and quietly spat out:

Nobody
Is
A friend
Of ours.

Let's
Face
It.

Don't worry
About
That sort
Of thing.

These are poems to read in the subway, in the line at the checkout counter, beside the gas pump, wherever life is lived. No fellow in a quilted jacket confected them. No, resuming the methods of his master, Homer, Mr. Nixon resorted to the wellspring of authenticity, oral improvisation amid real shock, real stress, and his utterances were transcribed for his editor, Mr. Margolis, to arrange into lines. Division of labor, that is the sole modern note. Mr. Margolis is a master of lineation, who had he been available might have saved Homer some awkward enjambments. But the words are all Mr. Nixon's: not one syllable nor (we are told) one punctuation mark tampered with in any way.



And how flexibly his emotions pulse against the skin of language! Once or twice a simple heartfelt lilt breaks through:

You can say I don't remember
You can say I can't recall.

I can't give any answer
To that
That I can recall.

—and how subtly this evades the merely ingenious rhyme!

But more often, as in the haunting "Who Are They After?" (a profound reversal of Wyatt's "They flee from me," effected by a student of "The Hound of Heaven"), Nixon will pare away the merely formal core to leave *Angst* free-standing:

Who
the hell
are they after?
They
are
after
us.

The mythic dimensions of this, one leaves to more eloquent pens, content with the resonances a poet can strike from a mere ten words.

Face to face with such quiet mastery, one is startled to learn from the jacket that this is Mr. Nixon's first book of poetry. Surely we may expect much more from his Sony? We have no right to expect better. So consummate an achievement, one is quietly satisfied to remark, certifies to the viability of the Middle American lifestyle. Yorba Linda has given tongue to Pittsburgh, to Winnetka. Here is no footloose vagrant, no sandaled unshaven bum. Unlike Homer or Allen Ginsberg, Mr. Nixon, a civil servant, is content to reside "in Washington, D.C., with his wife Pat." □

Mr. Kenner, author of The Pound Era, *has been an* NR *contributor since 1958.*

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a new language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, etc.–191 courses in 56 languages.

Call 1-800-225-5400 for FREE 36-page catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room 2031, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

ARTS & MANNERS

Movie Musings, 1990

JOHN SIMON

THE CINEMA is a user, and we, quite rightly, don't like users. But, quite wrongly perhaps, we often love them. Some of the most beautiful women I have known were users; so, I gather from women friends, are some of the most handsome men. Are these, then, not to be loved in a world where beauty, both the skin-deep and the deep-as-a-well kind, are all too rare? Plato, I think, did us all a great disservice when, in the *Symposium*, he postulated a hierarchy in the realms of beauty and made the physical kind the lowest, good only for a stepping-stone.

Beauty, as any number of *symbolistes* and *décadents* kept reminding us, is not a moral concept, which is what makes it interesting; not enduring (at least when it's physical), which is what makes it tragic; and not, in its full bloom, resistible, which makes it, after all, a kind of absolute. And the movies, bless them, although equipped to deal with all kinds of beauty, are of all the arts most suited for the display of the physical sort.

But the movies, I repeat, are beautiful users. They use those who make them, they use those who frequent them, they even use themselves. In two hours or so they make you live a lifetime, laugh yourself silly, scare yourself to death, fall in love with someone unbelievably yet (as it were) palpably beautiful, understand something about the world or yourself that you didn't even know needed understanding, and think you are a better person for having seen them. If they are good, that is—which they often aren't, but that is another question.

Meanwhile, good or bad, they use you. Although pleasurably, they take something out of you emotionally, sometimes even intellectually. And they are addictive: they make you want more, and still more. They can cheat you out of the time you might have devoted to something better. And occasionally, when very beautiful, they can leave you drained. As they can also, much more often, when they are terrible. Either way, they use up a regular moviegoer's innocence, though not necessarily his naïveté, but that, again, is another story.

Similarly, only even more so, they use up their makers. A novelist or dramatist, the closest thing to a filmmaker, can go on forever. Well, almost. Just think of all those playwrights and fictionists who wrote their masterpieces at the very end of their careers. Not so a filmmaker: not Renoir or Kurosawa, not Pabst or De Sica, not Hitchcock or Buñuel, not Chaplin or Bresson. Not even someone like Truffaut, who died at the early age of 52. Bergman, wise man that he is, stopped while still in possession of his full powers; even so, I wouldn't give you one *Naked Night* or *Persona* for ten *Fanny and Alexanders*. That is because film devours its creators as fiction and drama do not.

It is all about showing, you see. A playwright doesn't have to show all that much; words do most of his work. A novelist doesn't have to show anything. But a filmmaker has to put in all kinds of things he'd just as soon not. Suppose an important scene takes place in a restaurant, where the hero meets the heroine or two people conclude a crucial business deal. The filmmaker cannot limit himself to those specifics. He must show how the characters looked at that time, how they lifted their glasses to their lips, what and how they ate, etc. For this, the filmmaker may have to dredge up from his past anything from memories of waiters to recollections of flatware. And once recalled, they are used up: that kind of goblet, toyed with in that way, is finished for our filmmaker.

And film also uses itself up. In barely one century, what all hasn't been covered by the movies? Whole movements, such as surrealism, expressionism, absurdism, made it to the screen, also existentialism, nihilism, heaven knows what. Every type of story, plot, situation. All conceivable schools of acting and non-acting, by professionals and amateurs. And documentaries, and staged documentaries, and improvisation. There have been genres within genres—the Eastern Western, for instance, and the female buddy picture—until it seems there is nothing new under the projector.

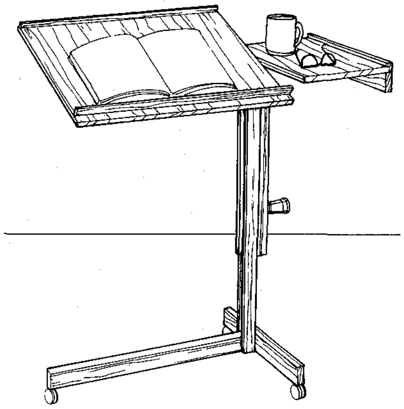
When film *was* new, Konrad Lange, a famous professor of aesthetics, denounced it as a thing made by "semi-educated, aesthetically feelingless, ethically indifferent, in short, spiritually inferior people." After several strong decades, it now appears to fit that description all over again. At the just concluded 28th New York Film Festival, we saw such acts of desperation as the Bobbsey Twins of the Italian cinema, the Taviani brothers, reaching out to Tolstoy's *Brother Sergius* and converting it into *Night Sun*, a long, clattering exercise in sanctimonious mediocrity; also the sometimes stimulating French filmmaker Jacques Doillon reaching out to Dostoevsky's *The Eternal Husband* and making out of it something unrecognizable called *A Woman's Vengeance*. In it, two women claw and hack away at each other for 133 minutes, mostly in small apartments, with dialogue like rotten apples falling far from the Dostoevsky tree.

Yet even this fiasco had something to offer that only cinema can: closeups of Béatrice Dalle's fascinating face, angelic down to the upper lip, bestial thereafter. Not worth two-and-a-quarter hours, perhaps, but still. . . . Oth-

---

Mr. Simon, the author of The Sheep from the Goats, *has been* NR's *film critic since 1977.*

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design, and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$175 plus **$9** shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NART4, Delray, FL 33445

THOMAS MORE COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Heroes come with different qualities: the force of Achilles, the cunning of Odysseus, the pietas of Aeneas. The education of classical heroes finds its Christian counterpart in our imaginative vision of liberal arts at Thomas More College. The curriculum is grounded not only in sound philosophy and theology, but also in the great teaching power of the Western tradition in poetry, as well as in a careful study of political regimes.

Our patron, the Christian humanist St. Thomas More, exhibited Christian heroism at its best. In the face of royal pressure, his unshakable moral force, his supple intelligence, and his clear-sighted holiness won him a success beyond his own time. At Thomas More College, we hope to inspire in students the same realistic sense of human greatness and the resources of grace.

AN EDUCATION FOR HEROISM

For further information call collect or write:
Admissions • 6C Manchester Street
Merrimack, NH 03054 • 603/880-9280

erwise, the film was so bad that even an audience of film-festival desperadoes was trickling out of it from beginning to end. Now, it's easy enough to walk out on something early on, but to do so after you have two hours of your life invested in it, you must have undergone extraordinary torture. The people who chose this and the 112-minute *Night Sun* for the Festival must have a very highly developed taste for excruciating boredom.

When you see such movies, you despair for the future of film, to say nothing of its present. And as you look at the audiences at the Festival's special screenings—ostensibly scholars, critics, distributors, and such, but actually also many rather more peripheral types—you see a lot of characters more suited to rock concerts, disreputable discotheques, late-night subway platforms, and cockfights. Was the cinema intended for the likes of them? Or were they once wholesome human beings, gradually eroded, corroded, used up by moviegoing? Certainly the questions they ask during press conferences attest to an advanced state of cerebral atrophy.

Nevertheless, I refuse to believe that this is the final and irreversible phase of cinema: infantilism and dotage joining hands across an abyss of stupefaction. There were in this very same festival (and I didn't see everything) three good films and two interesting ones. So all is not lost. But it must become possible to attend movies without a sense of *déjà vu*, tired blood, the terminal exhaustion of an art form. Perhaps something truly new could come from the newly liberated countries behind the Iron Curtain—*ex oriente lux*.

And perhaps we are due for a new era in film criticism, beyond the raised or lowered thumbs of two television caricatures of film critics, beyond the perfunctory and insipid stuff we read in most newspapers and such magazines as deign to bother with movie reviews. If we could get film criticism on a par with the best in book reviewing in our reputable journals, we could perhaps experience something analogous to what happened in France after World War II, when a new wave in film criticism spawned a cinematic New Wave. To be sure, this was the rare case where the film critics themselves become the filmmakers.

There is one quality that more than any other could help revitalize the cinema: believableness. Characters in films must re-establish contact with social, economic, and political realities even where film style is non- or anti-realistic. We should not have to ask questions such as: How come she has that much free time? Where does he get his money from? Why would they have been so purblind as not to see *that* coming? And so on.

It may sound like rather simplistic advice, but, if heeded, it could make for major improvements. And truly persuasive critics could—maybe—teach their readers to demand that much. The problem with film critics, however, is that most of them aren't really critics, merely movie buffs who managed to preserve their childhood enthusiasms intact. They like movie movies, as they call them, much more than art films, as they call genres they don't care for. Can you imagine a literary critic preferring book books? Or detective stories to literature? On the other hand, can you imagine a book critic obliged to review most of what lands on his desk, the way movie reviewers are expected—indeed want to—see everything? Granted, a movie takes much less time and effort, but is that an excuse for critical omnivorousness, particularly if it results in your reading in the papers that such-and-such a film must be seen, only to have you feel, as you come out of it, the victim of highway robbery?

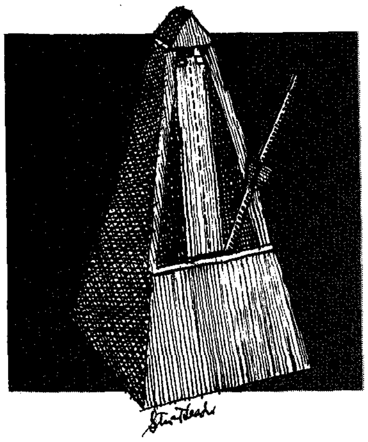
And now visualize, please, a bunch of grown men and women whose job it is to see movies as bad as *that* and worse, week in, week out. Or, more likely, day in, day out. If they weren't cretins when they started out, surely they must be feeble-minded by now.

Film criticism should be protected from our so-called critics. Movies should ideally be reviewed by persons well versed in all the arts, who, preferably, are also professional writers of something: plays, essays, poetry, fiction. True, some of the silliest film criticism I have read was signed Alberto Moravia. But then take someone, as early as 1928, writing sensibly about his enjoyment of "a touching screen love story, cast with actors who must be expressive, attractive, and agreeable, and are allowed to be vain, but never unnatural." That someone was Thomas Mann.

The trouble with an inexpensively available art form is that it is all but impervious to criticism. Asked to shell out fifty bucks or more for a play or opera, folks will consult a review or two first; but when something can be had cheap at a movie theater, or even more so at a video store, why bother? Now, if seeing films could only cost more money! But even if filmgoing never becomes expensive, that is still no justification for cheap reviews. □

Post-Beethoven, Pre-Modernism

RALPH DE TOLEDANO



THAT MUSIC reached an apotheosis with Beethoven does not mean that what followed is unworthy of love and respect. Music continued, speaking to its times and giving voice to the values that inhere in all art. The phonograph record, which puts at our whim and disposal the product of every age since composers learned notation, creates a kind of democracy of listening. Until recently, a concert was a town meeting—and only the elitism of post-modernism has eliminated the listener in favor of the critic. In the nineteenth century and well into the twentieth, that town meeting considered an outpouring of music which still echoes for us, particularly as the compact disc increasingly brings the past to the present.

It is in this context that I have been listening to Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 8—the *Symphony of a Thousand*. Mahler, whose life and work bridged two centuries, was in many ways a tortured figure, representative of those Viennese writers and artists who sought in conversion to Catholicism an answer to their mortal indecisions. He was perhaps the greatest conductor of his time—and what he learned from translating a written score into living sound he took with him when he turned to composing. But like many other conductors who compose, he believed that what a hundred musicians could express, a thousand could express ten times more eloquently. He also dreamed that in one great work, he could distill all the essences of music.

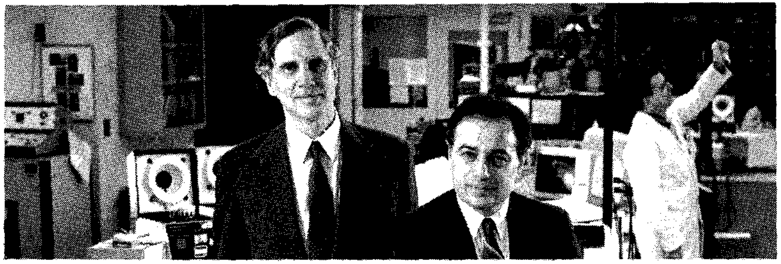
Beethoven had attempted with dubious success to merge the oratorio and the symphony in his Ninth, but Mahler felt that with a thousand musicians and voices he could succeed where Beethoven had stumbled. The result was a two-part choral symphony combining a vast orchestra, choruses, and soloists—Part I based on the medieval hymn "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," and Part II disconcertingly setting passages from Goethe's *Faust*. Only a great melodic gift, which Mahler lacked, could have given wing to this concept, and only Mahler's genius as an orchestral deviser gives the work validity. Someone like Leopold Stokowski, who had his own genius in commanding an orchestra, could really bring the *Symphony of a Thousand* to life, could handle its great masses of sound. It is a little too much for Lorin Maazel and the Vienna Philharmonic (as well as the assorted choruses, choirs, and soloists). There are some great and lovely passages—but altogether it makes a long day's listening (Sony Classical S2K 45754).

■ For Anton Bruckner, roughly a contemporary of Mahler and a great organist, the orchestra was an organ extended to a greater dimension, and this influenced his use of instruments and instrumental masses. What he composed was informed by a solid faith, not the metaphysical desperation of Mahler over the deliquescence of European culture as it approached the Golgotha of the 1914 war. It was

---

Mr. Toledano, author of Lament for a Generation, *has written for* NR *since 1956.*

The Kaufmann Fund
A NO-LOAD SMALL COMPANY GROWTH FUND



Portfolio Co-managers Hans Utsch and Lawrence Auriana combine over 50 years experience as analysts, money managers and venture capitalists.

NUMBER ONE for 1988
All Categories Per Lipper Analytical Services
TOP 1% for 1989

The Kaufmann Fund is dedicated to the objective of capital appreciation through investment in small growth companies just beyond the venture stage that have established profitability and have substantial growth prospects. These companies have strong positions in the markets they serve, as a result of proprietary technology or know-how.

Please read prospectus before investing. The performance cited represents past performance; investment performance fluctuates; fund shares when redeemed may be worth more or less than original cost.

For a prospectus please CALL
1-800-321-9046

KAUFMANN FUND • 17 BATTERY PLACE • NEW YORK, NY 10004

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City/State/Zip ______________________
Phone ______________________

once said of Bruckner that he wanted his music to feel like Brahms and sound like Wagner—but this is unfair. He was influenced by the times, but his voice was his own. And he had what Mahler lacked, an unfailing melodic sense and a talent for the tuneful phrase. What Mahler achieved through sheer orchestral sensibility, Bruckner arrived at by calling on simpler but more telling harmonies. This is all made manifest in an excellent and driving reading by Lorin Maazel, this time with the Berlin Philharmonic (EMI/Angel CDS 7 49990 2).

■ Hector Berlioz, who spent his musical life at war simultaneously with Wagner and with the Paris musical establishment, was 27 when he wrote the *Symphonie Fantastique*. Like Mahler, he was a great conductor—his treatise on conducting remains a classic—and a vociferous critic. Though he extended the dimensions and the perimeter of the symphonic orchestra, he never let this become a preoccupation. In everything he wrote, there was a singing quality, a richness of melody, a rhythmic power and delicacy. A man of wide emotions, though without the black and dour humors of Beethoven, he shared the earlier master's spirit and dedication to an art that demands more than most artists can give. The *Symphonie Fantastique* is his most frequently performed work, a dancing traversal of joys and sorrows in its tunes and its harmonies. Recently Roger Norrington gave us a reading that was so insightful and brilliant that it reopened the score even for those most familiar with it. A new performance by Michel Plasson and the Orchestre du Capitole de Toulouse does not match Norrington's, and it is occasionally marred by what might be called "musical expressionism." But it has the virtue of a French cadence, and the recorded sound is open to the symphony's inner voices (EMI/Angel CDC 7540102).

■ What witness do we have of the music composed before and between the two World Wars? Stravinsky, yes! Schoenberg, no! But with the passage of time, the era begins to take shape, and three new recordings aid the process. Composer, conductor, teacher, critic, Paul Hindemith was a musical jack of all trades. The *avant garde* never forgave him for his campaign against Schoenberg's Procrustean theories. He knew where music should go, but he could never quite walk that road himself. His compositions had body, intelligence, and scope, but they lacked the essential elements of tunefulness, spontaneity, and that quality which derives from the dance. *Hindemith Conducts Hindemith*—in EMI/Angel's Great Recordings of the Century series—is a sampler of his strengths and weaknesses. It includes a suite, *Nobilissimo Visione*; a horn concerto excellently played by the virtuoso Dennis Brain; the Symphony in E Flat; and a *Konzertmusik* for brasses and strings. It is music we respect and enjoy, beautifully crafted, but lacking in emotion. It belongs in the repertory, though, if only to explain why Hindemith was so great a teacher (EMI/Angel CDH 7 6337 2).

It is perhaps unfair that I should get so much more enjoyment from Edward Elgar's Symphony No. 2—also a reissue in the Great Recordings of the Century series, in Sir Adrian Boult's historic wartime recording with the BBC Symphony Orchestra. Included, too, is the prelude to Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* and his "Imperial March." Hindemith is by far the more serious and meaningful composer. Elgar had far less to say, but he said it so well, extracting the maximum from every phrase by sheer orchestral perspicacity and knowhow. There is charm and grace in his impeccable British manner, and he delights in his skill at creating sonorities and textures. Everything is in good taste, with no taxing of the musical nerves. And to this can be added Boult's distinguished and understanding conducting, which takes the measure of the score without adding or subtracting an inch (EMI/Angel CDH 7 63142).

The third witness is Alexander Scriabin. His Symphony No. 2 in C Minor—coupled for no apparent reason with Tchaikovsky's fantasia *Hamlet*—receives the full treatment of Riccardo Muti and the great Philadelphia Orchestra. I have always felt that the "ecstasies" for which Scriabin was famous had a touch of the puckish in them, and that his piece of the Russian soul was to be found in the less moody quadrant. This symphony is buoyed by its rhythms, its bursts of song, its headlong rush even in the opening andante. It is Russian in the best sense, with no groans from the Volga boatman. If it is lesser music—whatever that is—it is far more rewarding than the mathematical calibrations of today's musical utterance (EMI/Angel 7 49859 2). □

Bargain Books
Publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports—over 3,000 titles at up to 80% savings in our **FREE CATALOG!** Biography, History, Art, Fiction, Nature, Cooking, Gardening, Politics, Travel, Sports, Crafts, Military History—something for everyone, including about 600 new titles monthly. Write:
Hamilton Box 15-516, Falls Village CT 06031

Nicola Paone
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
Serving Lunch & Dinner
A Perfect Place for Parties
207 East 34th Street, New York
(212) 889-3239

Happiness Is Not a Warm Stove

NIKA HAZELTON

I DON'T very much like to eat food I have cooked myself, not even the things I make for guests, let alone my family. My idea of heaven would be never having to set foot in a kitchen again as long as I live. Instead, I would take all my meals in a restaurant that would put in front of me a menu full of delicious surprises to choose from; I like at least one surprise every day. Not that it would have to be a fancy restaurant; indeed, I think with loathing of all the times I have been asked what is my favorite meal, or my favorite restaurant.

I've eaten fine meals in hovels. I remember driving on the back roads around Naples one time, having lost my way to Pompeii. Overcome by hunger, I stopped at a house to ask direc-

Mrs. Hazelton, author of Ups and Downs: Memoirs of Another Time, *has written* NR's *"Delectations" column since 1966.*

tions to the nearest restaurant. The inhabitants of the house were about to sit down at a table that was already set with bread, salt, pepper, and a few other accoutrements. They asked me, in the horrible dialect of the region, to stay and share their meal. Although the house was old and dirty I was very hungry, and so I accepted. I ate two plates filled to the brim with homemade fettuccine. The woman said she was too poor to buy pasta—that she had to make it herself every day, and without eggs and oil ("You know what I mean," she said, nudging me), to keep her family fed at all. But I don't think I ever enjoyed a plate of pasta as much. This convinces me that a most enjoyable meal can be eaten in truly miserable surroundings, if the circumstances are right. This is what I tell those who ask me for my idea of the perfect meal.

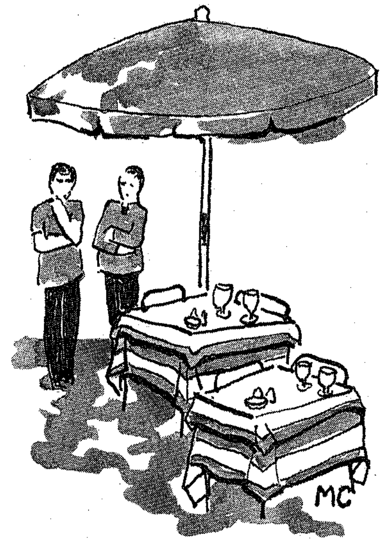
I must admit that a good restaurant is more likely to offer an enjoyable ambiance. But even then it depends on the circumstances. At the famous chefs' restaurants, all too often it will happen that the staff just cooks the famous dishes in a routine manner, while the boss is off in the United States reaping honors and money.

One type of meal that depends heavily on the surroundings is the picnic. One of the best picnics I ever went on was given by the administrator of the West Indian islands of Anguilla and Nevis. These were the ingredients: 1) Sunshine, blue skies, and the northeast trade wind blowing gently. 2) Good company. 3) Gin and tonic, rum punch, and plain whisky. 4) Souse (that is, pigs' snouts, knuckles, and ears), pickled with lime and hot peppers. 5) Mashed sweet potatoes (the variety I had was called "Sorry for the poor"). 6) Salt fish and ackee (brrr—I never found out what ackee consists of, but it tasted awful). 7) Mangoes and bananas. 8) Coffee, with milk since most of the picnickers were English. I wish I could remember more of the details, but I had drunk too many rum punches. However, from what I do remember it was a very jolly picnic, and I was delighted to be there as an unofficial representative of the good old U.S.A.

One sort of picnic I have never done and never wish to do is the winter picnic. Once when I was writing a book on picnics I was buttonholed by a woman who wanted to tell me all about winter picnics. It seems that you should find a site with tables, benches, and if at all possible a cooking facility so as to heat up the soup this woman considered essential. The whole thing sounded to me like a meal much better prepared and eaten indoors, but she was so insistent that I even put her miserable winter picnic in my book.

While I said I wished never again to set foot in a kitchen, I do have to admit that I was happy years ago in my kitchen on Fire Island, where my husband and I used to spend summers with our boys.

We always had a house full of visitors on Fire Island, mostly friends of the boys, who distinguished themselves by snacking all day long. When finally I could no longer endure the noise and the mess, I made a new rule: three meals a day would be provided, but apart from that anyone who wanted to snack should do so by spending his or her own money on the snack food available at the village grocery store. They were very good about obeying this rule, and so, in recompense, and to spare the juvenile delinquents' pocket money, I baked and baked, cake after cake, all eaten as soon as I dished them out. (It was the one occasion in my life when I used packaged cake mix. I would never have dared to set such a cake before my friends, which proves a number of things, I daresay.) But the summer was a happy one, as I think back on it.



Going further back, I recall my mother's old-fashioned kitchen in Switzerland. It was in an old house, which my parents had the sense not to tamper with, but left as they found it. An old Italian cookbook was found in this house, and I started using it, cooking all sorts of fancy Italian dishes. The recipes were very lavish, and I seem to remember they always started by calling for six eggs. Since we kept chickens, this was no problem, and I was blissfully happy. My mother remarked that the book was a Godsend, as it kept me from bothering her.

These memories occupied me till time to prepare the evening meal. Reluctantly going to the kitchen, I made the simplest dish I know. The Rice Timbale is as easy as it is nourishing, and very popular with my family. And who am I to quarrel with my family?

Rice Timbale

2⅔ cups Carolina or Italian rice
(do not use Uncle Ben's)
½ cup butter, at room temperature,
cut into small pieces
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
4 egg yolks, well-beaten
Fine dry breadcrumbs
Filling (see below)

Cook the rice in plenty of boiling salted water until almost tender. Drain. Blend in the butter, the cheese, and the egg yolks. Mix thoroughly. Butter a 3-quart casserole or baking dish and coat on all sides with the breadcrumbs. The dish must be generously buttered and thoroughly coated. Spoon two-thirds of the rice mixture into the casserole. Press the rice with a spoon against the bottom and sides, leaving a well in the middle. Put the filling into the well. Spoon the remaining rice over the top, taking care that the meat is well covered. Bake in a preheated moderate (350° F.) oven about one hour, or until the rice is set. Unmold carefully onto a heated platter. Cut into wedges and serve with a tomato sauce. Serves 8.

Filling

2 tablespoons butter
½ cup minced onion
1½ pounds ground meat
2½ cups cooked green peas
4 tablespoons tomato paste

In a large skillet, melt the butter and sauté the onion. When it is soft, add the ground meat, the peas, and the tomato paste. Cook for about 10 minutes, or until the meat has lost its raw color. The mixture should be thick. ☐

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Literary

TIRED OF T. S. ELIOT? Try *The Woodpecker Knocking*, poetry book, $5, from Walter Springer, 6729 Manor Crest, Oakland, Calif. 94618-1933.

THE PROFESSIONAL OPPRESSION of America, a new book, information: P. O. Box 1956, Beaufort, S.C. 29901.

SEASONS. Quarterly newsletter for busy people who entertain at home. Menus, recipes, wines, style, talk. $10 annually—$3 single issue. DNR Box 375, Old Westbury, N.Y. 11568.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRK, 11 West 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, all types. Publisher with seventy-year tradition. 800-695-9599.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P. O. Box 1178NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

Personal

ATHLETIC, HANDSOME ATTORNEY, 38, looking for a politically conservative woman 23–40 who is looking for lots of good communication, dancing, dining adventures, theater and being my best friend. I believe in a strong family structure with God as the head. Write NR Box 2013.

UNPRETENTIOUS GENTLEMAN, educated, youthful 50s, unencumbered, seeks Brigitte Nielsen type. NR Box 2015.

ATTRACTIVE INDIAN WOMAN 36, college graduate, English speaking, never married, seeks intelligent, educated, mature gentleman, no age limit. Interested in marriage. NR Box 2012.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

GERHART NIEMEYER:

It Had to Fail

The substitution of a fictitious future age for the world of actual experience must entail irrationality of action. The irrationality of Communists manifests itself in their self-willed alienation from the world in which . . . they also live.

SHALOM SINGLES connects Jewish singles interested in the arts, sports, travel, books, public affairs, etc. Nationwide. Box 1827, Germantown, Md. 20875; 800-695-SHALOM.

JAPANESE, ASIAN, EUROPEAN friendship! Inter-Pacific, Box 304-N, Birmingham, Mich. 48012.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for cultured singles of all ages. Established 1970. Nationwide. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039 or call 215-358-5049.

PENFRIENDS, ENGLAND—U.S.A. Make lasting friendships. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, P. O. Box 82295NR, Phoenix, Ariz. 85071.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS EXCHANGE® for unattached music lovers. Nationwide. P. O. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. 800-233-CMLS.

SCANDINAVIA, POLAND, USSR, etc.: Worldwide link between unattached professionals. Scanna International, P. O. Box 4–NR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. 716-586-3170.

Video

SEX, LIES, AND VIDEOTAPE? Make guerrilla videos for profit. Join the Desktop Video revolution. Call for free information packet. 501-321-1845.

Financial

LET THE GOVERNMENT finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000 yearly. Free recorded message: 707-448-0270 (KH7).

Investment Opportunities

REPOSSESSED VA & HUD homes available from government from $1 without credit check. Your repair. Also S&L bailout properties. Call 805-682-7555, ext. H-3068, for repo list your area.

For Sale

FINEST GOURMET COFFEES and teas in the world shipped to you via UPS. Call to order and to request complete menu. 512-592-8590.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—Jeeps $60, typewriters $4 . . . boats, guns, cars—at a fraction of their cost! Report tells how and where to buy, in your area. How to buy for own use or resale. Complete Surplus Depot Directory included. Send $3: SHOWCASE, Dept. NR, 942½ North Hazel Street, #4, Danville, Ill. 61832. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WISDOM OF THE AGES

First electronic book to give PC users easy access to timeless knowledge from over 1,000 great minds-**Eastern & Western.** Focuses 6561 sparkling quotes, sayings & ideas-some quite rare-in many ways. Helps users act, write & speak better; learn more in less time.

Only $79.00 - 30 day money back guarantee.

MCR Agency, Inc.
6116 Merced Ave. #81N
Oakland, CA 94611

1-800-767-6797
9am to 7pm PST
Fax 415-444-6561

HISTORICAL REVIEW. Publishers of obscure historical documents. Featuring a portfolio of 8 collectibles with beautifully crafted color prints. Package includes George Washington's "First Thanksgiving Proclamation," Abraham Lincoln's "10 Can Nots," "The Price They Paid," unedited "Star-Spangled Banner," and others. Send $29.95 check/m.o. to: Lost & Found Ent., P. O. Box 33295, Minneapolis, Minn. 55433. 612-757-0434.

AUCTION: *National Review* bound volumes. Mint condition. #2—1956. #4 thruough #10—1957-1961. Minimum bid $100 each. Deadline Dec. 1, 1990. National Collectibles, 1109 Washington, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

MILITARY FLAGS—Show your support to all our armed forces. 2′ × 3′ and 3′ × 5′ nylon outdoor. Prices vary. 800-441-3524.

U.S. FLAGS—EMBROIDERED stars, sewn stripes, heavy outdoor nylon. 3′ × 5′ regularly $30.90, *National Review* special $20. Other sizes available. 800-441-FLAG.

A GREAT GIFT IDEA—The *National Review* 1991 Calendar with 13 original Jeff MacNelly cartoons. This full size (10″ × 12″) calendar is done in four color on coated stock with enough space to jot down appointments and special events. Enjoy the humor of the foremost political cartoonist of our time, all year long. Just send a check for $13.95 plus $1.50 for postage and handling to: *National Review* Calendar, Dept. CL, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

SEIZED CARS, trucks, boats, 4-wheelers, motorhomes, by FBI, IRS, DEA. Available your area now. Call 805-682-7555, ext. C2552.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Rates: $3.00 per word with 10-word minimum. Phone number, zip code, and all permitted abbreviations count as one word. Permitted abbreviations include titles (M.D., Ph.D.), organization names (IBM, USMC), state and country names (N.Y., U.S.), and miscellaneous items such as A.P.O., RR, S.A.S.E., P. O. Box.

Special Rates: $2.75 per word per insertion for 4 insertions; $2.50 per word per insertion for 6 insertions; $2.25 per word per insertion for 8 or more insertions.

NR Box Numbers: Available for an additional $10. Include "NR Box ___" in text of ad (three words). Responses will be forwarded. Address responses c/o Dorian Robbins, *National Review*, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

New Service: We will accept display ads in the Classified Section. The rates are as follows: 1 column inch: $125; 2 column inches: $250; 3 column inches: $350. Camera-ready art must be provided.

Restrictions: NR does not accept political advertisements.

To Order: Full payment in advance is required, by either check, money order, MasterCard, or Visa. Include expiration date with credit-card orders. No telephone orders. Address: Dorian Robbins, *National Review*, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

CLASSIFIEDS

THE ORIGINAL ADAM SMITH necktie, $22.50, postage paid. Visa/MasterCard. The Decatur Shop, P. O. Box 277, North Adams, Mich. 49262. 517-287-5888.

THE SOUTHERN FARMER'S ALMANAC. Carrying on the Southern tradition. Read about the increase in hurricanes to come, the 1991 solar eclipse, how to make folk toys, Mrs. Robert E. Lee's original recipes. Plus astronomical tables, tide charts, household lore, and best fishing days. Scientific weather forecasts for the entire year. 160 pages in all. For a copy of the 1991 edition send $2.95, plus $1.25 for postage and handling; to: *The Southern Farmer's Almanac*, P. O. Box 27566, Dept. NR, Richmond, Va. 23261-7566.

Situations Wanted

FRENCH LADY, 55, capable, bilingual, will travel, seeks position as live-in companion. Contact: Geneveve, 9120 North 48th Place, Paradise Valley, Ariz. 85253.

Real Estate

FLYFISHING PARADISE. Private 2-bedroom, 2-bath house on the legendary upper Beaverkill. 13 acres with 400′ river frontage at the famous Craigie Clair pools. 2½ hours from New York. Ideal for weekends. Cross country skiing in winter. $245,000. Call Rob Eggleton, 607-498-5222.

KEY WEST, FLA., historic district. Large versatile home on extra deep lot, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, large den and new modern kitchen, huge garden, heated pool, 3 off-street parking spaces. Expansive covered verandahs overlook pool and gardens. $355,000. Call James A. Blum: 305-296-0011.

Educational Opportunities

SPEAK SPANISH, FRENCH, or any of 59 languages as diplomats do, using same U.S. State Department easy self-study cassettes/textbook. Up to 50% savings! Call for free catalogue, Audio Language Institute, 800-722-6394.

SABBATICAL IN DENVER studying for a career in the exciting field of law. Become a Paralegal at the Denver Paralegal Institute, an ABA approved program since 1978. The curriculum is presented by practicing lawyers and other qualified professionals. Five to eighteen-month programs—financial assistance available to those who qualify—free proven placement service—free housing assistance. Call 800-848-0550 or 303-295-0550 for FREE VIDEO.

SECRETS of getting scholarships and grants for college . . . no matter what your income! Thousands of $$ go unclaimed each year. Now you can get your fair share. Results guaranteed! Write: Kensam, P. O. Box 1383NRT, Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES by mail. Accredited. Free Revealing Facts. Thorson-NR1, Box 470886, Tulsa, Okla. 74147.

BECOME A PARALEGAL. Work with attorneys. Lawyer-instructed home study. America's finest paralegal program. Free catalogue, 800-223-4542, Dept. LM173.

JOIN the College of Saint Thomas More (Ft. Worth) for tutorial study in Florence and Rome, Jan. 1–Jan. 17, 1991. Tuition is $1,688. Air fare extra. CSTM P. O. Box 11242, Fort Worth, Tex. 76110. 817-923-8459.

Audio

LISTEN TO The Great Thinkers of our times—J. Kirkpatrick, Milton Friedman, et al. Send $3 (postage/handling) for sample. Audio View, P. O. Box 6, Springfield, Va. 22150.

Miscellaneous

SUMPTUOUS SENSATIONS proudly presents: Rich and creamy N.Y.-style Cheesecake. Fat-reducing suggestions included. Send $1 & SASE: Sumptuous Sensations, P. O. Box 8179, Alexandria, Va. 22306-8179.

MILITARY HISTORY book discussion club. M.A. in history wants to set up club, meetings in N.Y. metro area, correspondence nationally. NR Box 2014.

60-ODD (Including Some Very Odd) Reasons Why I'm So Glad to Be Bald. Laugh maybe. $2. Frisia-Group, P. O. Box 25035, Lansing, Mich. 48909-5035.

GUIDE TO LOG BUILDING. Which system amongst the hundreds on the market should you choose? We can end your confusion. We have 13 years' experience building and publishing. Send for our 1990 Annual Directory Evaluation of Log Building Systems. 228 pages, colorfully illustrated. $15 postpaid. Log Home Guide, Route 2, Box 580, Cosby, Tenn. 37722-9533. 800-345-LOGS or 615-487-2256 (Tennessee or Canada). Visa/MasterCard accepted.

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, new products! Presentation to industry. National exposition. 800-288-IDEA.

National Review's NEW CANVAS tote bag on sale now. Tote around town with *National Review*'s lightweight canvas bag. Great for books. Be identified with "NATIONAL REVIEW for All the Right Reasons." Send $9.95 plus $2.00 (Postage/handling) to *National Review*, Dept. C/Tote, 150 E. 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

IN CELEBRATION OF NR'S 35TH ANNIVERSARY YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING ANNIVERSARY OFFER

Run your ad for the full year (that's 25 Issues of *National Review* starting with the January 28 Issue) and pay $2.00 per word. With our circulation the highest it's ever been, there couldn't be a better time to advertise!

To be eligible for this special discount, all insertion orders must be pre-paid. Closing date is January 2. Any ads that are currently scheduled to run in 1991 will be credited to the following year.

Contact: Dorian Robbins, Classified Advertising, *National Review*, 150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016, for more details.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
(required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1A. Title of publication: NATIONAL REVIEW.

1B. Publication no.: 0028-0038.

2. Date of filing: September 25, 1990.

3. Frequency of issue: Bi-weekly.

3A. No. of issues published annually: 25.

3B. Annual subscription price: $74.00.

4. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016-4178.

5. Complete mailing address of the headquarters or general business offices of the publisher: Same.

6. Full names and complete mailing address of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: Wick Allison, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; Editor: John O'Sullivan, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; Managing Editor: Linda Bridges, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

7. Owner *(If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual, must be given.)*: National Review, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; William F. Buckley Jr., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

10. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average no. copies of each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual no. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
A. Total no. copies (net press run)	156,833	163,200
B. Paid and/or requested circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	6,860	8,152
2. Mail subscription (paid and/or requested)	130,789	132,379
C. Total paid and/or requested circulation (sum of B1 and B2)	137,649	140,531
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means; samples, complimentary, and other free copies	1,365	1,266
E. Total distribution (sum of C and D)	139,014	141,797
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	3,028	2,381
2. Returns from news agents	14,791	19,022
G. Total (sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A)	156,833	163,200

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (signed) Edward A. Capano, Associate Publisher.

OFF THE RECORD

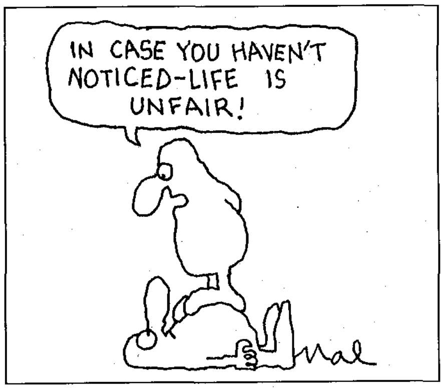
Divided They Stand. One thing the budget summit agreement did was expose the mounting dissatisfaction in both the House and the Senate with the Republican leadership. In the most partisan battle this year, a number of conservative senators forced a meeting of the Senate Republican Conference in order to combat a Democratic attempt to block votes on amendments offered by Republicans. Word is that this is a sample of things to come, with Senate Minority Leader Bob Dole retaining his title as leader but a host of conservative vice-regents exercising actual power.

Over in the House, there are similar complaints about Bob Michel, who must have thought his task as House Minority Leader was to keep Republicans in the minority. At a conference meeting shortly after the summit package was announced, the Honorable Mr. Michel pounded his fists on the table when Dan Burton (R., Ind.) questioned the deal. Although personally well-liked, Mr. Michel is not all that trusted, which is why the House Republican Conference in July inserted a clause in its no-new-taxes resolution specifically "instruct[ing] its leaders to represent this to the President and the public."

The leadership post comes up for a vote in December, and Congressman Michel is so far unchallenged. If he remains Minority Leader, Republicans will have forfeited any chance of a Republican House in 1992. Newt Gingrich (Ga.) cannot make the challenge himself, but there's nothing to prevent a "Draft Newt" movement—particularly now that Mr. Michel has failed to deliver a majority of House Republicans to go along with the package, even though the White House pulled out all the stops. How about it, fellas?

What Are Friends For? If you think George Bush has had it rough, what about El Salvador's president, Alfredo Cristiani? President Cristiani came to town recently to try to prevent Congress from pushing through a provision by Senators Chris Dodd (D., Conn.) and Patrick Leahy (D., Vt.) that would effectively slash in half $85 million appropriated for military aid to El Salvador. Technically, the Administration is on Mr. Cristiani's side, but Hill staffers tell Cato the White House has not made a single phone call to Capitol Hill on the subject. Actually, this is typical of the Administration's treatment of the Salvadoran president. He has yet to be invited to the U.S. on an official or state visit. This time around he met briefly with President Bush and Secretary of State Baker in New York, but Mr. Baker refused to grant a private visit in Washington. Maybe Mr. Cristiani should have proposed a new excise tax on coffee beans to pay for the aid.

Good Morning, Vietnam. In past columns Cato has noted the ongoing talks between Washington and Hanoi on a peace settlement for Cambodia, suggesting that the first contact between the two nations since the fall of Saigon had more to do with the potential for normalizing relations between them than with the fate of Hanoi's puppet, Hun Sen. Now comes a meeting between Secretary of State Baker and Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach—and word from an Administration source that we were right on the money. There are still a few conditions left—accounting for MIAs, some sort of agreement on Cambodia—but it looks as though a U.S. ambassador will be dusting off the old American Embassy in Hanoi sometime during the Bush Presidency. You heard it here first.


IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED-LIFE IS UNFAIR!
Mal

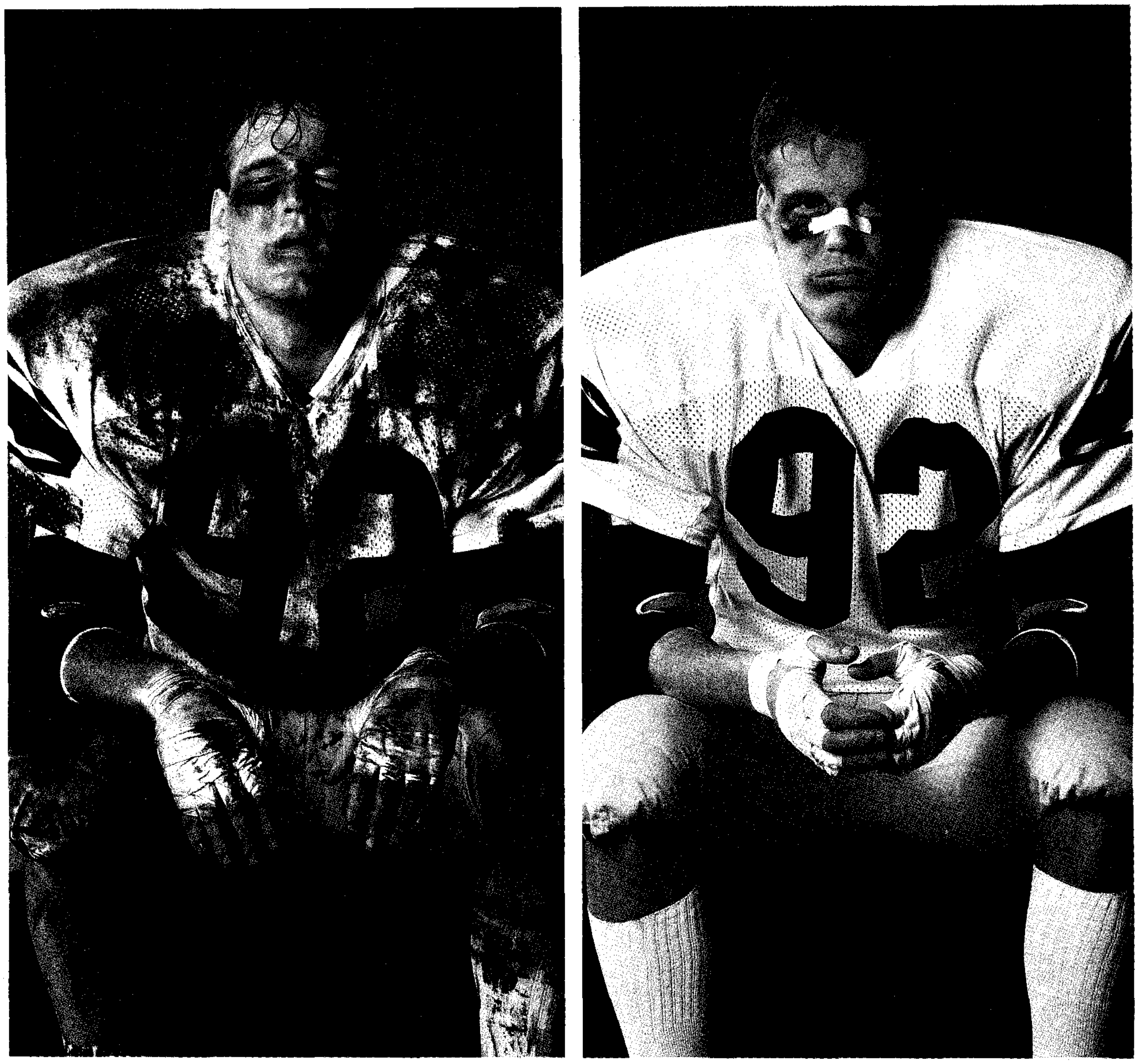
© 1990 Mal Ent., Inc.

Money Talks. While New York gubernatorial candidate Pierre Rinfret was complaining that his campaign was bankrupt, a conservative group of Kemp types called the Political Club for Growth was meeting in the offices of investment banker Dick Gilder to raise money for Mario Cuomo's only real competition: Conservative Party candidate Herb London. Cato hears that they raised more than $100,000 for Mr. London in less than an hour, and that Lawrence A. Kudlow—chief economist for Bear, Stearns and senior vice president of the New York GOP—was in attendance. Sounds as if someone knows where the real New York GOP is.

You're No Jack Kennedy. In the midst of the budget impasse, Senator Connie Mack (R., Fla.) shot off a letter to Majority Leader George Mitchell quoting a 1963 speech by JFK. "The present tax treatment of capital gains and losses is both inequitable and a barrier to economic growth," said Kennedy. "The tax on capital gains directly affects investment decisions, the mobility and flow of risk capital from static to more dynamic situations, the ease or difficulty experienced by new ventures in obtaining capital, and thereby the strength and potential for growth of the economy." Incidentally, the rate that President Kennedy found so onerous was 25 per cent, which he proposed to reduce to 19.5 per cent. Maybe Senator Mack should have addressed the letter to the White House.

Win One for the Gipper. Cato hears that drug czar William Bennett will be out at the University of Notre Dame to address the student body the same day *NR* goes to press. It was under the Golden Dome, readers might recall, that Jimmy Carter overcame his "inordinate fear of Communism" and, more recently, Governor Mario Cuomo (D., N.Y.) came down from the mountain with a revised edition of the Ten Commandments and their application to public life. Word is that Mr. Bennett—who went to high school in Washington with Notre Dame president Monk Malloy—is looking to shake down a little thunder himself. —CATO

THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



IF ONLY YOUR TEAM COULD SNAP BACK LIKE VISA®.

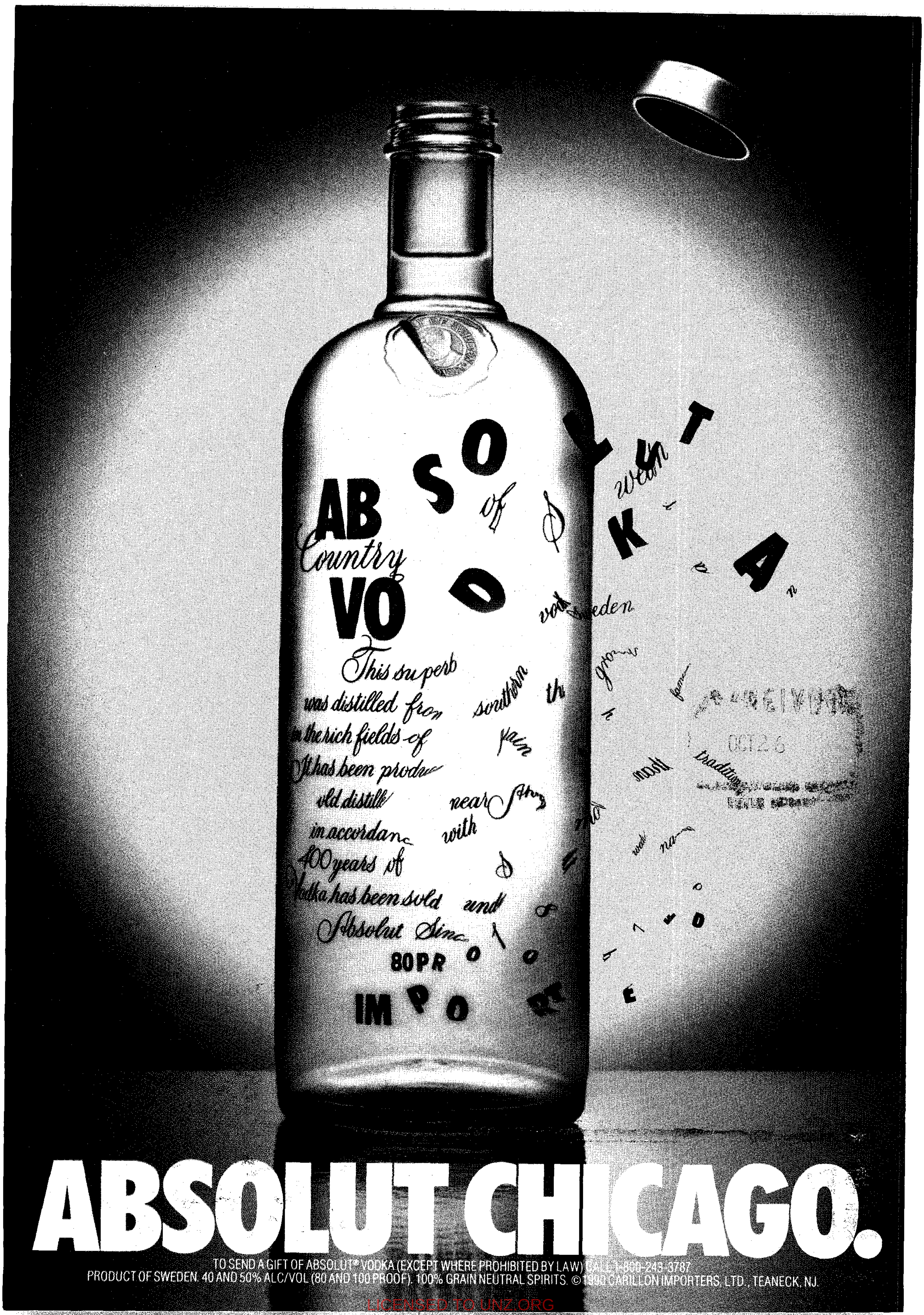
*VISA fabrics by Milliken
in uniforms look terrific on the field.
The breathable, moisture-wicking comfort
and superior odor release
make players look and feel like champions.
But the real beauty of VISA
is the way it snaps back
even after the most rugged game.
Because VISA releases the toughest mud
and grass stains, as well as odors, in the wash.
And comes through countless launderings
with super color and shape retention.
For the look and feel of freshness,
choose all-American VISA of Dacron®.
America's Freedom Fabric.*

America's Freedom Fabric
VISA
BY MILLIKEN
America's Freedom Fabric

CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.

DACRON®
POLYESTER

*®VISA is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics.
®DACRON is a DuPont registered trademark.*



TO SEND A GIFT OF ABSOLUT® VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787.
PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1990 CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

RECEIVED
OCT 26